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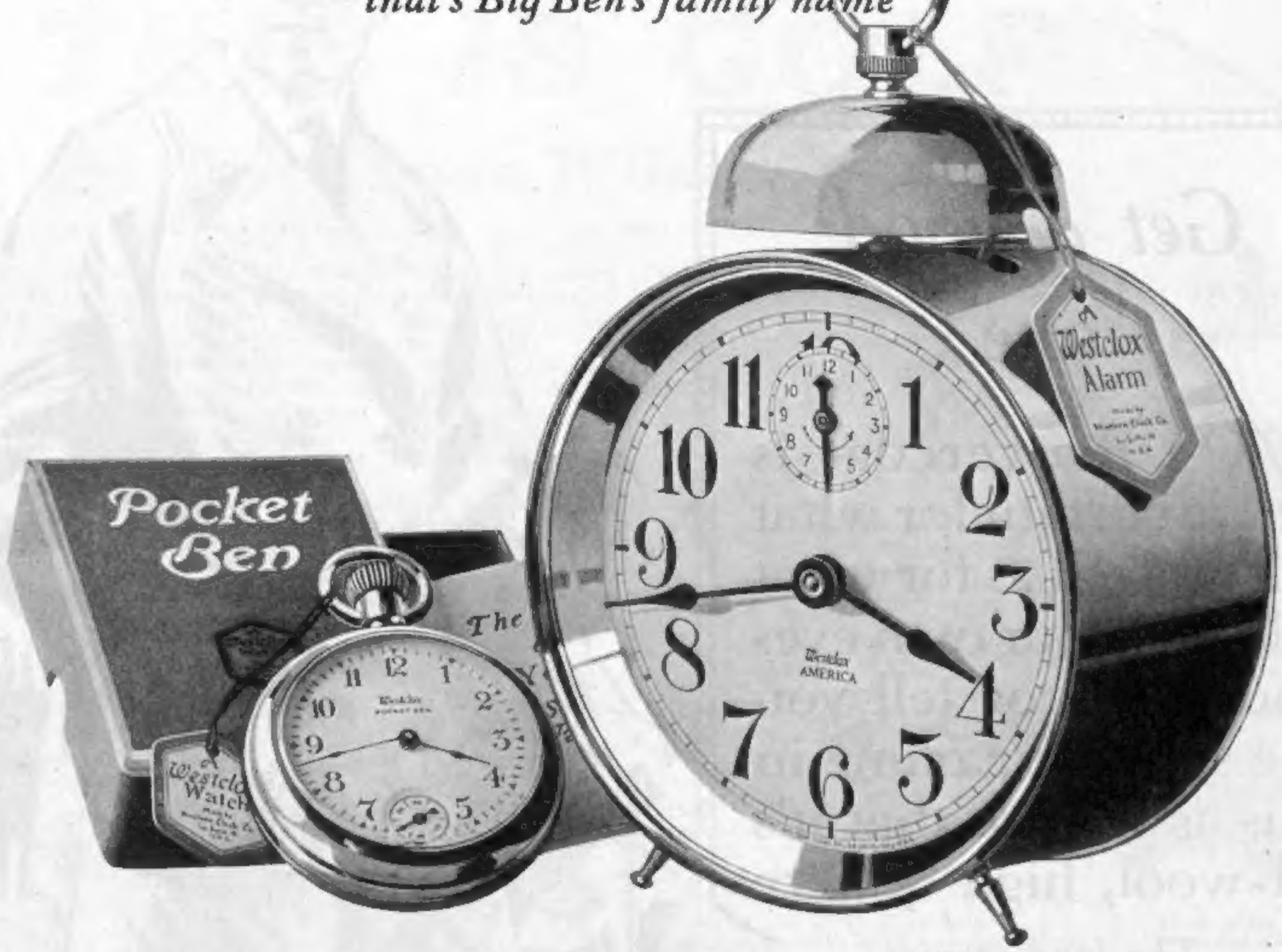
Westclox

—that's Big Ben's family name



Who calls mother?

FROM the deep, care-free, schoolboy sleep it was mother's voice that roused you. To assure a successful start for an early morning trip, mother most likely called softly, or gently shook you awake.

If punctual rising would start you successward, mother was willing to act as the family alarm clock in addition to her other duties.

No mechanical device can substitute for mother on any detail of her work, but Westclox come the nearest in the matter of calling. They let you sleep to the last minute, then rouse you punctually, gently, cheerfully.

Millions of men and women depend on Westclox to get a prompt start each morning on their journey toward success.

Every member of the Westclox family is carefully trained to tell time truthfully and to call punctually at the hour set.

It is easy to choose a Westclox—every timepiece in the family has the trade mark Westclox on its face.

America, a top bell alarm, the lowest priced member of the Westclox family, and Pocket Ben, the sturdy, double-back watch, are proud to wear this trade mark on their dials.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Makers of *Westclox:* Big Ben, Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, Glo-Ben, America, Sleep-Meter, Jack o'Lantern

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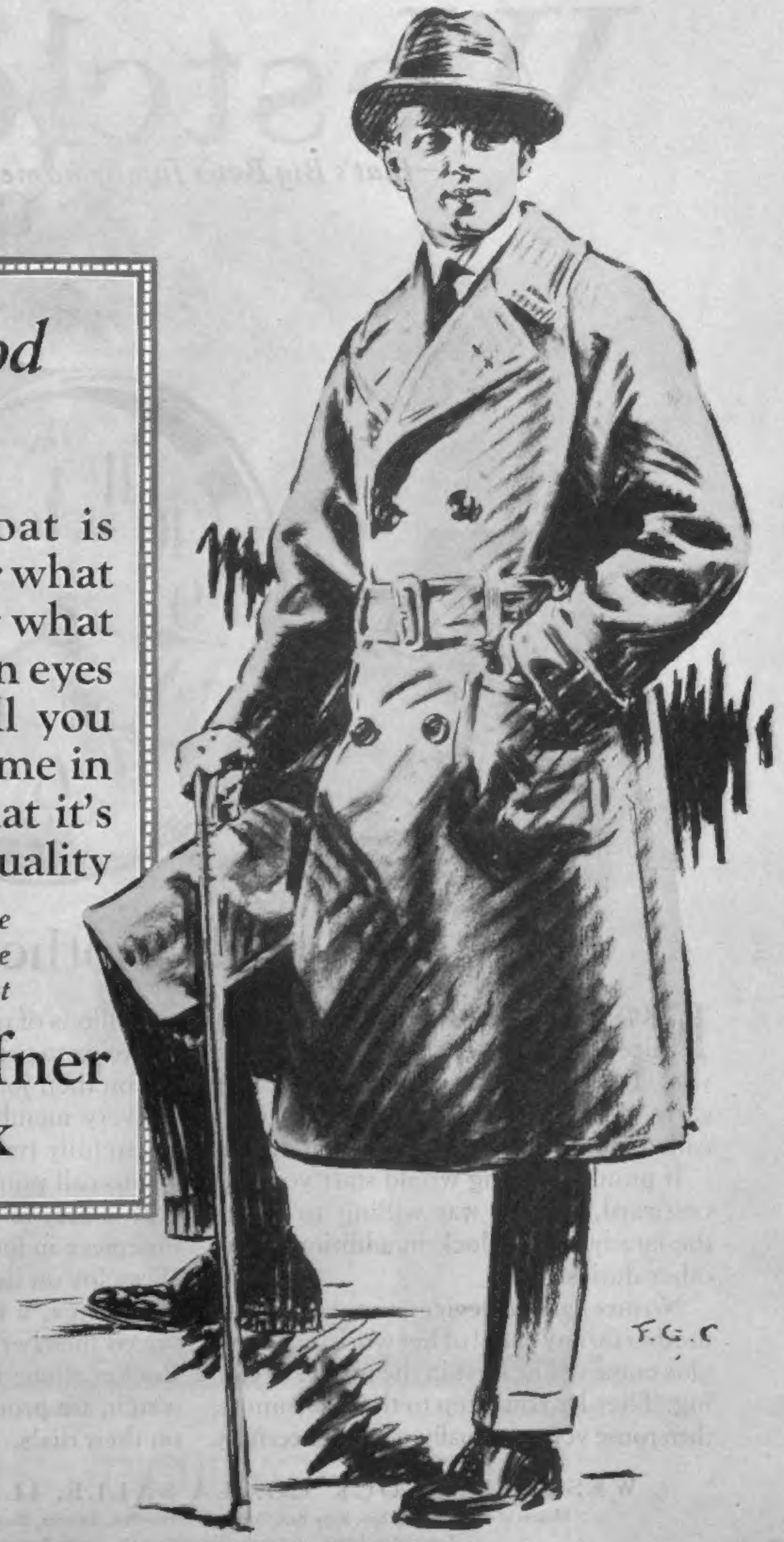
Get a good one

YOUR overcoat is important for what it is, as well as for what it looks Your own eyes and a mirror tell you the style; our name in it is assurance that it's all-wool, high quality

The long service such clothes give you, means low cost

Hart Schaffner & Marx



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SO THIS IS GOLF

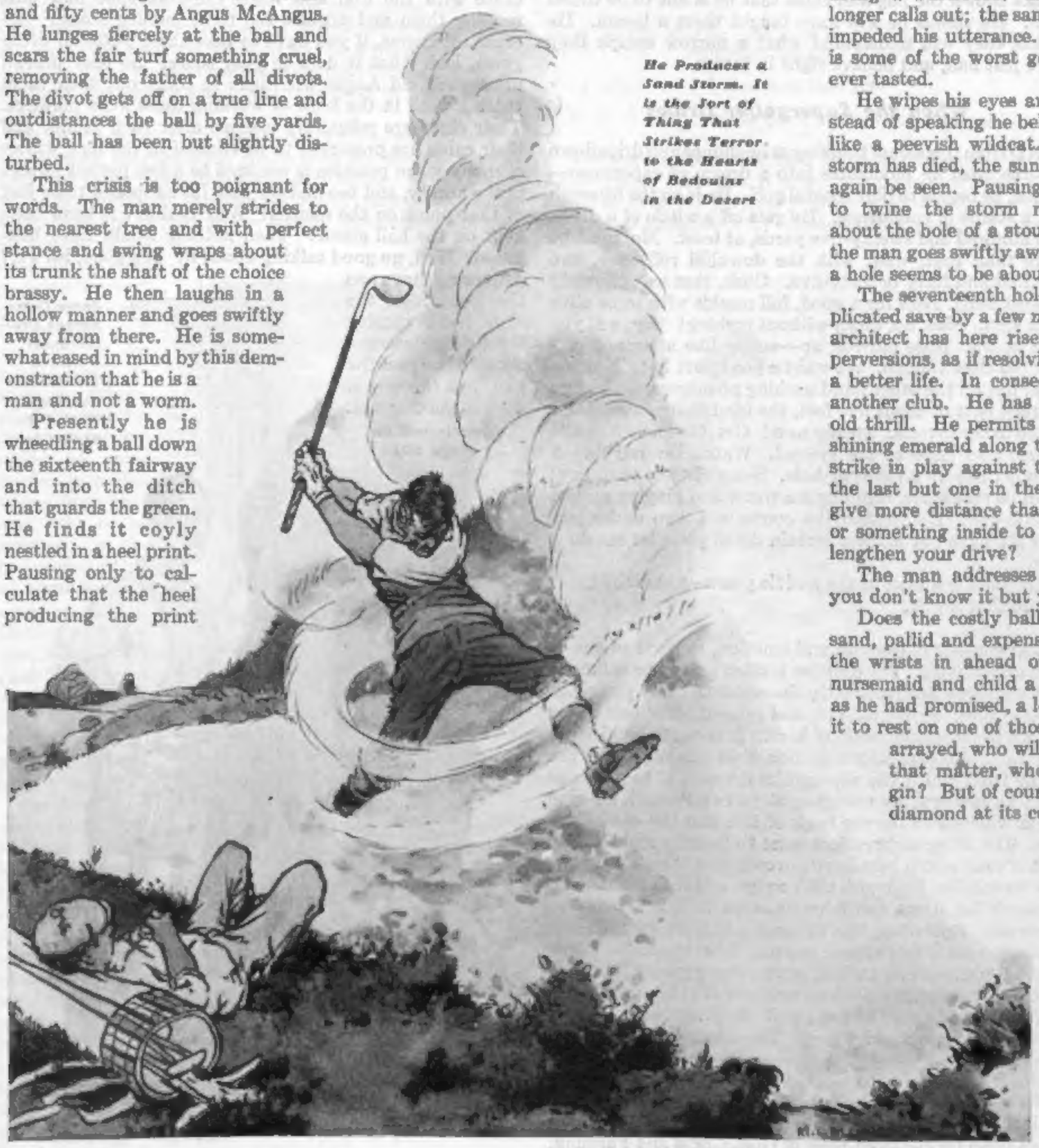
By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE man stands on the fifteenth tee. He has just driven a perfectly topped ball, a true ground gripper; it went to the bottom of the deep ditch a hundred yards beyond. This is really more than a ditch, being very deep, with precipitous sides. Anywhere but on a golf course it would be called Devil's Gorge or something scenic, and people would come miles to look at it, and warn the little ones to stand back from the edge.

The man is now speaking. It is more like an oration, warm and hoarse with invective. Standing erect, head up, his chin, like the prow of a battleship, projecting well over the edge of the tee, he hurls heated words down the empty fairway. He can be heard playing golf a long way off, though the words lose their edge on the summer breeze. Good thing, too. We should not be permitted to do more than imagine them in these columns. But you get the effect.

The man ceases to speak. He has said everything he could think of that promised to help, and he has thrown in a bit extra because he felt that way. He drives another ball and clears the ditch. He hurries along. He seems to say that he will now teach that ball a bitter lesson. Above it he grimly takes from his bag, a bag tastefully trimmed with the Macpherson tarlton, the choice tailor-made brassy that has been fitted to his figure for nine dollars and fifty cents by Angus McAngus. He lunges fiercely at the ball and scars the fair turf something cruel, removing the father of all divots. The divot gets off on a true line and outdistances the ball by five yards. The ball has been but slightly disturbed.



He Produces a Sand Storm. It is the Sort of Thing That Strikes Terror to the Hearts of Bedouins in the Desert

This crisis is too poignant for words. The man merely strides to the nearest tree and with perfect stance and swing wraps about its trunk the shaft of the choice brassy. He then laughs in a hollow manner and goes swiftly away from there. He is somewhat eased in mind by this demonstration that he is a man and not a worm.

Presently he is wheedling a ball down the sixteenth fairway and into the ditch that guards the green. He finds it coyly nestled in a heel print. Pausing only to calculate that the heel producing the print was that of a man weighing four hundred pounds, he takes from the beautiful bag with the Macpherson tarlton a weapon especially recommended by Angus McAngus. With this he produces a sand storm. It is no mere flurry. It is the sort of thing that strikes terror to the hearts of Bedouins in the desert, causing them to put their trusty touring camels into reverse, to shield their faces with the burnoose and to call out the name of Allah.

The man calls out something to the same effect in his native tongue. The storm rages. Fiercely the blast swirls about its unprotected victim, who did not think to bring a burnoose. He no longer calls out; the sand has impeded his utterance. This is some of the worst golf he ever tasted.

He wipes his eyes and instead of speaking he behaves like a peevish wildcat. The storm has died, the sun may again be seen. Pausing only to twine the storm maker about the bole of a stout oak the man goes swiftly away from there. A club a hole seems to be about par for him.

He Buys the McHaggis and the McWhoosh Brochures, With More Photographs of Grips and Right Elbows and Left Ankles and Teeth

The seventeenth hole is mercifully uncomplicated save by a few minor snares. The golf architect has here risen above his habitual perversions, as if resolving henceforth to lead a better life. In consequence the man reaches the eighteenth tee without the loss of another club. He has holed out a snappy six on the seventeenth and feels a bit of the old thrill. He permits himself to admire the scenery. The fairway is wide, a vista of shining emerald along the rock-trimmed margin of an opal sea. Innocent little wavelets strike in play against the rocks. All Nature seems to smile. The man tees up a ball, the last but one in the pouch of the beautiful bag. It is a choice ball, advertised to give more distance than any other ball. It has a touch of platinum or a Burmese ruby or something inside to make it go. It costs two dollars, but what is money if you can lengthen your drive?

The man addresses the ball—not too politely. "Now, you so-and-so—so-and-so, you don't know it but you're going to take a long ride."

Does the costly ball hear? It gives no sign. It merely rests there on its hillock of sand, pallid and expensive. The man takes a practice swing. Perfect! That's it—get the wrists in ahead of the carcass! He takes his stance. He frowns darkly at a nursemaid and child a half mile back of him, then swings. The ball takes a long ride as he had promised, a long, low, swift flight which, if continued sufficiently, would bring it to rest on one of those far fairy islands thronged with dusky native copras, minutely arrayed, who will allow themselves to be photographed for a bottle of gin. For that matter, who wouldn't be photographed in almost nothing for a bottle of gin? But of course the man's ball doesn't go that far, not even with the one-carat diamond at its center, because the man didn't hit it hard enough. It had perfect direction but not the distance. So it plunks into the opal sea. This is not a part of the fairway. It is too big for a water hazard. The ball sinks as neatly as any common dollar ball bought from a caddie for thirty-five cents.

Again the man can be heard playing golf. But he is off his game to-day and his language has run low. Like the venom of the rattler or the inky protection of the giant squid, there is only so much of it. He quits after discovering this, and tees up the last of his costly long-distance balls. He lets go. To his amazement it speeds down the real fairway. Not so far as the advertisement promised; not so far as you could expect for a couple of dollars; still, a fair drive—except for that alice unaccountably developing at the latter end of its flight. It has stopped in a rough area upgrown with one of the lesser-known cereals.

The man hums lightly as he hastens to it. Has he not cheated the cruel sea? Above the ball he takes from his bag a beautiful mashie niblick, his best-liked club. It is autographed by Abe Mitchell and was secured for him at great pains, in addition to the expense, by good old Angus McAngus. The man parks his feet correctly, frowns down the fairway, glances off at a distant motor car, not hiding his annoyance, and fires when ready. The ball rises gracefully from its couch, achieves the altitude record, develops distance promisingly, but then angles insanely to the left. It plunks into the still opal sea. Not so far out as the other, but far enough. The lucid water closes above it and the opal glint is again unmarred. An ocean makes nothing of a golf ball more or less.

The man stands a moment in deep contemplation. Then once again he swings the perfect mashie niblick autographed by Abe Mitchell. He has the correct stance, he breaks the wrists perfectly, the shot is well timed, and the follow through beyond criticism. The club rises gracefully into the air, develops distance as it whirls, and it, too, sinks beneath the opal sea, autograph and all. There is a deadly glitter in the man's eyes as the insatiate sea swallows his pet. His eyes are red, but still you can see the glitter. He stalks with dignity to the little jutting headland beyond which his treasures have come to rest. He poises there, tense and solemn.

"That does settle it," he mutters, briefly unclenching his teeth for this purpose. "Never again! I'm through!"

Dirty Work by Moonlight

HARD upon this he assumes the correct stance, whirls the beautiful bag with the Macpherson tarlton three times about his head and lets go with a superb follow through. The bag does not get so far as the balls that give you so much distance in the drive, but it gets far enough. The lovely water lisps above it. A score of pearly bubbles rise over its last resting place. The relentless sea has claimed its own. The man dusts his hands one against the other.

They Cause Him to Say That Woman's Place is in the Home, and Why Doesn't She Stay Where She Belongs?

"Never again!" he repeats. He goes swiftly away from there.

And that is golf.

The time is six hours later. The opal sea is paled by the rays of a rising moon that scatter silver along the fairway and nest it among the branches of the gnarled pine at the verge of the little headland. All is still save for the gentle play of wavelet against rock, and the recurrent bronchial protest of a late and invisible gull. But whose is this skulking figure that skirts yonder edge of the fairway, and now, concealment no longer possible, comes boldly across from screening shadows to the water's edge? You know well enough whose it is.

It sits on the little jutting headland and is also silvered over by the impartial moon. It looks earnestly out to sea. The prospect is one of distinguished beauty. Galleons and shallops, fair freighted, might ride at anchor there, luminous yet dim, duskily glowing with all romance. But we are off the key. The man is now serenely prosaic. If his mind is above the earth at all it is to feel grateful for certain cosmic accuracies. He is gratefully remembering, perhaps, that the earth in its flight does not slice, nor the moon hook. He is glad to feel that one of them is gently but firmly pulling that blanket of water back from the flanks of the other so he can get down on those rocks and recover his beautiful bag and the mashie niblick autographed by Abe Mitchell.

Now the moon has done its work. It is low tide. So the man clambers down to the gaunt rocks. He clumps and sloshes and slides. But he is not vocal as a few hours since. He will be just as happy if he is not now observed. Over rocks slippery with marine vegetation, among spined, shelled or gooey invertebrates useful enough in biology but having no recognized place in the royal and ancient game, he gropes a painful way with uncertain feet and bruised hands. He exhibits a patience that should have been his back on the loathly fifteenth. A glad cry, quickly smothered. From a shallow pool he has brought up the mashie niblick, the autograph unimpaired. A slightly louder glad cry, also smothered, and from a neighboring pool he has salvaged the bag trimmed with Macpherson tarlton. A crab scuttles from its recesses, but he is not out after crabs. He is back on the fairway in five—two sloshes, two slips and a barked knee.

But this night's work is not over. Dripping like a recovered body, he proceeds to the ditch on the sixteenth where the deadly sirocco lately hid him from mortal view and stifled his well-chosen remarks. He searches for the oak about which he lately festooned his niblick like a clinging vine. He does not at first find it. Could some low scoundrel have passed that way and sneaked off with his good old niblick? No; here it is. Angus will reshaft it for three dollars or thereabouts.

Any Subgolfer After Six Lessons Can Tell Him the Only Right Way to Do Everything From Driving to Putting

On to the fifteenth! That good old form-fitting brassy—he'd never be able to play again without that. He recovers the severed head. All it needs is another shaft, and Angus has his measure. The night's work is done. He goes swiftly away from there. And as he goes, this is what he is really thinking. He is really thinking—as a man really thinks when all the time he knows it is foolish—that he has at last shown the bag and clubs that he is not to be trifled with. He thinks he will have taught them a lesson. He thinks they will understand what a narrow escape they have just had, and behave right in future.

When the Supergolfer Drives

AND from this sort of thinking as he clumps and drips down the road he modulates into a dream of expertness—that is, he begins to play mental golf. He is on the fifteenth tee, a statue of confidence. He gets off a whale of a drive, two hundred and twenty-five yards, at least. No, must be more than that, what with the downhill roll—say, two hundred and forty or forty-five. Gosh, that was certainly a sweet ball! Now for a good, full mashie with some nifty back spin. Slow up, down without rushing! Say, will you look at that little pill roll up—acting like a trained pig! Not too close though. We want a good putt left. Not too easy, but on the other hand nothing phenomenal. Just an average putt of about five feet, the kind that professionals are so likely to miss. Steady now! Get the line. A gentle sweep, iron close to the ground. Watch her roll in. A snappy three on a four-par hole. Some class to that, boy!

On he maunders, dripping sea water and playing perfect mental golf. He finished the course out, two under par. And if I have not made a certain detail plain let me do it here.

The man is a man in the middle years—not a child.

And that is golf.

Golf consists of exercise and emotion, in parts of one to nine respectively. The exercise is often said to be salutary. The emotions are frequently devastating. The game has three grades: Supergolf, golf and subgolf. The first is too serious to be talked much of here. It is hushed and tense and holy. An ever-widening area of silence surrounds the shrine from which the supergolfer drives. If he takes as many as two practice swings or stops to put down his pipe, it has widened to the tee back of him and the one before him. The other supergolfers cease to breathe and the one with a wrist watch hastily removes it and throws it away. The breeze dies, birds still their songs, and the man driving a mower far down the fairway stops to roll a noiseless cigarette. But when the supergolfers have reached the putting green a real silence ensues. The tension is tightened; the expensive, trained grass stops growing, the ants quit their uproar, the little worms beneath the sward cease their clamor; a pair of loud golf stockings would be instantly hissed to a quiet gray. The silence becomes positively noiseless.

Nor is this solemnity relaxed when the putting is done and the supergolfers pose on the green, leaning sportily against their putters, while an awe-stricken photographer snaps them for the front page of Golf, Craps and Farming. The stillness is broken only at a distance by some common or sub golfers who blasphemously wish to use that green for their own contemptible putting. The supergolfers remain properly unaware of these loathsome insects. They eventually leave, however, to be photographed on the next green in some more golf attitudes for the double-page center of Golf, Pole Vaulting and Dentistry in the Home.

And so it goes. The supergolfer need be followed no further. Besides, he is always annoyed by a gallery. He says so himself. Anyway he has nothing in common with the lesser species save an unconquerable tendency to miss three-foot putts. Let us observe, therefore, those of the lesser sort with whom golf is still an adventure.

Happy Day-Dreams

GOLF, the plain sort, is played by more or less tired business men who are off their game to-day. They hope sometime to become supergolfers. They know perfectly well they never will; still, they hope to. They can't help it. They dream, in secret, of some day blushing modestly on the White House front porch while President Harding in a few fitting words confers upon them a two-gallon silver mug with three handles, hardly big enough to hold umbrellas and too big for anything else. They already have a few smaller cups, suitable for holding lump sugar, won in the Allied Metal Trades and Drugs tournament with a handicap of twenty-two, but nothing you would really call attention to except in a spirit of jolly good fun.

This big affair, from the hands of the President, is a different matter. And if only they could cure that slice and get some distance with the wood and some more distance with the iron and learn the chip shot and quit topping them and acquire the right putting stance—because, of course, if you have to take three putts on every green, look what it does to your score! So they prevail upon good old Angus McAngus to come out with them twice a week in the hope of working these little miracles. Their clubs are religiously cleaned after each round, and their cards are preserved to be studied in the long winter evenings when practice is confined to a few perfect swings in the library, and too bad the rose jar happened to be just at that point on the mantel! Why couldn't it have been kept on the hall stand? Then nothing would have happened. Well, no good talking about it. It's gone, isn't it? Anyway, that was the right idea, the club head passing through a flattened arc into and past the ball, just the way it does in the diagram.

(Continued on Page 90)

Some Competent Professional Will See That He Is Outfitted With the Right Clubs

"He's a Snarling, Cantankerous Old Devil," He Told Him. "Don't Cross Him"

Prompt Profits From Pernambucos

By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

MR. ERNEST H. SKITTS, president of the Tropics Textile Corporation, was a small, slight, nervous man, now quite definitely passing out of middle age. Although more than moderately successful in business in the past, he now suffered more and more from lack of confidence in himself.

In the sharp falling off of commerce in the current year this feeling greatly increased. He grew more and more uncertain, timid and depressed as the months drew on. His sleep and appetite deserted him and the secret horror was now never absent from his mind that this decline in his business was due to some final falling off in his own personal powers.

At length, when at the insistence of his wife he consulted an eminent diagnostician concerning his health, he was told that there was nothing radically wrong. What timidity or depression he experienced would come in all probability from one of the ductless glands, those obscure organs in which, as all now know, are secreted the great driving hopes and impulses and emotions of the human soul. In some one of these, possibly the pituitary body, there might be some decline in earlier vigor, but this was only to be expected in the late period of life which he was now approaching. Having learned this, Mr. Skitts paid the eminent diagnostician his large fee and left his office—with Mrs. Skitts greatly relieved.

Far from reassuring Mr. Skitts, however, this information made his apprehension infinitely worse. A death sentence could scarcely have depressed him more, for it merely confirmed and put into scientific form his worst fears. The drying up of his ductless glands, the cessation of their secretion—what was this but another name for approaching senility, where the one remaining emotion to be secreted is timidity or fear? And now he grew more than ever fearful that the time had come when he had lost at last the fire and force and vigor required to swing his own business, which had been for him the one great passion of his life.

And so his appetite grew smaller, his sleep more and more disturbed, and his agony of mind and body more acute, as he became convinced that without doubt he was getting through, and felt at the same time the business of the Tropics Textile Corporation, which in recent previous years had grown by leaps and bounds under him, now start leaping and bounding in an exactly opposite direction.

It was while he was in this state of mind that he read at breakfast the following large and well-printed advertisement in his morning paper:

IF
YOUR BODY IS SICK YOU CONSULT YOUR PHYSICIAN—
A BODY BUILDER!

IF
YOUR SOUL IS SICK YOU CONSULT YOUR CLERGYMAN—
A SOUL SAVER!

THEN
WHEN YOUR BUSINESS IS SICK WHY NOT CONSULT
A MONEY-MAKER!

I
AM A MONEY-MAKER. MY SPECIALTY IS MOVING MERCHANDISE ON A FALLING MARKET

ADDRESS BOX 905

P. S.—CONSULTATION WITH ACCEPTABLE CLIENTS FREE

Nothing could have suited the present temper of Mr. Skitts' mind more. And when, after the now usual hesitancy in decision, he finally wrote to Box 905, he waited with some impatience for what would appear.

He was seated, on the third day after writing, in his private office, going through his morning mail with his stenographer, when the door swung sharply back and a large blue-eyed, singularly well-shaven man in a well-pressed linen suit burst in, slightly in advance of the office boy.

"Mr. Skitts—good morning! Good morning, sir!" he exclaimed, extending a large white, perfectly manicured hand.

Mr. Skitts rose in some doubt, while his stenographer turned and gazed in the same direction as he, biting her pencil somewhat critically.

"Sir," said the stranger, still advancing, "I am J. M. Kickoff!" And he shook hands heartily.

"May I ——" inquired Mr. Skitts, speaking finally.

"Kickoff, the merchandise mover of Chicago!" said the large blond stranger, fixing his bright blue eyes on Mr. Skitts and then releasing his hand as abruptly as he had grasped it.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Skitts.

"My secretary wires me that you wish to consult me, sir," continued Mr. Kickoff, "with a possibility of becoming my client. Was he misinformed?"

"No. No indeed," said Mr. Skitts after a moment, realizing in the meanwhile how unfavorably his own strength and vigor measured up with his visitor's.

"And being in the vicinity," continued the latter, in a fine, virile, barytone voice, "I took the liberty, sir, to run in and envisage your problem personally."

"I see," said Mr. Skitts, and dismissed the stenographer.

"Sit down. Be seated, sir. Don't let me keep you standing," said Mr. Kickoff as he seated himself in the chair of the stenographer, who, now leaving the room, turned unobtrusively and gazed at him for a last time, still biting her lead pencil critically.

"Pardon me, sir," said the stranger, now leaning forward and plucking from the left shoulder of Mr. Skitts' coat some object of which the latter had no previous knowledge, and drawing his chair somewhat nearer Mr. Skitts as he did so.

"And now, sir," he said in the brisk manner of a man of great vigor and decision, "your time and my time are valuable, sir. Will you kindly outline your problem briefly so we can envisage it together? Unless I have as yet failed to gain your confidence to that extent," he added when Mr. Skitts hesitated.

"Oh, by no means," said Mr. Skitts a little hastily, and went on, with the exaggerated sense of difficulty which he now so often felt when suddenly called upon to speak at length to one of much greater fluency of language.

In spite of this he proceeded to outline the situation of his business at that time very fully and frankly—including, of course, the

He Was Pounding Rhythmically the Fallen Figure Underneath Him, to a Type of Reiterated Chant. "Man Motions Make Money," He Was Calling

"He Claims None of Them Can Get Into the Boy Scouts Until They Have Full Sets of False Teeth and a Wig"

great accumulation of Pernambuco cloth which had come in his inventories since the war, and the smaller but still large store of Paramaibo cloth offsetting it.

Mr. Kickoff listened with restrained and rigid seriousness until he was entirely through. "I see," he said then very simply.

And suddenly rising upon his feet he began pacing up and down the room in silence with Mr. Skitts observing him with an increasing suspense as he did so. He then stopped in front of Mr. Skitts as suddenly as he had left.

"This business can be saved," he said with great positiveness.

"Saved!" said Mr. Skitts with a sudden start at these entirely unexpected words, for he had not felt that his business was as yet in any such critical state.

"Saved, sir! Yes, sir!" repeated Mr. Kickoff with great determination.

"Does it look like that to you?" exclaimed Mr. Skitts, now realizing sharply what the verdict of this disinterested expert meant, if true.

"It does. Yes, sir," said Mr. Kickoff. "I am glad to tell you. There is one way in which this company can be saved."

"In what way?" asked Mr. Skitts quickly, his confidence in his own judgment receding as usual in the presence of a confidence so much greater.

"If you can in some way induce an expert to take charge of it at once!" answered the other with a very searching glance at Mr. Skitts. "A man *of* experience! Vitality! Pep!"

And at these words and this glance Mr. Skitts gave a second and even sharper start. If the first verdict on his business had been an unexpected shock the unspoken implication in the second was of the very thing he most feared in all the world to hear—the prompt confirmation by this business expert of his own sense of lack of power and ability and aggressiveness to run his business properly.

"If you can secure such a man," Mr. Kickoff was saying in his silence, "your business can be saved, and I believe—I believe in such matters I know what I am talking about!"

He went on to give his various experiences as a merchandise mover—his work in the great Kickoff business-revival campaigns in the South and West during the past year, the great-gains-from-ginghams drive in Louisville, the cottons-at-cost campaign in St. Louis, the let-your-shoer-show-you-shoes movement in Denver.

To all this Mr. Skitts paid but indifferent attention, sitting depressed and discouraged in the attitude of a man who has been dealt a sudden blow which he has long known to be inevitable, yet cannot quite school himself to accept.

"You say," he said at length, "the right man can pull this business out? A man of pep and energy?" he added heavily, for he had realized, of course, in his heart for months that this was just precisely what was needed.

"I do. Yes."

"Where can I find such a man?" asked Mr. Skitts.

"I tell you what I will do with you," said Mr. Kickoff after a moment's deliberation. "I tell you what I will do. Your case interests me, sir. I happen to have the month of August still free. I will take it up myself. I will take it up myself," repeated Mr. Kickoff, eying him very steadily. "But on two conditions: First, that I be given a free hand in carrying out my plans—the power that must go with responsibility, for success!"

Mr. Skitts bowed understandingly.

"And second, that I be paid my usual compensation for my time—no more and no less—and my expenses."

"How much is that?" inquired Mr. Skitts.

"Five thousand dollars a month. Neither more nor less. How does that strike you?" continued Mr. Kickoff brusquely after a moment's waiting. "Five thousand to save your business. Is it worth it, or is it not?" And now he took out his watch and looking at it earnestly stood upon his feet. "If not," he said, "I must be going. I have other ——"

"Sit down, please," requested Mr. Skitts.

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Kickoff, doing so. "But at the outset, sir," he continued, gazing steadily at Mr. Skitts with his large, hard blue eyes, "there must be a full understanding of myself and my methods." He went on to describe in some detail what he spoke of as his introduction of man methods into business. "I am a man of action, not of words," he said. "A man's man. I go at things man fashion, and my creed in business has been summed up the best I know how in the motto I use at the head of my stationery: Man motions make money."

Mr. Skitts, watching him closely, was much impressed; a man's man was exactly what he required; a virile personality in the full vigor of manhood, with full courage and undepleted glands, was precisely what he must have in his business.

And he could see with half an eye that he would not go wrong in hoping to secure in this man the exact qualities in which he felt himself to be lacking. Indeed no sooner had he seen and heard Mr. Kickoff's credentials and records and accepted his proposition than he had immediate proof of his overflowing vigor and stamina.

"And now, sir," said Mr. Kickoff when their transaction was completed, "that is settled. That is settled!" he said, and struck Mr. Skitts a hearty man-fashion blow upon the shoulder—a blow of comradeship and alliance. "And a week from to-day I shall be here to take charge and start my survey of the business—preparatory to action. And now, sir, until that time, I will bid you good day!"

Thrusting out his right hand with ceremonial rigidity, holding his costly panama in his left, he gazed steadily into the eyes of Mr. Skitts as he gave him the short, spasmodic handshake of the very sincere.

"And when I come," he said quite slowly and distinctly, "I will guarantee you action. Action—action—pep!"

Saying this, with a curt nod he turned abruptly and left the private room, with Mr. Skitts still standing by his chair, and the door closed firmly after him.

It had scarcely done so before Mr. Skitts was seated heavily in his chair once more. For a long time he sat there recalling his visitor's verdict, his warning concerning the condition of the business, the almost uncanny precision with which he had put his finger upon the sore spot there—confirmed the one thing that he himself had known so well and had so much dreaded to hear. There was no longer any doubt in Mr. Skitts' own mind—the trouble with the Tropics Textile Corporation was himself, his lack of force, of confidence, of aggressiveness; no doubt in the last analysis that drying up with age of the great driving glands which make a man an executive—of that pituitary body of which the doctor had warned him.

He sat there thinking of it, trying to imagine it—that little thing lying there, they claimed, just underneath the lower surface of the brain. It depressed him always after a while, and made him still more nervous—as it often did now when he got to thinking of it and his business, lying awake nights, trying to place it, wondering just what was going on in there.

He got up then suddenly for fear of getting his mind dwelling on it too much again, and telephoned to Mrs. Skitts—for the first time—to take him out in her limousine, as she had suggested doing every afternoon since that visit to the doctor. She might be right. It might after all be just as well.

Evidently she was right in more ways than one. She had been after him now for a long time to retire and live on his own private fortune—to travel and enjoy himself and get out of that stuffy office, give up making himself a slave to business. He had fought this up to now, but now he could see that very likely she was right. The die was cast. He was probably through. And when this specialist—this man Kickoff—had straightened out his business, brought it up to date and banged it through with the force and pep which he could no longer give it, he would either sell it out or close it out and, retiring for good and all, take the long trip to California and the Hawaiian Islands which Mrs. Skitts had so long urged upon him.

Sighing heavily he started to prepare for the coming of Mrs. Skitts.

II

IT WAS the third day of August, in the early afternoon, when the door of Mr. Skitts' private office was again snatched open and J. M. Kickoff again strode in from his temporary desk in the outer room.

"I have the results," said Mr. Kickoff.

"Of what?" asked Mr. Skitts in a sharpening voice.

His stenographer, leaving the room, gazed at the newcomer, arranging her hair critically.

"Our survey."

"What does it show?" asked Mr. Skitts quickly.

"The keynote. The answer to the whole business."

"What?"

"Paramaibos. Pernambucos."

Mr. Skitts gazed at him intently without speaking.

"Piled up in your inventories."

"You feel that you will pull it out then?" asked Mr. Skitts watching him with evident relief.

"We'll pull it out, yes; but in one way only."

Mr. Skitts still sat watching him.

"Movement," continued Mr. Kickoff. "Movement of merchandise. We must move these goods, that is all. We must move them—and we will!" he exclaimed, striking heavily on the edge of the president's desk. "It will be a fight to move them, but we will win it!"

"Pernambucos, yes! Paramaibos, no!" said Mr. Skitts after a slight hesitation, for he had gone all over this matter before.

Then he went on to discuss again the difference between the two widely popular fabrics—their present situation in the market and the practical impossibility of securing now or probably in the next three years any considerable new supply of paraibo, the raw material for Paramaibo cloth, owing to the civil war now raging in that unfortunate country.

"In other words," said Mr. Skitts, "as I have said before, we have no selling problem in our Paramaibos, but our chief asset. It was the one piece of luck or management which we had during the past year," said Mr. Skitts, his

eye lighting up not unnaturally with that one bright memory, "that I contrived to stock up with Paramaibos, and to hold them till the present time, when all the trade is short of them. The retail trade is crazy for them. They are better than money in the bank, and that is the one inventory that makes us safe financially, that I can count on definitely to clear my bank loans and pay the last installment on those damned excess-profit taxes of 1920, during the excess-loss period ahead of us in the remainder of this year."

"I understand, perfectly," said Mr. Kickoff.

"But on the other thing, the Pernambucos, you've got me," continued Mr. Skitts, his eye darkening. "There's where I made my big mistake along with the rest of the trade. We have, I admit, thousands and thousands of bales of them—hundreds of thousands of dollars tied up there. If you can move them you'll be doing something more than I can do!"

"I will move them," said Mr. Kickoff. "In thirty days I will move your Paramaibos."

"Pernambucos," Mr. Skitts corrected him.

"Pernambucos. Yes, exactly!" returned the expert.

"But how?"

"We shall move them," said Mr. Kickoff, without, however, explaining how.

"I did have one idea," said Mr. Skitts then after a slight pause.

"What?" asked the other very promptly when he did not at once go on.

"A plan to use the one to sell the other."

"Pernambucos to sell the Paramaibos?"

"No—the other way around," said Mr. Skitts.

"The Paramaibos to sell the Pernambucos?"

"Yes," said Mr. Skitts, and went on after another slight pause. "We have in stock now one-third as many of the one as the other."

"That is, one-third as many Pernambucos?"

"No, no! The other way around," replied Mr. Skitts somewhat more loudly.

"Exactly. Exactly," said Mr. Kickoff, now referring to the notes of his survey in his hand. "Go on."

"One-third as many Paramaibos, you understand," said Mr. Skitts.

"I understand. Perfectly. Perfectly."

"Now then," continued Mr. Skitts, recapitulating to be certain, "we have but one-third as many Paramaibos as Pernambucos, yet that third is worth almost exactly as much as all the other—and the whole trade is crazy for Paramaibos. So the plan I had in mind was this: We must get rid of these Pernambucos some way, so why not cut down your price on your Pernambucos to cost—or even less ——"

"Exactly. Yes."

"—— and sweeten up the account by letting them have one-third of the quantity of the other stuff, which they are crazy to get, and which we alone have got, and so sell ——"

"—— it all together!" exclaimed Mr. Kickoff, snatching the conclusion out of his lips. "Right! Exactly right! You have the right plan. Exactly the plan," he said after a pause, "that I had worked out myself. In other words, with every three yards of Paramaibos ——"

"No, no!" said Mr. Skitts, now almost shouting, for the expert's continued confusion annoyed him. "You've got that wrong again. Turn it around. Turn it around. With every three yards of Pernambucos will go one yard of Paramaibos!"

"Exactly. Exactly what I meant to say," responded Mr. Kickoff. "And now that's settled, perfectly clear to both of us, let us go to work on our real job."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Skitts a little crossly, for he had not been himself for several days now—since, in fact, the arrival of this expert.

Instead of answering him directly Mr. Kickoff, gazing steadily into his eyes, returned another question.

"What the world wants now is what?" he asked. "Confidence," he answered when Mr. Skitts did not. "Confidence. Confidence. Pep! All over! For the world is not permanently stalled! It is going on. We know that!"

"Yes," assented Mr. Skitts.

"And if that's the case," Mr. Kickoff continued asking, "the first thing to secure is what? Movement," he said when Mr. Skitts was again silent. "Movement of merchandise—of mountains of merchandise in the markets of the world! It is the same here."

Mr. Skitts merely moved a little uneasily in his chair.

"What are we up against here?" Mr. Kickoff asked him again, now pounding the edge of his desk for emphasis. "What's next? A movement of merchandise. A selling campaign. A whirlwind movement! Action. Action. Pep!"

Saying this and rising unexpectedly to his feet he now began to pace the private office in a forceful silence.

"What is it now?" asked Mr. Skitts finally.

"The slogan!"

"The what?" asked Mr. Skitts, surprised.

"Our slogan," repeated Mr. Kickoff, placing his large white hand to his forehead as he walked. "I have it! Great! Fine!"

"You have what?" asked Mr. Skitts with keen interest.

"Prompt profits from Pernambucos!" replied the man before him. "How's that?"

"I don't know," responded Mr. Skitts. "What is it?"

"I have spoken to you before," said Mr. Kickoff, "about our great-gains-from-ginghams campaign in Louisville."

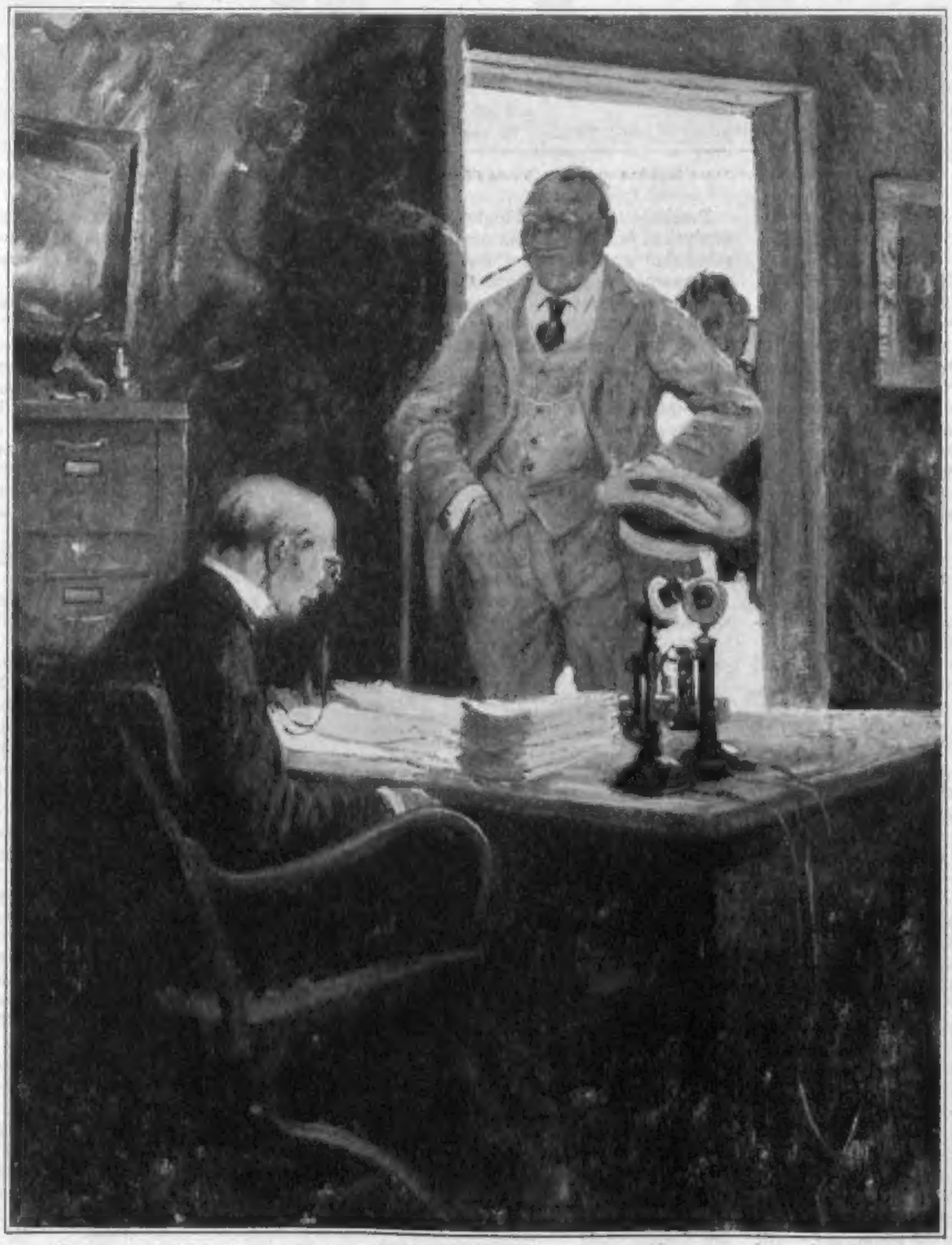
"You have—yes."

"And our cottons-at-cost in St. Louis."

"Yes."

"And our let-your-shoer-show-you-shoes in Denver."

"What of it?" asked Mr. Skitts.



"Being in the Vicinity I Took the Liberty, Sir, to Run In and Envisage Your Problem Personally"

"What must you start with in any movement—of merchandise especially?" asked Mr. Kickoff back. "What movement must come first in any selling campaign? The movement in men's minds," he replied, and continued: "And how do you get that movement first? In one way only: You've got to bump their minds. You've got to bump their minds with a slogan!

"Prompt profits from Pernambucos! There is ours! Prompt profits from Pernambucos! How does that hit you?" he asked and, striking Mr. Skitts a bouncing blow upon his shoulder, he stood back man fashion to gaze upon his face.

The most immediate effect to be seen there was a slight reddening. But Mr. Kickoff did not wait for a more definite reply. He was going on, in fact, with his usual force and enthusiasm.

"Now then, the next thing," he said, "we must reorganize this business."

"Reorganize the business!" exclaimed Mr. Skitts loudly.

"Your force—the selling force—to put over our campaign. Big! To put it over big!" explained Mr. Kickoff with a decided emphasis on the last word. "We'll get to work right here, now—on our next job."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Skitts in a less sharpened voice.

"Pep for the personnel!" exclaimed Mr. Kickoff. "Standing them up ready, with their tails in the air!"

"How'll you do it?"

"That's easy," said Mr. Kickoff. "First we'll form a branch of the Boost Business Boys."

"The Boost Business Boys!" repeated Mr. Skitts.

"Yes," said Mr. Kickoff, and went on with evident pride to explain the inception in his own mind of the Boost Business Boys organization for employes, the initiation of the first lodge in Oklahoma City, and the spread of the idea through the South and West; and the various ceremonies—the watchwords, the exact meaning of "Howdy, boy! How's business?" and the significance of the differently placed back slaps in the ritual. "It gives the employe pep, interest. It gives him the shout-at-work spirit," said Mr. Kickoff, "which makes our American workmen to-day the best on earth.

"And then after that," he said, going on from the general to the particular, "we'll have a grand get-acquainted picnic or barbecue, or what's this you have back East here—these clam roasts?"

"Clambakes," suggested Mr. Skitts.

"Yes. And when they're all worked up we'll spring the details of our big new idea—the prompt-profits-from-Pernambucos on them. Will it go? Will it go? I'll say so! What do you say?" he now asked warmly, and cracked Mr. Skitts a second blow on his relatively light shoulder.

Mr. Skitts reddening slightly was just about to answer when his stenographer, entering, announced that Mrs. Skitts was coming after him for his afternoon ride in the limousine—for now, and especially since the presence of this business expert, Mr. Kickoff, in the office, she had taken advantage of the situation to make this ride a regular institution.

"You go right along with Mrs. Skitts," said Mr. Kickoff to Mr. Skitts after greeting the former cordially. "We'll see things go right here."

And he struck him a third though less violent slap upon the back as they went out.

"A wonderful fellow, isn't he?" asked Mrs. Skitts, who was much taken with Mr. Kickoff, when they were in the limousine.

"I guess so," said Mr. Skitts, but with an absence of warmth which Mrs. Skitts, happy at having him with her, did not notice.

They drove on while Mrs. Skitts discussed vivaciously the

(Continued on Page 104)

THE 1921-MODEL HUGHES

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

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Secretary of State Hughes and Two News Photographers in Front of State Department

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES, now Secretary of State, but at the time not so exalted, stood one afternoon with becoming dignity and poise at a corner in New York and signaled an oncoming street car in a grave and repressed but commanding manner. It was the desire and intention of Mr. Hughes to install himself on that car and proceed to a downtown destination.

Notwithstanding the poise and dignity of Mr. Hughes and the imperative character of his grave and repressed signalings, the car did not stop. It did not falter. It clattered by without note or consideration of Mr. Hughes by motorman or conductor; as if he were the merest of mere average citizens—nothing but a taxpayer with a nickel to spend for what is euphemistically termed transportation in the metropolis.

Presently another car approached. Mr. Hughes signaled that, somewhat less repressed in manner. The car swept by. A third came. Mr. Hughes, entirely unrepressed, waved his arms, his umbrella, his whiskers, and shouted lustily to signify not only his desire but his demand that the car should stop for him. The car proceeded with derisive clankings, leaving Mr. Hughes on the corner, dignity forgot, poise abandoned, repression discarded and language unrestrained.

A fourth car was following. Mr. Hughes placed himself close beside the track, fierce determination in his manner, hot resentment in his breast, and with every individual whisker bristling with rage. He semaphored with his arms and lifted his voice to a thunderous "Stop!"

The thoughts of Mr. Hughes at the moment were not those of a future governor of New York, not those of a future associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, not those of a future nominee for President, not those of a future Secretary of State. They were the thoughts of a man who was seeing red, was thinking red—the natural, primitive thoughts of an inmate of New York who seeks to be conveyed from one point to another by any of that city's various means of public conveyance and utility, so called. As set forth by Mr. Hughes while relating the incident in later years, he had two main lines of cerebration, both homicidal: It was his firm determination to get aboard this car if he killed himself doing it; and it was his firmer determination, if he did get aboard without killing himself, to kill the conductor.

The Conductor's Logic

THE car showed few signs of stopping. It rushed forward, and through glass in front Mr. Hughes saw the motorman regarding him with a detached and uninterested gaze, unmindful of his desire and contemptuous of the demonstrations of that desire. As the car went by Mr. Hughes flung himself at it, clutched the handrail, pulled himself aboard and scrambled to his feet. At that moment the motorman turned on more power. The car lurched forward and Mr. Hughes was catapulted through the vestibule. He collided with a strap-hanger, caromed off a fat lady, sprawled across a boy with a basket of fish, stepped on the feet of an elderly gentleman who was reading a newspaper, and put his knee through a hat box that was held by a milliner's apprentice. His further devastation of the car was impeded about three-quarters of the way toward the front by contact with the conductor, who regarded him coldly and unemotionally.

"What do you mean by such contravention of public rights?" exclaimed Mr. Hughes, after the conductor had stayed his progress and steadied him to erectness. "Why didn't you stop this car for me? You saw me signal it. It's an outrage—a damnable outrage. I'll—I'll ——"

"Aw, what's bitin' ya?" broke in the conductor. "Sit down. You're aboard, ain't cha?"

Precisely there, Mr. Hughes' keen, highly trained and analytical mind took command of the situation over the mind that went berserker on the corner. The conductor's statement was not without its logic. Indubitably, Mr. Hughes was aboard. The manner of his boarding was, it might be, incidental to the main fact; an unusual premise to a conventional conclusion. The means, though not ordinarily justified by the end secured, had secured that end. Mr. Hughes sat down.

He pondered on what was biting him—if anything—placing all the circumstances in the crucible of that highly trained, keen, analytical mind. He had desired to utilize a street car to take him to a certain point. There had been opposition, more or less specific, on the part of the persons who controlled the car. However, he had taken the car, and was, at the moment, utilizing it as he had planned. It would convey him to his destination, was conveying him there as expeditiously as might be. Therefore, eliminating all extraneous circumstances such as the manner of his taking the car, he concluded that nothing was biting him—not a thing—and nodded in a grave and repressed manner when the conductor said affably, as Mr. Hughes left the car: "Good work, old top; you done that flyin' leap like a athalete."

When we consider the lives of great men we often find in their careers analogies that are interpretative and interesting, and that is the case with Mr. Hughes. It is not because the incident related above was unique or overly important that it is set down here, for similar incidents are a part of the routine of the lives of New Yorkers. The point is that the street-car incident has its analogies in later incidents in the career of Mr. Hughes, which may be drawn in this manner:

Just when Mr. Hughes decided to take the Republican organization car and ride in it to the White House is of no consequence. It may have been long ago, or it may have been not so long—not much before the 1916 convention at Chicago, say. In any event he decided to take it, and he stood on the corner waiting for it. The car came along, manned by a thorough organization crew, not planning to stop for Hughes. Not to cumber the story with too many details, it need only be said that Mr. Hughes took the car, not so precipitately as he achieved the street car in New York, but with equal effectiveness, and precipitately enough to disconcert many of the organization crew, including the conductor and motorman. Much to the surprise of Mr. Hughes, the car, after making an excellent trip, did not arrive at its scheduled destination. It was switched off at the last moment, leaving its principal passenger on a side track.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Mr. Hughes, not without emphasis. "Why do we remain here instead of finishing the trip?"

"Aw," answered the conductor, "what's biting you? You had a good ride, didn't you?"

Again the keen and analytical mind functioned keenly and analytically. There was merit in what the conductor said—logic. He had had a good ride. Wherefore, as before, he concluded that nothing was biting him, and he got off where he was and not where he expected to be.

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Elihu Root

Again He Swings Aboard

FOUR years later Mr. Hughes stood on a corner, again waiting for a car. Far up the track a big car, proudly lighted, swung around a curve and came clattering toward him. He signaled it to stop and held up his ticket in plain view, for he had a ticket this time. The car did not slow down. He saw the conductor glowering at him. It was the Republican organization car and it was not the intention of anybody on it to stop for Mr. Hughes, but to go by and leave him standing on the corner.

As the car came by, Mr. Hughes agilely swung aboard, having become proficient at boarding cars, and organizations, with the passing of the years.

"What's the idea?" asked B. Penrose, the burly conductor.

"I am to be Secretary of State."

"It makes no difference to us who is to be Secretary of State," said B. Penrose. "The Senate will formulate the foreign policy of the United States."

The keen, analytical mind considered the situation. Obviously, if the Senate would formulate the foreign policies of the United States Mr. Hughes was on the wrong car. But would it? Mr. Hughes was perturbed momentarily, but the keen, analytical mind reverted to the earlier episode, recalled the query of the first conductor as to what was biting Mr. Hughes, inasmuch as he had gained his objective and was on the car. Mr. Hughes was on this car also. There was

no gainsaying that, and he again decided, after subjecting the matter to exhaustive mental assay, that nothing was biting him—nothing—although a few were barking at him; and he remained on the car. He is there yet, and it may be said, in drawing this analogy to a close, that the Senate is not formulating the foreign policies of the United States. Mr. Hughes is attending to that, to the full exercise of his keen and analytical mind.

But he is not the cold and insistent Mr. Hughes who dug mercilessly into the insurance scandals in New York; not the aloof and individualistic Mr. Hughes who was governor of New York; not the cloistered and congealed Mr. Hughes who was an associate justice of the Supreme Court; nor yet the bewildered and bedeviled Mr. Hughes who ran for President of the United States. He is another Mr. Hughes, a new-model Mr. Hughes, with all the latest and up-to-date geniality, cordiality and communicative appliances of an Administration that is extensively and expansively fitted with the same. The 1921-model Hughes has stream lines, as one might say; stream lines.

It would sound well to set down that Mr. Hughes has mellowed under the impact of the years, but that would hardly state the case. What Mr. Hughes has mellowed under is the impact of his job. If the years have done anything for Mr. Hughes, save broaden his experiences, clarify his mind and grizzle his whiskers, what they have done is not apparent, because his intellectual and physical vigor remains undiminished; but his job has softened his contacts. Once brusque, he is now almost benign. Once arbitrary, he is now amenable. Once solitary, he is now gregarious. All this in a manner of speaking, of course, but predicated on the daily evidence that he just loves his job. Mr. Hughes intends to stay on the car.

Skill in Dealing With Facts

THE character of the legal mind of Mr. Hughes has been established as of high order, but the character of his political mind—using the term in its best and public-policy sense—is now in the process of establishment. It is eleven years since he resigned as governor of New York to go on the Supreme Bench, and he has been two Hugheses since that time—the justice and the presidential candidate. He had his matters of state public policy of course, when he was governor, but as justice he was confined to the interpretation of the Constitution, and as candidate he was cabined by the exigencies of the situation. Now, as Secretary of State in a period that could be called formative if the malformations of it could be overlooked, he is weighted with responsibilities greater and beset by problems that ramify into wider and more vital areas than those of any of his predecessors for many years.

Six months' observation of Mr. Hughes as Secretary of State makes two facts outstandingly apparent: The first is that his mind rejects the generalization and demands the specification; is objective and not subjective. The second is that he possesses to an extraordinary degree the faculty of clarity of expression. Comparing him with his immediate predecessor, Secretary Colby, the differences are that Colby is clever and rhetorical, while Hughes is handy and precise.

What the mind of Hughes seeks to do, and does do if the basis is there, is to translate whatever is presented to it into facts. He might well have been born in Missouri, instead of in Glens Falls, New York, so insistent is his show-me attitude. For example, oratorical blood is always thicker than water, and postprandial handclasps across the sea sincere and hearty; publicly stated by publicist politicians, England and America are cousins-german and actuated by common ideals, aspirations and inspirations; but do you think this century of chatter would count an ounce in the scales Hughes would hold for weighing our relations with England should the occasion arise when it was necessary for him to weigh them? Not an ounce. "What," Mr. Hughes would inquire, "are the facts?" and would proceed to find those facts.

Senator Underwood and His Dog, "Otto von Edelweiss"

A fact may be a stubborn, a silly or a solemn thing, and a collection of them useful or useless to a high degree. The fact-finding mind is not a rare sort of mind, but mostly all the fact-finding mind does is find facts. It stops functioning with the process of discovery. Facts—and especially facts that have to do with statesmanship and diplomacy—are of value only when there can be an application of them for a desirable end. There is where Mr. Hughes is not only great but amazing. Having his facts in hand, he knows what they mean, what their bearings are on the subject to be discussed, and what to do with them. Many a man heavily laden with facts never becomes intelligently or influentially articulate with any of them. Not Hughes. Having secured his fact, and determined on the use to make of it, he sets it forth neatly, almost frugally, attired in clear and precise language of interpretation and application, as the indisputable and irrevocable finality. There it is, unequivocal and succinct; shining brightly in the diplomatic fog. And time and again he prevails with it, so rare in national and international affairs is this quality of having something to say, saying it with clearness and precision, and stopping when it is said.

Hughes is not a brilliant man as the term is ordinarily applied. He makes no epigrams and turns no rhetorical periods. His mind is an instrument of exactness, separating the material from the immaterial, and clarifying the material until nothing remains but the fundamental ingredients. Naturally, in a world where most minds muddy what they seize upon instead of clarifying it, Hughes is sometimes impatient of these obscurations, and shows it. Naturally, too, knowing the capabilities of his own mental processes he is inclined to do everything himself in order to avoid turbidity in results. Also, like most men of superior mentality, he is sometimes intolerant of the fumblings of men of lesser minds, and shows that too. But not so much as he did. He's mellower now, as has been said, and as will be set forth.

There never was much doubt among those who know politics in this country that Mr. Hughes would be President Harding's Secretary of State. The selection was a logical and a natural one. To be sure, it was not logical and was most unnatural to a certain section of the Senate, but they knew it was coming, just the same, and couldn't stop it. Among those who knew that Mr. Hughes was to be President Harding's Secretary of State was Mr. Hughes. He probably knew it as early as anyone; felt it, anyhow; and there is exterior and interior evidence that some time previous to March 4, 1921, when he assumed his present post, he put through the clarifying processes of that high-geared mental clarifier of his a considerable hodgepodge of national and international issues, policies, problems and postulates that he would inherit from the Wilson Administration, and for the purpose of reducing them to the fundamentals, eliminating their dross and securing for himself a line of official conduct.

Stiffening Our Foreign Policy

ALTHOUGH it was clearly apparent to Mr. Hughes that the Senate would endeavor to put a fist in foreign affairs, or two fists, it was not his intention to allow the Senate more than an occasional finger in them—about once a year, say, and in the same spirit that a man takes a small boy to a circus—to let him have a good time. It was his idea, since firmly adhered to, that the foreign affairs of this country are solely within the purview of the Secretary of State, as representing the President, regardless of any senatorial opinion or endeavor to the contrary. Therefore it was incumbent on him to lay out a foreign policy for himself.

He was well aware that the foreign policy of Mr. Wilson's Administration was Mr. Wilson's solely, and he studied and analyzed that, coming to the conclusion that the reason for the failure, as he viewed it, of Mr. Wilson's foreign policy—and especially as it related to the problems arising after the war, which problems would be, in a large measure, Mr. Hughes' problems also—was this: In his opinion, as developments indicate, Mr. Wilson in trying to secure those results he felt were important for the world and the United States strewed the way to these accomplishments with concessions of all sorts proposed by and forced on him by the representatives of the countries with whom he dealt.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Secretary of the Interior Fall and the President

Wherefore, having clarified and reclarified the matter, Mr. Hughes set himself to this line of official conduct: Concede nothing. Wherefore, also, since he has been Secretary of State he has conceded nothing—not a thing. Beginning with the question of the Japanese mandate of Yap he has gone straight down the international line on the simple and unequivocal platform: What we have we hold; what is our due we demand; what is our right we maintain.

That is to say, whenever Mr. Hughes, for American purposes, Republican purposes and Hughes purposes, deemed it essential to put the reverse English on the Wilsonian policies he inherited, Mr. Hughes put on the reverse English—which included one or two reverses to the English, by the way. He conceded nothing and disavowed some concessions. He was polite, but clear. He is still polite, and also clear. He will be the same at the limitations conference.

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LOCHINVAR LUCK

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

WHEN the first Angus Mackellar left his ancestral Balbreggie moors he brought to America the big, shaggy, broad-headed collie dog he loved—the dog that had helped him herd his employer's sheep for the past five years. Man and dog landed at Castle Garden a half century ago. From that time on, as for hundreds of years earlier, no member of the Mackellar family was without a collie, the best and wisest to be found.

Evolution narrowed the head and lightened the stocky frame of collies as the decades crawled past.

Evolution changed the successive generations of Mackellars not at all, except to rub smooth their Highland burr and to make them serve America as ardently as ever their forefathers had served Scotland. But not one of them lost his hereditary love for the dog of the moors.

Which brings us by degrees to Jamie Mackellar, grandson of the emigrating Angus. Jamie was twenty-eight. He lived in the cheapest suburb of Midwestburg, and in one of the suburb's cheapest houses. But the house had a yard. And the yard harbored a glorious old collie, a rare prize winner in his day. The house in front of the yard, by the way, harbored Jamie's Yorkshire wife and their two children, Elspeth and Donald. Jamie divided his own home time between the house and the open. So—after true Highland fashion—did the collie.

There were long rambles in the forests and wild half-cleared land beyond the suburb: walks that meant as much to Jamie as to the dog, after the Scot had been driving a contractor's truck six days of the week for a monthly wage of seventy-five dollars.

Now on seventy-five dollars a month many a family lives in comfort. But the sum leaves scant margin for the less practical luxuries of life. And in a sheepless and law-abiding region a high-quality collie is a nonpractical luxury. Yet Jamie would almost as soon have thought of selling one of his thick-legged children as of accepting any of the several good offers made him for the beautiful dog which had been his chum for so many years, the dog whose prize ribbons and cups from a score of local shows made gay the trophy corner of the Mackellar kitchen-parlor.

Then, on a late afternoon when the grand old dog was galloping delightedly across the street to meet his home-returning master, a delivery motor car, driven by a speed-drunk boy, whizzed around the corner on the wrong side of the way.

The big dog died as he had lived—gallantly and without a whine. Gathering himself up from the muck of the road he walked steadfastly forward to meet the fast-running Mackellar. As Jamie bent down to search the mired body for injuries the collie licked his master's dear hand, shivered slightly and fell limp across the man's feet.

When the magistrate next morning heard that a mouth-foaming little Scot had sprung upon the running board of a delivery car and had hauled therefrom a youth of twice his size and had hammered the said youth into 100 per cent eligibility for a hospital cot he listened gravely to the other side of the story and merely fined Jamie one dollar.

The released prisoner returned with bent head and barked knuckles to a house which all at once had been left unto him desolate. For the first time in centuries a Mackellar was without a collie.

During the next week the Midwestburg Kennel Association's annual dog show was held at the Fourth Regiment Armory. This show was one of the banner events of the year throughout Western dog circles. Its rich cash specials and its prestige even drew breeders from the Atlantic States to exhibit thereat the best their kennels afforded.

Thither, still hot and sore of heart, fared Jamie Mackellar. Always during the three days of the Midwestburg dog show Jamie took a triple holiday and haunted the collie section and the ringside. Here more than once his dead chum had won blue ribbon and cash over the exhibits from larger and richer kennels. And at such times Jamie Mackellar had rejoiced with a joy that was too big for words, and which could express itself only in a furtive hug of his collie's shaggy ruff.

To-day, as usual, Jamie entered the barnlike armory among the very first handful of spectators. To his ears the reverberant clangor of a thousand barks was as battle music as it echoed from the girdered roof and hammered incessantly on the eardrums. As ever, he made his way at once to the collie section. A famous New York judge was to pass upon this breed. And there was a turnout of nearly sixty collies, including no less than five from the East.

It was Jamie's rule to stroll through the whole section for a casual glance over the collies before stopping at any of the benches for a closer appraisal. But to-day he came to a halt before he had traversed the first row of stalls. His pale-blue eyes were riveted on a single dog.

Lying at lazily majestic ease on the straw of a double-size bench was a huge dark-sable collie. Full twenty-six inches high at the shoulder and weighing perhaps seventy-five pounds, this dog gave no hint of coarseness or of oversize. He was molded as by a super-sculptor. His well-sprung ribs and mighty chest and leonine shoulders were fit complements to the classically exquisite yet splendidly strong head.

His tawny coat was as heavy as a bison's mane. The outer coat—save where it turned to spun silk, on the head—was harsh and wavy. The under coat was as impenetrably soft as the breast of an eider duck. From the gladiator shoulders the gracefully powerful body sloped back to hips which spoke of lightning speed and endurance. The tulip ears had never known weights or pincers. The head was a true wedge from every viewpoint. The deep-set dark eyes were unbelievably perfect in expression and placement.

Here was a collie! Here was a dog whose sheer perfection made Jamie Mackellar catch his breath for wonder, and then begin pawing frantically at his show catalogue. He read, half aloud:

729: Lochinvar Kennels. Champion Lochinvar King. Lochinvar Peerless-Lochinvar Queen.

Followed the birth date and the words "Breeder owner."

Jamie Mackellar's pale eyes opened yet wider and he stared on the collie with tenfold interest; an interest which held in it a splash of reverence. Jamie was a faithful reader of the dog press. And for the past two years Champion Lochinvar King's many pictures and infinitely more victories had stirred his admiration. He knew the dog as a million Americans know Man-o'-War.

Now eagerly he scanned the wonder collie. Every detail—from the level mouth and chiseled, wedge-shaped head and stern eyes with their true look of eagles, to the fox brush tail with its sidewise swirl at the tip—Jamie scanned with the delight of an artist who comes for the first time on a Velasquez of which he has read and dreamed. Never in his dog-starred life had the little man beheld so perfect a collie. It was an education to him to study such a marvel.

Two more men came up to the bench. One was wearing a linen duster and fell to grooming King's incredibly mighty coat with expert hands. The other—a plump giant in exaggeratedly vivid clothes—chirped to the dog and ran careless fingers over the silken head. The collie waved his plumed tail in response to the caress. Recalling how coldly King had ignored his own friendly advances, Jamie Mackellar addressed the plump man in deep respect.

"Excuse me, sir," said he humbly, "but might you be Mr. Frayne—Mr. Lucius Frayne?"

The man turned with insolent laziness, eyed the shabby little figure from head to foot, and nodded. Then he went back to his inspection of King.

Not to be rebuffed, Mackellar continued: "I remember reading about you when you started the Lochinvar Kennels, sir. That'll be—let's see—that'll be the best part of eight years ago. And three years back you showed Lochinvar Peerless out here—this great feller's sire. I'm proud to meet you, sir."

Frayne acknowledged this tribute by another nod, this time not even bothering to turn toward his admirer.

Mackellar pattered on: "Peerless got Amer-icanbred and Limit, that year; and he went to Reserve Winners. If I'd 'a' been judging, I'd of gave him Winners, over Rivers Pride, that topped him. Pride was a good inch and a half too short in the brush. And the sable grew away too far from his eyes. Gave 'em a roundish, big look. He was just a wee peckle overshot too. And your Peerless outshowed him, besides. But, good as Peerless was, he wasn't a patch on this son of his you've got here to-day. It looks like you was due to make a killing, Mr. Frayne."

And now the Eastern breeder deigned to face the man whose words were pattering so meekly into his heedless ears. Frayne realized this little chap was not one of the ignorant bores who pester exhibitors at every big show, but that he spoke, and spoke well, the language of the initiate. No breeder is above catering to intelligent praise of his dog. And Frayne warmed mildly toward the devotee.

"Like him, do you?" he asked indulgently.

"Like him?" echoed Mackellar. "Like him? Man, he's 50 per cent the best I've set eyes on. And I've seen a few."

"Take him down, Roke," Frayne bade his linen-dustered kennel man. "Let him move about a bit. You can get a real idea of him when you see his action," he continued to the dazzled Mackellar. "How about that? Hey?"

At the unfastening of his chain Lochinvar King stepped majestically to the floor and for an instant stood gazing up at his master. He stood as might an idealized statue of a collie. Mackellar caught his breath and stared. Then with expert eyes he watched the dog's perfect action as the kennel man led him up and down for half a dozen steps.

"He's—he's better even than I thought he could be," sighed Jamie. "He looked too good to be true. Lord, but it does tickle a man to see such a dog! I—I lost a mighty fine collie a few days back," he went on confidingly. "Not in King's class, of course, sir. But a grand old dog. And—and he was my chum too. It kind of crumples a feller, don't it, to lose a chum collie? One reason I wanted to come here early to-day was to look around and see were any of the for-sale ones inside my means. I've never been without a collie before. And I want to get me one—a reg'lar first-rater, like the old dog—as quick as I can. It's lonesome not to have a collie laying at my feet, evening times; or running out to meet me."

Lucius Frayne listened now with real interest to the little man's timid plaint.

Never Before in All the Westminster Club's Forty-Odd Shows Had Such a Collie Been Led Into the Ring

As Mackellar paused, shamefaced at his own non-Scottish show of feeling, the owner of the Lochinvar Kennels asked suavely, "What were you counting on paying for a new dog? Or hadn't you made up your mind?"

"Once in a blue moon," replied Mackellar, "a pretty good one is for sale cheap. Either before the judging or if the judge don't happen to fancy his type. I—well, if I had to I was willing to spend a hundred—if I could get the right dog. But I hoped maybe I could get one for less."

Still more interestedly did Frayne beam down on the earnest little Mackellar.

"It's a pity you can't go higher," said he with elaborate nonconcern. "Especially since King here has caught your fancy. You see, I've got a four-month pup of King's back home. Out of my winning Lochinvar Lassie, at that. I sold all the other six in the litter. Sold 'em at gilt-edge prices on account of their breeding. This little four-monther I'm speaking about—he was so much the best of the lot that I was planning to keep him. He's the dead image of what King was at his age. He's got 'future champion' written all over him. But—well, since you've lost your chum dog and since you know enough of collies to treat him right—well, if you were back East where you could look him over I'd—well, I'd listen to your offer for him."

He turned toward his kennel man as if ending the talk. Like a well-oiled phonograph the linen-dustered functionary spoke up.

"Oh, Mr. Frayne!" he blithered, ceasing to groom King's wondrous coat and clasping both dirty hands together. "You wouldn't ever go and sell the little 'un? Not Lochinvar Bobby, sir? Not the best pup we ever bred? Why, he's 20 per cent better than what King, here, was at his age. You'll make a champion of him by the time he's ten months old. Just like Doc Burrows did with his Queen Betty. You sure wouldn't go selling him? Not Bobby?"

"There'll be other Lochinvar King pups along in a few weeks, Roke," argued Frayne conciliatingly. "And this man has just lost his only dog. If —— What a pair of fools we are!" he broke off, laughing loudly. "Here we go gabbling about selling Bobby, and our friend, here, isn't willing to go above a hundred dollars for a dog!"

The kennel man, visibly relieved, resumed operations on King with dandy brush and cloth. But Mackellar stood looking up at Frayne as a hungry pup might plead dumbly with some human who had just taken from him his dinner bone.

"If—if he's due to be a second Lochinvar King," faltered Jamie, "I—I s'pose he'd be way beyond me. I'm a truck driver, you see, sir. And I've got a wife and a couple of kids. So I wouldn't have any right to spend too much, just for a dog—even if I had the cash. But—gee, but it's a chance!"

Sighing softly in renunciation he took another long and admiring gaze at the glorious Lochinvar King, and then made as though to move away. But Lucius Frayne's dog-loving heart evidently was touched by Jamie's admiration for the champion and by the hinted tale of his chum dog's death. He stopped the sadly departing Mackellar.

"Tell me more about that collie you lost," he urged. "How'd he die? What was his breeding? Ever show him?"

Now perhaps there breathes some collie man who can resist one of those three questions about his favorite dog. Assuredly none lives who can resist all three. Mackellar in a brace of seconds found himself prattling eagerly to this sympathetic giant; telling of his dog's points and wisdom and lovableness, and of the prizes he had won; and, last of all, the tale of his ending. Frayne listened avidly, nodding his head and grunting consolation from time to time.

At last he burst forth on impulse: "Look here! You know dogs. You know collies. I see that. I'd rather have a Lochinvar pup go to a man who can appreciate him, as you would, and who'd give him the sort of home you'd give him, than to sell him for three times as much to some mucker. I'm in this game for love of the breed, not to skin my neighbors. Lochinvar Bobby is yours, friend, for a hundred and fifty dollars. I hope you'll say no," he added with his loud laugh, "because I'd rather part with one of my back teeth. But anyhow I feel decenter for making the offer."

Pop-eyed and scarlet and breathing fast, Jamie Mackellar did some mental arithmetic. One hundred and fifty dollars was a breath-taking sum. Nobody knew that better than did he. But—oh, there stood Lochinvar King! And King's best pup could be Jamie's for that sum.

Then Mackellar bethought him of an extra job that was afloat just now in Midwestburg—a job at trucking explosives by night from the tesladite factory, over on the heights, to the railroad. It was a job few people cared for. The roads were joggly. And tesladite was a ticklish explosive. Even the company's offer of fifty dollars a week at short hours had not brought forth many volunteer chauffeurs. Yet Jamie was a careful driver. He knew he could minimize the risk. And by working three hours a night for three weeks he could clean up the price of the wonderful pup without going down into the family's slim funds.

"You're—you're on!" he babbled, shaking all over with pure happiness. "In three weeks I'll send you a money order. Here's—here's—let's see—here's twenty-seven dollars to bind the bargain."

"Roke," said Frayne, ignoring his kennel man's almost weeping protests, "scribble out a bill of sale for Lochinvar Bobby. And see he's shipped here the day we get this gentleman's money order for the balance of $150. And don't forget to send him Bobby's papers at the same time. I suppose I'm a wall-eyed fool, but—say! Hasn't a man got to do a generous action once in a while? Besides, it's all for the good of the breed."

Ten minutes later Mackellar tore away his ardent eyes from inspection of the grand dog whose best pup he was so soon to earn, and pattered on down the collie section.

Then and then only did Lucius Frayne and Roke look at each other. Long and earnestly they looked. And Frayne reached out his thick hand and shook his kennel man's soiled fingers. He shook them with much heartiness. He was a democratic sportsman, this owner of the famed Lochinvar Kennels. He did not disdain to grasp the toil-hardened hand of his honest servitor, especially at a time like this.

Lochinvar King that day clove his path straight through Open, Sable-and-White and Open, Any Color, to Winners, in a division of fifty-eight collies. Then he annexed the cup and the forty dollars in cash awards for Best of Breed; also four other cash specials. And in the classic special for Best Dog in Show he came as near to winning as ever a present-day collie can hope to. Jamie Mackellar, with a vibrating pride and sense of personal importance, watched and applauded every win of his pup's matchless sire.

"In another year," he mused raptly, "I'll be scooping up them same specials with King's gorgeous little son. This man Frayne is sure one of the fellers that God made."

Four weeks and two days later, a past-worthy slatted crate labeled Lochinvar Collie Kennels was delivered at Jamie's door. It arrived a bare ten minutes after Mackellar came home from work. All the family gathered around it in the kitchen while, with hands that would not stay steady, the head of the house proceeded to unfasten the clamps which held down its top.

(Continued on Page 53)

Soon He Learned the Wolf's Art of Tracking a Cottontail and of Stalking the Prey

Observations in Shan-Tung

By ELEANOR FRANKLIN EGAN

Confucian Temple Near the Tombs at Chi-Fu. Above—An Ancient Chinese Corner of Tsi-Nan-Fu

WHEN John the Baptist was "preaching in the wilderness of Judea, and saying, Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," Confucius had been dead a longer time than it has been since Christopher Columbus was born; yet there is no more doubt about the authenticity of the birthplace and tomb of Confucius than there is about the birthplace and tomb of George Washington.

Confucius was born about the time great Cyrus ascended the throne of Persia. He had been dead only a few years when Socrates was born, and was contemporaneous, or nearly so, with the Biblical Ezra, whose mosquelike tomb on the River Tigris is not believed in even by the passer-by who is most willing to believe.

Yet Confucius spent the better part of his life in compiling and editing the ancient literature of his people, much of which was as ancient to him as are the works of his own age to our generation. What better way than by remembering these things to fix in one's mind a vision of the colossal continuity of Chinese civilization?

John the Baptist heralded the coming of a mightier than he, who was to found a new civilization upon principles so strangely similar to Confucian ethics that in practically everything that is basic in moral conceptions the mind of the Christian world is able to march with the mind of China. Confucius was a teacher and not an originator of a new philosophy. He sought to reëmphasize in the minds of his people the virtues that had made his people great; he sought to consolidate and perpetuate a Chinese Empire on the bases of order, obedience, humility, submission, extreme and minutely defined rules of propriety, nonresistance, reverence for tradition and brotherly love. He, too, urged repentance and regeneration.

But he taught very largely in negative terms. He said "Do not" instead of "Do." "Do not do unto others what you would not have others do unto you." And he imposed restrictions upon individual initiative that have resulted in the China with which we now clasp hopefully helpful hands; the China that is slowly but surely giving way under the pressure of the positivism that is the basic factor in the teachings of the Saviour, who waited down the path of the centuries—down the path of millenniums so far as China is concerned—to succeed the Sage.

Standards of Filial Piety

IN CHINA no religion can ever succeed Confucianism, because Confucianism is not a religion. It is a system of morals—the ethical foundation of the Chinese social organization.

To be sure, it is overlaid by age-old accumulations of superstition and is befogged for the foreign observer by curious practices which bear an outward semblance of religious observance; but at its source it is a noble code of merely social morals and manners, and as such it has stamped itself ineffaceably upon the Chinese character.

All of which is naturally prior to the thought that it would hardly be possible to write about Shan-tung, the native province of Confucius, without referring to it sooner or later as the Holy Land of China. Also, one supposes that it might not be out of place to mention yet again the fact that there are some 400,000,000 Chinese. There are serious-minded sticklers for the solemn truth who declare that there cannot be more than 350,000,000 or 395,000,000 of them, while a few pessimists insist that it is pure folly to underestimate the population of China and that it cannot possibly be less than between 450,000,000 and 500,000,000. Slight differences of opinion in terms of hundreds of millions do not seem to mean much in such estimates; but in any case there are plenty of Chinese.

Then comes the equally familiar fact that though the Chinese may represent the ultimate of homogeneity in their physical and outward aspects there are differences among them in language and characteristics almost as distinct and quite as numerous as the differences which divide the peoples of Europe. But whatever may be their dissimilarities and divergencies, on one point they are a united people: They are all Confucianists. They may be Buddhists as well, or Taoists, or both, or Mohammedans, or even Christians; but, with informed intelligence or merely by instinct acquired through long ages of practice, they either worship or revere the spirit of their great teacher and order their lives in at least approximate conformity with his teachings. And so it happens that the land of his birth, which is likewise regarded as the cradle of the race, is sacred to every Chinese on earth.

Mr. E. H. Parker, writing about ancient and modern Chinese law, says:

> The whole Chinese administrative system is based on the doctrine of filial piety, in its most extended signification of duty to natural parents and also to political parents. China has thus always been one vast republic of innumerable private families, or petty *imperia*, within one public family or general *imperium*; the organization consists of a number of self-producing and ever-multiplying independent cells, each maintaining a complete administrative existence apart from the central power.

If he had gone on to develop this exposition he doubtless would have added that each family, or petty *imperium*, has its roots planted deep in the soil of some area from which no member of it ever in his soul departs. A Chinese may emigrate; he may wander on the face of the earth; he may establish himself in a far place and adapt himself to any kind of strange environment; but to him and to his descendants for generations home is always wherever in China the bodies of his remotest ancestors lie buried. A story is told about an Englishman in Tsi-nan-fu, the capital of Shan-tung, who was talking only the other day with a young Chinese of a very modern type. In the course of the conversation the Englishman asked him if he belonged to the province of Shan-tung. Just as one might ask a man in Battle Creek, let us say, if he belonged to Michigan.

"No," he replied, "I do not. My home is in West Chi-li, not far from Pao-ting."

"How long since you were there?" asked the Englishman.

"Oh," the young man answered, "it is now something like 400 years."

What he meant was that some 400 years ago the then head of his family pulled up stakes and emigrated to Shan-tung, but you may be sure that from that day to this every important member of the family has been taken back to West Chi-li to be buried. And this brings to my mind a sweeping view of China's most deplorable aspect.

Ancient Customs

THE first thing a traveler from the West observes in the interior—that is, anywhere away from the ports—is the vast accumulation of graves. The traveler has read of course that China is just one tremendous graveyard; but he is astounded nevertheless. By merely reading about it his mind has failed to grasp the actual, unimaginable fact. At frequent intervals upon a journey one comes upon great areas, stretching away as far as the eye can reach, that are crowded with the low, round, naked mounds of crumbling earth or sun-baked clay that one knows, as soon as the first of them is recognized, for Chinese graves, set as close together as gravestones are set in Christian graveyards.

In such an area an occasional clump of trees marks the burial plot of some distinguished family; a mound here and there which rises above the dreadful level of monotonous uniformity marks the resting place of some important individual, while huge slab-capped mounds and sometimes stone-built and curiously ornamented tombs and monuments rise conspicuous in the midst of the general ghastliness of such a scene to testify to the affluence and filial piety of the families whose names are engraved upon them.

But the average Chinese does not bury his dead in a cemetery. In selecting a location for a grave he submits himself rather to the influence of his local priest or necromancer, who professes to be able to interpret the dread ordinances of the winds and running waters—one of the numerous adepts in the so-called science of fêng-shui—and if what one is permitted to observe upon the surface of the Chinese domain may be accepted as evidence against these brethren, they are the most erratic and disorderly outfit that ever encumbered the earth.

As a result of their professional advice the whole country is strewn with graves in a way that suggests to one a strange mental confusion on the part of the people. There are groups of graves and isolated graves; graves everywhere, scattered over the whole face of the country. Looking out across the broad, wonderful levels of plowed-and-planted plain—and especially in Northern Shan-tung and Eastern Chi-li—one sees hardly an acre that is not islanded with

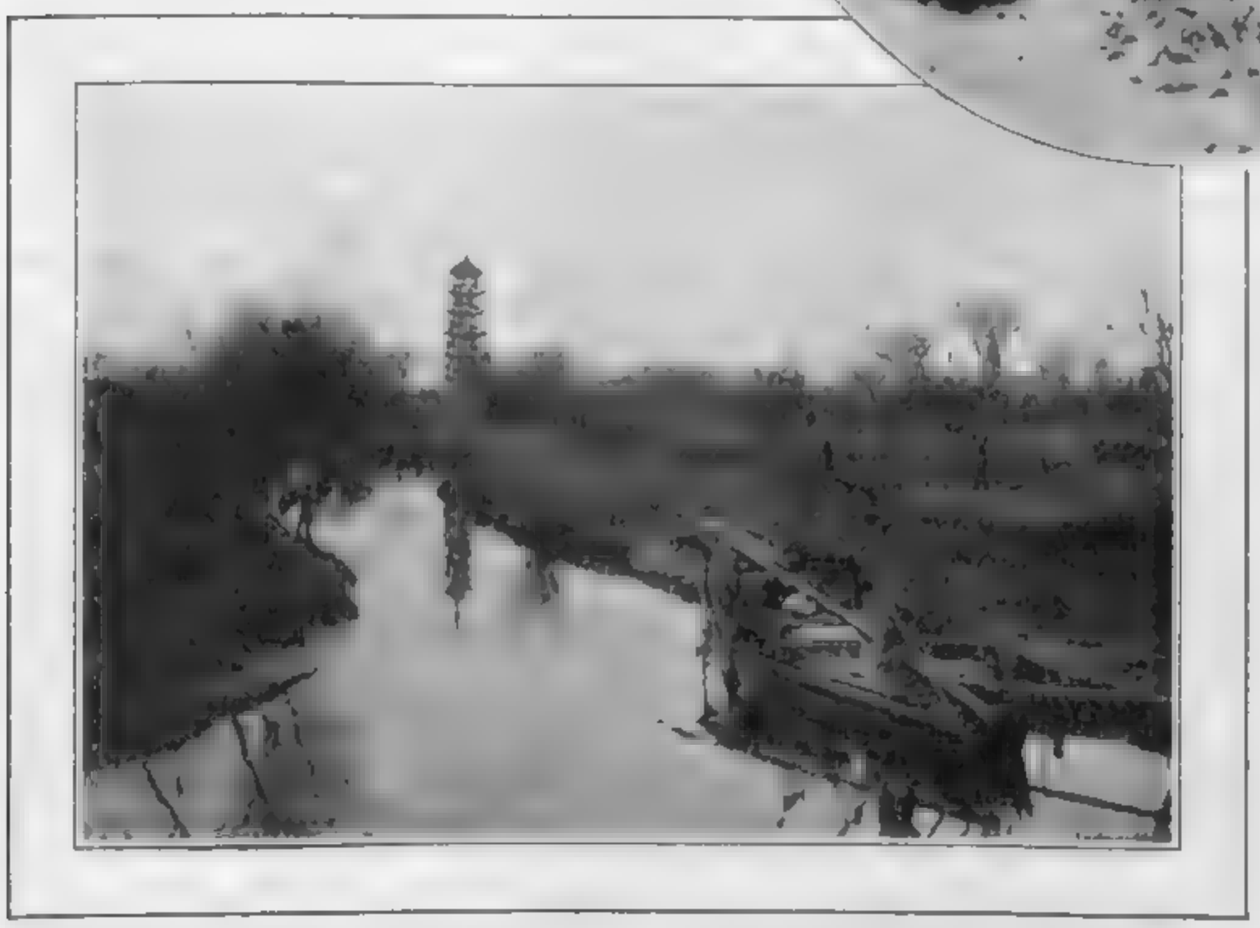
mounds set here and there, at random apparently, but nearly always where they will occupy a maximum of cultivable soil and interfere to the utmost with cultivating processes. They represent a monstrous prodigality of reverence for the dead; what they represent in economic waste to the Chinese people is not to be computed. However many hundreds of millions of Chinese there may be, one cannot fail to believe that the dead take up more room than the living.

In ages past, when dynasty succeeded dynasty in the history of the country, it was customary for each new conqueror to inaugurate his reign as the accepted son of heaven by decreeing that all graves that interfered with husbandry be leveled and the ground they occupied returned to cultivation. But this was invariably a measure of extreme oppression, and the Manchus, conquering as they did by virtue of internecine strife, plus general inertia in China, wished not to oppress but to conciliate; so—as I get it from such records as are available—the Manchus issued no order for the leveling of graves, and the consequence is that the accumulation of them is greater and more encumbering to-day than it has ever been.

The Lineal Descendant of Confucius

THE modern men of China, the makers of the revolution which is still in progress, are not as a rule hampered by anything in the nature of filial or spiritual sentiment in their view of this really serious problem; but it is not difficult to understand why they have made no arbitrary move to solve it. They have greater need than the Manchus ever had to be conciliatory in their endeavors to content the people with the new order of things. So until the light of the modern attitude toward economic considerations grows stronger in the mind of China the dead past will not be permitted in this ancient land to bury its dead. But a time will come, and soon perhaps, when, under the pressure of the demands of the living millions, the chaos resulting from filial piety too strongly influenced by the fearsome urge of gross superstition will give way to orderly processes of respectful acknowledgment of to-day's debt to yesterday. I can think of no better way to express the thought which lies back of my power to express, but I have in mind a great and enlightened Chinese nation emancipated from the most extraordinary enslavement that was ever fastened upon a people. The time will come!

The present generation of the family of Confucius is the seventy-fifth. It is the oldest family on earth, or is said to be. Its line of descent from the Sage is unbroken, and its records are perfect and unquestionable even back through generations preceding the Sage. The present head of the family is Prince Kung, an able and most amiable citizen whose principal business in life is to make two annual pilgrimages to the tomb of his great ancestor and to perform there the family rites of sacrifice and obeisance to the spirits of the dead. The Confucian cemetery and wonderful ancient temples are located about six miles from the town of Chi-fu on the Pukow-Tientsin Railroad, and when this railroad was in process of construction it was suggested by those who realized the value of such a point of interest that it be run in to the eastward in order that a station might be established in the near vicinity of the tombs. But not only the Kung family but good Confucianists all over the country opposed this suggestion with what amounted to violence, and there was a great to-do about it. To disturb the august spirits of the illustrious departed with the noises and smells and horrors in general of any such modern abomination as a railroad was not to be thought of! All right, the railroad was kept at a respectful distance.



A Typical Chinese Landscape. In the Oval—A Section of the Great Wall of China. At the Top—A Chinese Waterway in the Interior

But it happens that Prince Kung is himself a good deal of a modern, at least so far as he is inured to the luxuries of modern life, and I am told that he came in time to regret his conservatism with regard to the railroad. He travels down from Peking—a journey of fifteen hours or thereabouts—in a comfortable private car which is detached from the train at Chi-fu. Then in the cold gray dawn he must get out and take a cart or a sedan chair or other antiquated conveyance and be carried or trundled over six miles of execrable road.

The story is that eventually he came to the conclusion that this made his main duty in life a bit more onerous than was altogether necessary, and that he petitioned the government to reconsider the matter and to pick up its railroad and move it over to the tombs. The Chinese would do anything within reason for the family of Kung, but having taken the proposition under advisement, and having made the necessary calculations, they discovered that the cost of it would be something in the neighborhood of $1,000,000, and they just didn't have the million. And on the whole one is rather glad that they did not, as a matter of fact, because pilgrimages for purposes of spiritual exercise should not be made too easy.

About two hours on up the railroad the traveler in this Holy Land comes to the town of Taian, behind which rises Tai-shan, the most sacred of the sacred mountains of China. It was sacred to the Chinese many ages before Confucius was born. He himself climbed to the top of it and, gazing out across the hill-girt plains from which it rises, saw in the far distance the winding ribbon of the Yellow River—which has been China's sorrow for a longer time than is embraced within the annals of history—and made the not even then very original remark that the world seems small. The train up from Pukow reaches Taian at the very unholy hour in the winter time of six o'clock in the morning. In summer six o'clock is a wonderful hour, but it was a cold grisly hour the morning I set out on my pilgrimage to the top of the holy mountain. I should have liked better not to share its discomforts with a kind friend.

Ten Thousand Stairways

THE dean of the Methodist mission at Taian was at the station to meet me and had all arrangements made for my somewhat unusual expedition. It seems rather strange that so far as foreigners are concerned whatever value this most sacred mountain may have as an attraction is monopolized by an American Methodist mission; but its value amounts to little enough for the reason that journeying to the top of it is a chore which very few foreigners care to undertake. Its far-famed ten thousand stairways are crowded with Chinese, however, from one year's end to another. There are only eighteen stairways, really, but they are such stairways as exist nowhere else on earth.

At the foot of the mountain the Methodist mission has established itself in a group of fine graystone buildings—a really beautiful chapel; a most substantial-looking and businesslike boys' school; a similar school for girls; a hospital; cottages for teachers and doctors; nice lawns and gardens; the sort of thing that compels one to acknowledge the inestimable value of the Christian effort to light up the dark in which for so many ages the fine soul of China has been groping.

(Continued on Page 32)

Thomas Robinson and the Servant Problem

By Harrison Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

He Looked—for the Last Time, He Felt Sure It Was—Upon That Golden Bobbed Hair and Into Those Pre-Angelic Eyes

THE parent Robinsons were going to Newport for a ten days' visit and their son was to be left in the house at West Dunes. Thomas Robinson was not to grace the Rhode Island summer capital for the rather good reason that he had not been asked. The Davenports, who were to be Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Robinson's hosts, had possibly not seen our young hero lately, and so may not have known what an opportunity they were missing. Possibly at Newport young gentlemen of eighteen are not quite what they are at Southampton. All the Southampton people say that by comparison life at Newport is rather slow. To modest, quiet people like most of us existence at either place would, of course, seem of a quite intoxicating gayness. But it may be that in the Long Island airs the young more quickly take on a certain polish; this is not a question perhaps that anyone need to decide. Of course, though, young Mr. Robinson is an argument. As to the Davenports and the chance they lost of helping out the Newport season, we may think of them rather in sorrow than in anger. From now on in this story we shall quite ignore them.

This, indeed, is exactly what from the very beginning Thomas Robinson did. If their *faux pas*—we may at least call it that—hurt his feelings none of us, at any rate, will ever know it. It wasn't, naturally, that there were not plenty of boys from school whose families had houses at Newport who would have been glad to ask him there. He struck at once, and very firmly, the note that it was his numerous agreeable social engagements which retained him in Southampton, loyalty to it quite apart. And he suggested, as much as a man could without impoliteness towards older people, that in a way it would be rather nice than otherwise having the house and its resources all to himself, just as if he were a rich and hospitable bachelor with a decent country place of his own; which he might possibly be one day if he should decide not to marry.

"I hope you'll make yourself quite at home while we're away, Tom," remarked his father after dinner the night before they were to leave. He spoke gravely; oh, far too gravely for a man whose eye had such a twinkle in it. Nothing surprised Thomas Robinson about his father; he knew he was just incorrigible. "You know your mother and I want you absolutely to consider the house yours."

"Darling Tom! As if he wouldn't!" murmured his mother.

The words were all right but the tone was—if he were to criticize her, which of course he wouldn't—almost too tender. It was, of course, all right when they were alone together. She was crazy about him, he knew, and so was he about her. But sometimes in the presence of another man —— She was just as crazy about his father, and yet she never let herself go on about him in quite the same way. Thomas Robinson wondered why. Perhaps women never grew up; at any rate, mothers. It was a question he would rather have liked to take up with some other boys if it could have been done with dignity.

Dignity, while we are on the subject, was sometimes what his father lacked.

"Have some parties if you like, son. I think the servants can manage them all right for you." This was his mother.

"However," advised his father gravely, "I don't think I'd try dinners of more than fifty or sixty. I think they're bad style, anyhow."

Thomas Robinson gazed at his father with affectionate toleration. The fellow was amusing after all, in his way.

"In any case," the older man went on, "in order that there may be no doubt about the matter I may mention that I'm taking the keys to the wine cellar with me."

"Oh, father!" broke from Thomas Robinson. His father grinned. He had an absurd air of one boy playing a trick on another. "You want me to entertain like a gentleman, don't you, dad?"

"If you can do it on a half dozen pints of light sauterne, which I'll leave out, yes."

A half dozen is always a half dozen, though sauterne is a very thin wine. But you could probably mix it with white grape juice, and it was undoubtedly best to compromise on that. But Thomas Robinson could not refrain from a shot at his parent.

"That will probably be quite enough," he said coldly, "as I shall ask very few fathers to my parties," and avoided by a dexterous turn a lunge that Edgar Robinson made at him.

"Have you any special instructions, mother? About the housekeeping, I mean."

"Oh, I don't think so," she answered. "I wouldn't try to look in the corners to see if they are keeping them clean or anything like that, which they say good housekeepers do. Just tell the servants what you want, and hope they'll do it. Don't ask very much. And don't utter a single harsh word. They might leave."

"Why, of course they'll leave, won't they, Clare?" Edgar Robinson spoke with repellent cheerfulness. "That's what servants are for, isn't it? I'd forgotten. But it's what I'm always overhearing ladies in Southampton tell one another."

"No, our servants don't always leave," said Mrs. Robinson judicially. "In fact, they very often stay, if we're away a great deal during the summer."

"You'd better come to Newport with us, after all, Tom. I think you'd like it," suggested Edgar.

Thomas Robinson had really not thought it necessary to explain to them that he had planned one or two smallish dinners during the time that a certain Dora Deming—known, for a not very obscure reason, to fashionable American society in the teens as Dee-Dee—was to desert Newport for a visit to Southampton. It was certainly not the moment when he intended to quit West Dunes.

"Gee," he said with some emphasis, "I'll keep the servants. I'll—I'll ——"

To hesitate was, of course, simply to give his father another opportunity.

"They ought to have their own movies here at the house, I think, and not have to go down to the village for them," he began. "There are lots of abuses, when you come to think of it, Clare. I extremely doubt whether the new housemaid has her own motor car yet. And there's no comfortable smoking room for Brenton and Thomas and Philip."

He rambled on with amiable irony. There was a good deal of such talk along the South Shore that week. It was the summer, you will remember, of the first serious attempt by American labor leaders to unionize domestic employes, as they termed them. On this subject no attempt will be made here to emulate Mr. Edgar Robinson's lightness of tone. Indeed, it is rather maintained that Thomas Robinson attacking the servant problem links himself with an important phase in the industrial history of his country. Quite as he should! We recommend his small story—though perhaps we shouldn't, as tell it—to sociologists and historians; and to students of the humanities and some of the smaller graces of life as well, and of the odd ways of a boy's heart.

"I read in the Southampton paper this morning that the organizers had been here and that everything was ready."

"In a way I don't exactly like leaving Tom to keep a house upon a sleeping volcano," said Mrs. Robinson.

"I shall be exactly like Lloyd George, shan't I?" said the speaker's son, jauntily and with an admirable knowledge of current events. "What shall I do, mother, if I have a strike on my hands? Fill up with nonunion labor at once?"

"Oh, Thomas, whatever you do, don't try to engage any new servants. Wait till I come back. If you must, just let them go. Live upon nuts or dine out a lot. Or anything. But don't start hiring servants!"

The pledge was lightly given. But pledges with Thomas Robinson are never lightly held.

Is it any use trying, in our narrative, to delay the rush of events towards the catastrophe which even the dullest reader must have felt impending? The parent Robinsons left the nest at West Dunes on Tuesday, and early Thursday a housemaid named Minnie decided to leave that night.

The news was brought to the master of the household in the library after breakfast. Mr. Edgar Robinson was accustomed to smoke a rather black cigar in this room as he went over the newspapers, and now for two successive mornings Mr. Thomas Robinson in his father's absence had taken his ease in similar fashion. Well, perhaps not quite his ease! Brenton noted when he brought the ultimatum from Minnie that the young master as he received it looked pale but determined. The butler had never happened before to see our young friend smoke a rather black cigar; he scarcely knew whether to attribute the whiteness and the rather grim look to the weed or to a notable fixity of purpose in such a domestic crisis. In any case he made no comment, nor shall we, beyond saying that we hate to record any frailty in an otherwise so admirable

character. Thomas Robinson, at any rate, quite firmly laid down the cigar as he went into action over the servant problem.

He vaguely remembered a youngish maid called Minnie. She had certainly meant next to nothing in his life and he could not see that her going would in any way mean much more.

"Why is she dissatisfied, Brenton? Is she overworked? Or underpaid? Or what?"

The manner was crisp and decisive, quite like that of a virile "clean-cut" master of men in a magazine short story. It has, perhaps, before this been hinted that Thomas Robinson was a student of periodical literature rather than of books, and at times one can detect in him a natural tendency to model himself upon heroes, of whatever kinds.

"She appears to be satisfied with the place, sir."

Thomas Robinson noted without dissatisfaction that Brenton, who had not invariably done so, now called him sir, as he would have his father. This was pleasant, because his relations with the butler had been rather on the informal side; in fact, two or three times, when rather pressed, young Mr. Robinson had borrowed—privately, of course—from Brenton, who always seemed in funds.

"It is, I would imagine, sir, a private matter. Possibly of the heart, sir. I wouldn't say."

"It generally is with women, isn't it, Brenton?" suggested Thomas Robinson.

This, although perhaps a rather grown-up and disillusioned speech, was not wholly unpleasant to make. Altogether, in spite of the *contretemps* of Minnie's approaching departure, it appeared not so disagreeable a thing to be left in command of a country house. But life changes its aspects with singular facility. Brenton, in the next few speeches, clouded the sky.

"Shall I telephone through to the agency in town and have another housemaid sent down, sir?"

"Oh, no," replied the temporary master of West Dunes; "I told Mrs. Robinson I wouldn't try to engage anyone new while she was away. No, we'll just go on without her till the family get back, Brenton," he added lightly.

"I shouldn't altogether advise that, sir." The butler's tone made our young gentleman—and his—look at him sharply.

"But you didn't understand me, Brenton. That's what my mother wanted."

"Madame probably didn't understand about the new union rules."

"Union?" asked Thomas Robinson. He feigned ignorance, yet with a sickening suspicion that he was indeed about to be called upon to be Lloyd George.

"Yes, sir. We all of us went to the meeting last night and joined up. Now, you see, sir, we're pledged none of us to do housemaids' work. So if there ain't a housemaid the house is undermanned—or underwomaned, sir, if you prefer it—in a manner of saying. And out we'd have to go."

"You don't mean that, Brenton?"

"I do, sir. I feel confident that would be the union's ruling."

Thomas Robinson gazed at the courteous representative of labor with very wide and astonished eyes, very much wider and more astonished probably than Mr. Lloyd George's.

"But you all like the place. And the wages."

He knew nothing whatever about the wages paid, but he shot in the air and assumed that they were all right.

"All very satisfactory, sir. In fact, we should all wish to be reengaged, sir, as we undoubtedly should be, seeing as how madame would find it very difficult to find as competent a staff. We'd all come back, I feel sure, after the trouble is over."

"Then why have any trouble?"

Here, of course, Thomas Robinson ranked himself with many distinguished economic thinkers. But Brenton, if you come to that, perhaps ranked himself with many leading laborites.

"In a way I ask myself that, too, Mr. Thomas. But perhaps a bit of rest just now in the height of the season would freshen us all up. I'd go for a week to Rockaway myself. You'll understand, sir, that for us such a place as Southampton is very slow indeed."

"Well, Brenton, it will be very slow for me if I've no one to tend to the house. Very slow—and very uncomfortable."

"I believe, sir, that's the idea of strikes. You understand me, Mr. Thomas, I don't overmuch want to go on strike, even though I do sort of hanker after Rockaway. But just the same there is a principle at stake. Lots of servants get very bad treatment from their employers and if such of us as are well off don't help out the others who aren't —— It's nothing personal to you, sir, nor to Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, and it's quite unexpected. But you can see, sir, that if we signed up only last night we can't very well fail the very next day to come through—if you'll permit me to employ an Americanism. If you want me to consult the manager, Mr. Miles, on the matter, I will. But I'm quite sure if you try to put Minnie's work on anybody else we must all go out by Regulation ——"

He pulled a small pamphlet out of his pocket. He and Thomas Robinson consulted it together.

"I see a good deal, Brenton," the latter remarked meditatively after a little while, "but not all. Now, for example, the scullery maid; does she have to have all her time off, or can she be in sometimes and work? If she should want to ——" And then with a very quick change of tone, as though he hadn't really awfully liked his own joke, he went on: "I see there's a lot of very tiresome things to do, things I shouldn't at all like to do under any circumstances."

"You're not used to them, Mr. Thomas, that's all." And Brenton looked kindly upon him; kindly, that is, for a prospective striker gazing upon an oppressive capitalist.

"Do you suppose, Brenton, that if I would scour the kitchen utensils and scrub out the servants' bathroom that would make it any better? I could, you know."

"I dare say you couldn't, sir, without joining the union. Besides, we wouldn't any of us like you to. We all of us know a gentleman when we see one."

"Oh, thank you, Brenton."

Such a compliment was most delightful to receive. And yet, though nothing more was ever said about them, the kitchen utensils and that bathroom haunted his imagination for days. He saw himself, in greasy apron, cleaning them, and he found himself wondering in an embarrassed kind of way just why people should be doing disagreeable things for him, who never seemed to do anything but agreeable things—and to have people like him for it. We cannot claim that Thomas Robinson found an immediate answer to this question. But in any case we are wandering from our story.

What he actually said at the very moment where we were was—and he put it to Brenton dubiously—"Suppose you do telephone to town for a housemaid, Brenton; shall you be likely to get one as good as Minnie?"

"I'm quite likely not to get one at all. It's the very middle of the season, sir."

"Then," announced Thomas Robinson with a sudden change to enormous decision and masterfulness, "there's nothing else to it—Minnie must just stay!"

He did not at this critical moment confide to Brenton, who had to be considered an antagonist in a way, that one of the great reasons why this wretched Minnie must just stay was that he had already for Saturday evening asked a rather good dinner party before the Newboulds' dance. And the second great reason was that that party was for Dee-Dee—Miss Dora Deming, if you stick for formality. But when you come to think of it, if everyone else in the whole world, even the newspapers, speaks of her merely as Dee-Dee Deming—why shouldn't the reader?

Thomas Robinson wished that Brenton—and this Minnie, too, for that matter—could only realize how absolutely unrivaled and important Miss Deming was. Perhaps as a matter of fact Brenton would have known considerably more about the young woman in question than we might think. Perhaps he would have had his sources of information. Probably they all have. It is more than likely that they know about us all; but, then, it is flattering, isn't it, in a way, that they should take all the trouble?

Dee-Dee—if it is not to insult the reader by telling him anything about her—was one of the first very young girls in New York to become really famous even before she made a début. She was, indeed, a pathfinder in modernity. To hear some of the older women talk of her you would think she had invented bad behavior, yet before she was seventeen she went on the water wagon and stayed there. There is an incredible story of her at a rather too well-known party at Tuxedo when at the height of the gayety, alas, slightly alcoholic, she was discovered at four in the morning sitting quietly in the middle of the turmoil reading a volume of Emerson's essays! She was a creature of contradictions. At sixteen she created the vogue—so much and so sensationally talked of by the newspapers—of married men among the subdébutantes who run New York society. But the married men never kissed her; indeed, she in several well-known instances slapped their faces; yet her tongue was unbridled and she would have been quite capable of comparing Mr. Scott Fitzgerald's burning studies of flapper life to the decorous works of the late Jane Austen.

To complete the picture, though Dee-Dee was manifestly no saint from heaven she looked exactly like one of Fra Angelico's angels. She had the same innocent eyes of celestial blue, the same tresses of

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Minnie Did Cry Again, Just a Very Little, But Now She Told Her Poor Little Story

PETER PASSES

By Christine Jope Slade

ILLUSTRATED BY HUBERT MATHIEU

THE sound of water running and the girl fretting.

"My goodness, Elsie, for pity's sake turn it off. Can't you see a jugful you fancy?"

Sudden silence of water and girl; then the shutting of a door, the sound of soaping and scrubbing from behind a thin red twill curtain hung across one corner of the room.

"Would you like to go to the pictures?"

"Not in this heat. Oh, Elsie, how can you be content? How can you?"

"It isn't any good being anything else in this weather. It only makes you hot and sticky."

"Haven't you got a soul?"

"I don't think so. If I washed these stockings out and hung them on the curtain rod, do you think they'd dry by to-morrow?"

"I read a lovely story in a magazine."

"Oh, Delia, I do wish you wouldn't. It's that that upsets you so. Why don't you make a chemise? They're quite easy. I'll cut it out for you. If you make something in your spare time you've got something, but if you read novels you only know what you haven't got."

The girl lying on her back on the iron bedstead crossed her long sticklike legs, revealing pale-gray casement-cloth bloomers and a long ladder in her stocking.

"It was about a girl who was taken to America by a rich father for a spine cure, and they didn't know a soul, and she was so lonely lying down in her room all day, so she got a telephone directory and picked a name she liked and telephoned the man. They had simply topping talks every night, and he hadn't the slightest idea who she was and—you're not listening."

She sat up, thin to emaciation, anæmic and fierce-eyed; there was a sort of eaten-up gypsy charm about her. She was neurotic and feverish with the fire of her own unfulfilled desires; a common enough type of virile, unnourished business girl; the unfed sex interest and unrealized home motive beating back on itself and helping to swell the monstrous weight of her own ego. Heavy with it, she craved excitement, romance, novelty—an outlet and a relief.

"Elsie!"

Round the red curtain stepped Elsie Owen and stood against it; plump and little and white, with blue eyes that looked quietly at the world, pale brown hair that lay quietly all day where it was put, and a little, quiet, sweet mouth. The placket of her blue cotton petticoat lay just where it lies on carefully prepared drapers' dummies, and the fullness of her simply made camisole was arranged with the same care. She walked to the little brown-painted dressing table and picked up a nail polisher without a glance in the cracked mirror.

"I was listening."

"Oh, put that damn thing down. You're always doing something."

"How did the story end?"

"Oh, the usual way. He found out. Elsie, isn't young Mr. Harley just like Charles Ray? All the others look like drapers, but he doesn't. I'd hate to marry a man in the rag trade. Think of the romance of preparing a trousseau for a man who'd know just what your wedding dress coat and whether your nighty was trimmed with real val."

"Delia!"

"Aw, shut up, Elsie. If you belonged to a lending library instead of crawling over paper patterns all over the floor with your mouth full of pins you'd know more about life. Nobody else thinks of weddings like you do these days—not real girls. You should hear 'em in the ribbon department. My hat! I should think Peter Harley's your sort—shies at facts. There's three hundred of us in his father's business and he doesn't look at one of us."

"I don't see why he should. We're servants."

His Imagination Swallowed Her in One Ecstatic Gulp and Found Her Beautiful Beyond Reason and Far Beyond Actual Fact

"Servants be hanged! They say old Harley married a kid's nursemaid."

"Peter Harley was educated at Lansing. He's different."

"I was thinking what a rag it would be to phone him anonymously like the girl did in the story."

"You'd get the sack."

"How'd he know which of the three hundred it was if you used a public telephone?"

Elsie Owen selected a white voile blouse from a cardboard box on the top of the painted wardrobe and donned it with meticulous care.

"You are a funny kid, Delia. I'm going to meet daddy. Coming?"

"Not to-night. Don't feel like it. Oh, Elsie, don't you ever want anything to happen?"

"Yes," said Elsie, "but not your sort of things, Delia."

When she was alone Delia cried because she had not gone, because the boarding-house bedroom was so quiet and the ticking of her heart and imagination so loud—like live things vibrating in a dead world.

She sobbed stormily and rebelliously against conditions she felt rather than analyzed; then she lay quiet and worn with her own emotions, watching Elsie's stockings wriggle like eels in the breeze against the blue of a fading sky.

Every day like every other day; breakfast, the ribbon counter, lunch, the ribbon counter, tea, putting away the ribbons, home, mending, surreptitious home laundering, meeting Elsie's widowed father, who was porter and night watchman at a bank; the movies or a bus ride, bed; Sundays more bed—forever and ever and ever.

A blind soldier's phonograph in the street began to play On the Banks of Allan Water. She could not hear the scratching of a blunt needle on an ancient record. The music floated through her window disembodied, soothing her. Tucked up in her shabby ribbon corsets was a piece of paper. She pulled it out and opened it, spreading it over the greasy gray pillow. It was a full sized photogravure of Charles Ray from the Picture Show.

Turning over on her little tummy, she dug her elbows into the lumpy bed, cupped her chin in her hot hands and brooded over it. It was like Peter Harley.

Romance came to some people, that she knew; accompanied them royally and regally and flashed at them from round a corner, unexpected, bizarre, carnival; and some went in search of it, tracking it laboriously as if it were a minute germ, or swashbuckling in its trail. For some, life was a packed store of great moments; for some a parched waiting for one.

Was life for her to be nothing but a great, unbroken sameness? Her head dropped on the photo of Charles Ray. Her arms outstretched, she lay immobile as if crucified by the thought.

Then insidiously, artfully the story of the lonely girl who telephoned the man began to wave itself round her quietened mind like a colored ribbon about a nun's sober habit. Her restless, starved imagination seized on its possibilities and polished them. Here was romance for the culling, mystery and intrigue—and safety.

What makes courtship and early marriage such a divinely happy time for women is the possibility of being for a while not what they are, but what they always wished to be. It is transfigured, exalted; ecstatic vanity in a slightly lesser degree than that which creates martyrs. It is intoxicating and curiously ennobling in its effects. This peculiar and poignant pleasure could be hers—for three-pence. Once she had the recipient's attention arrested, she could be on the end of a telephone just what she had always longed to be; not a bony-kneed, nutcracker-elbowed shop girl with greasy hair, but a creature of whimsies and passion and pretty petulance, gay and tender and tragic by turns; a creature of popular fiction and a character from the films, though her slight knowledge of psychology did not permit her to recognize this.

She went to the window and, propping her elbows on the sill, gazed at the shining curve of the road below her. From the houses opposite and the houses on each side came the tinkle of cheap old pianos, the jangle of cheap phonographs.

The damp stockings flapped against her forehead, but her smile was tremulous and very sweet.

When Elsie Owen came in at eleven o'clock, carrying a couple of oranges she'd bought from a barrow, Delia said, "I phoned young Mr. Harley—like the story."

One orange fell from Elsie's fingers and ran against the cracked slop pail.

"Oh, Delia!" she wailed, aghast.

"I asked him for advice," said Delia.

She sat up in bed and twined her sticklike arms round her hunched knees. Her eyes were star-bright.

"I told him I was one of the three hundred, but he'd never know which one. I told him the sort of time we had at the business, and the lunch we had yesterday."

"Delia!"

"I told him I had the chance of marrying an old man I didn't love."

"Delia!"

"I couldn't think of anything better. He was just sweet. I promised to ring him up at the same time to-morrow night."

"Delia!"

"Do say something else," said Delia.

Elsie lay very still on the faded, crumpled red counterpane and waited; her straight legs in their unwrinkled stockings pressed very close together, her bare arms very close to her sides. On the chair beside her lay her black gaberdine business dress neatly folded, her business shoes, neatly polished, beneath it. Outside, the sky paled above a road full of released activity, the sunset activity of workers at play; the sound of their recreations rose up to her in ugly cadences. She buried her neat head in the soiled gray pillow, but the tired eyes of her mind saw down through it as if it had been a pond, and the reflection of Peter Harley passed to and fro, to and fro.

Hatred of Delia ran through her like a little licking flame. Even now Delia was talking to him, listening to his voice. Delia who dared. Delia of the audacious imagination. A slow subconscious anger at her own temperamental limitations possessed her. She knew she would not have conceived such a plan or dared its execution; she viewed Delia's exploit with the corroding pain of the dumb mute who heard singing. She would have given anything, anything to emulate it.

The door crashed back and Delia crashed in; over went a chair.

"Oh, Elsie!" said Delia. "Oh, Elsie!"

She stood there quivering, palpitating, her mouth red, tremulous as if just bruised with ecstatic kisses, her eyes star-bright. Lying motionless on the lumpy bed watching her, Elsie Owen felt her own temperamental placidity girding her like swaddling bands. She seemed to swell against them, knowing and hating the futility of it.

"We had a wonderful talk, wonderful. He says that if I marry an old man it will be sacrilege, sacrilege of my youth. I could feel his voice sort of sweating in its anxiety. I asked him how I could hope to save for old age on what I earned. I told him about some of the girls—all because they got so little. He didn't know what we did get. Fancy, Elsie."

"You aren't decent. I believe you could tell a strange policeman about your indigestion."

"The only things people really want to talk about are the things that are their own."

"I can't talk about myself."

"I told him what I felt about life and love—what I really, really felt."

"You don't tell me."

Delia righted the chair, sat down in it and hunched her knees.

"Oh, Elsie, it's so wonderful, this unburdening to someone who doesn't know you. I understand why some women have to pray away their thoughts and hopes; why some women go to doctors—just to talk away their loneliness, their sort of inner loneliness."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'You strange, strange girl '"

"He'll find out which you are."

"He won't, but he said he would."

"Did he ask you what you were like?"

"I said I was fair."

"But you are not."

"I have always wanted to be—to Mr. Peter I am just what I always wanted to be."

She stood rigid before the fires of her own released imagination, warming herself.

"I suppose it's beastly egotism; but, oh, Elsie, he understands. He blessedly understands. I told him how much I longed for a pink kimono dressing gown with butterflies on. I told him why working girls loved Mary Pickford so because she dressed worse than us and had a rottener time—and it always came out right in the end. It's all that keeps us going; the belief that there's something better waiting if we can only catch up with it. You've got your dad."

The other girl looked at her with a peculiar repressed bitterness.

"When are you going to ring up again?"

"To-morrow. He said I had a vibrant voice. Elsie, what is a vibrant voice?"

"Clara Butt's got one, and Caruso had one."

"He said ——"

"Well?"

"He said a lot of things."

"Wonder you gave him the chance," said Elsie Owen.

Because His Nerves Were So on Edge He Spoke to Her Sharply and Reprovingly

Into the simple and uncomplex life of Peter Harley had come romance with the unexpectedness of a butterfly on a frosty morning. Being a normal male of thirty, there had been episodes and adventures in which his pulses had rioted and his imagination had fluttered; now it was his imagination that rioted and flamed suddenly in the sparsest moments of a commercial day at the mere fancied resemblance of a voice, an illusive inflection.

He had found Atalanta, Ninon de Lenclos, Diana—he did not know what he had found on the end of a telephone, except that it was glorious and beautiful, that it raddled him with curiosity and left him to ache.

He had a strong vein of the poet in him, uncomplicated by any sense of humor. While he slaked his thirst at the unseen fount of her freshness and honesty he saw her as a goddess, a dryad. Whiles she seemed to slink before him, heavy with moods and mystery; whiles she flashed her mind on him, naked and fearless, crowned with loneliness and instinctive purity.

"You're wonderful," he said, and she became wonderful.

"You passed me yesterday; your hand touched the counter."

"Which counter?"

Her little laugh, delicate and remote, tinkled at him before she rang off.

He instituted all sorts of little reforms at the business; he sampled the midday lunches. In his father's office he grew moist-eyed and fervent with a sort of fierce young socialism.

"Which one is it?" probed Harley, Senior.

"Why, sir?"

Old Harley laughed.

His tour of the department became a pilgrimage; in the performance of it he found a fierce alien courage; he spoke to girls; he stood chatting with them; sometimes his heart missed a beat because he thought he had found soul in a pair of flattered eyes.

"Peter's getting fresh," they said; drooped or flaunted their marcelled heads when he was near, like flowers for the picking.

One day she said, "Yesterday you spoke to me."

"What did I say?"

"We spoke of mundane things."

It was a challenge. He played his memory. After a sleepless night he sought to revive it. He visited all the departments. He had spoken to so many.

A girl at one counter tipped a boxful of ribbons almost on his feet. She was a dull, plain-looking girl with greasy hair. Because his nerves were so on edge he spoke to her sharply and reprovingly. There was a white, stupid bleakness in the look she gave him.

That night for the first night in a fortnight the unknown did not ring up. He waited for the telephone bell at the usual time as impatiently as the lover waits for the steps of the beloved; when it did not sound the absurd restlessness and morbidity of the lover possessed him.

Had she arranged to marry the old man she spoke of? Would she never ring up again? Mentally he traversed the hole this proceeding would create in his life, and in his dull misery judged it unabridgable. He gave himself up to a wakeful night, and as the hours waned acknowledged himself passionately in love. It was the embrace of mind for mind, soul for soul. His imagination went sleek with the whiteness of it all.

(Continued on Page 81)

"You Think Because I Tie the Bows of My Shoes Twice and Keep a Piece Bag I Have No Soul"

THE SONG OF THE DRAGON

By John Taintor Foote

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

III

THE manuscript of Beauty and the Beast lay in a wire basket on the desk. This was distinctly a place of honor. Only the play next in order of production was allowed to occupy the basket. Other plays which might or might not be placed in rehearsal at some future date reposed patiently in a mahogany cabinet which stood against the wall and below a signed photograph of Joseph Jefferson in Kinder's office.

Beauty and the Beast had maintained its proud position in the wire basket for ten weeks. This was unusual. As a rule the basket was empty, or plays moved into it and out again at astonishingly short intervals, when one considers how many things enter into the production of a dramatic work.

Then Mr. Smith dropped in one morning. Kinder had not seen him since that evening when he had shuffled from the office, taking with him a golden-haired young creature, her eyes dark wells of doom, her face a tight-lipped glory.

There followed a sudden and ruthless attack upon an inoffensive-looking old man by a leading theatrical producer. The latter had the former by the coat lapels and was undeniably shaking his victim as he shot questions at his bobbing and defenseless head.

"What happened? Why didn't you let me know? Where is she?"

Mr. Smith saved himself from further manhandling by adopting an official manner and attempting to answer the questions in their proper order.

A certain Bavarian gentleman, Kinder learned, was in Leavenworth Penitentiary minus his monocle and English clothes, but accompanied by a hundred or more Teutonic knights of the bomb. The various addresses of these latter gentry had been disclosed to the department by papers which had been found through one of the department's agents—Miss Sylvia Dodge.

"She got them?" Kinder asked the question in a whisper.

Mr. Smith nodded.

"How?"

"I know nothing about that," said Mr. Smith coldly, and added with a fixed stare, "I couldn't discuss it if I did."

"Of course not," agreed Kinder. He swallowed with an effort, and realized that his mouth had become suddenly dry. For some unaccountable reason he had a vision of a young thing playing in a garden with a shadow creeping over the wall. "But why didn't you let me know before this?" he heard himself ask.

Mr. Smith's manner continued formal. An agent of the department, he explained, could not mention the affairs of the department to anyone. Now that the case was concluded, he had called to acquaint Mr. Kinder with certain facts in appreciation of his efforts to aid the department in ——

"Yes, yes," Kinder broke in. "Where is she?"

Miss Dodge was now at a certain training camp, it seemed. She had become an army entertainer. Her specialty was singing Irish songs. Mr. Smith had heard that the troops liked her work. At this point, despite Mr. Smith's official manner, the interview lost its calm.

"Oh, they like her work, do they?" yelled Kinder. "That's good! That's splendid! She's only the best ingénue that ever lived. So they like her, eh? Well, when is she coming back to open in my show?"

Mr. Smith ventured to express his ignorance of the theatrical plans of Miss Dodge, and Kinder bellowed for a stenographer.

"If You Were a Girl in a Military Camp Who Had Been Proposed to Five Hundred Times in One Week—You'd Understand"

"You're a fine bird!" he told Mr. Smith. "I let you have her to save the whole damn country from being blown to hell, and you start her singing songs—singing songs!" His voice rose to a wail. "What does she do? Sing 'em to sleep?"

Mr. Smith explained that Miss Dodge had insisted on undertaking her present duties.

"Of course she did!" shouted Kinder. "She's young and all stirred up. I let you take advantage of this once, but enough's enough. You run your war from now on without this child."

The entrance of the stenographer through one door allowed Mr. Smith to escape discreetly through the other.

"Here, take this," ordered Kinder, and began the dictation of a letter in which Miss Dodge was advised to stop vocalizing at once in favor of dramatic work.

"The inclosed contract," the letter wound up, "calls for your appearance at rehearsals to begin not later than May first. Kindly sign same and return. You will notice that the salary is three hundred a week. If this is not satisfactory I shall be glad to discuss the matter with you when you return to New York."

"I guess that'll put a stop to her nonsense," Kinder confided to the stenographer.

His surmise proved wide of the mark. The letter he received a few days later contained the contract—unsigned. She was deeply appreciative, thanked him many times, but was sure he would understand when she told him that at present she could not desert her boys.

Kinder read the letter over twice, laid it down and stood musing by the desk. His eyes fell on the manuscript of Beauty and the Beast. He took the manuscript from the wire basket and walked slowly across the room to the mahogany cabinet. Having completed his business with the cabinet, he found himself confronting the picture of Joseph Jefferson. It was a captivating likeness of the old actor in a kindling mood. The small eyes were a-twinkle, the lips breaking into a smile.

"Life is a splendid joke," the picture seemed to say. "Why not laugh at it?"

Kinder failed to adopt the suggestion.

"Her boys!" he sneered to the jovial Mr. Jefferson. "She talks like a grandmother!"

Whatever her letter to Kinder indicated, there was proof extant that at least one of the boys she mentioned did not regard Miss Dodge as a grandmother. This was clearly indicated in a letter received shortly thereafter by the mother of Capt. Eugene Weyeth, Third Battery, Seventh Field Artillery, U. S. A.

Mrs. Weyeth read her letter with mixed emotion—astonishment, blinding happiness and fear. Her astonishment and happiness were caused by the intimacy with which he wrote. She had dreamed of such letters from her son, but never expected to receive one. Until now she had been a martyr to the fact that the most secretive, the shiest of all human creatures is the young male. From early boyhood to maturity and beyond, his dreams, his hopes, his fears are apt to be his own. Shunning self-revealment like the plague, he hides somewhere deep within himself, presenting always a flippant or brusque exterior which is the despair of mothers.

"Why should I be shut out when he was lying only yesterday—oh, so helpless—against my heart?"

Mrs. Weyeth had asked her soul something like this for years, as her most artful attempts to become a confidante failed. She had given up at last, and bowing to his horror of the sentimental had learned to aid him in postponing ordinary farewells until they must be bridged with a rush. But he had left for war just that way!

"So long, dad." Hands met, gripped, parted. "Good-by, old thing." Her ribs all but cracked. When she recovered her breath he was gone.

One would have thought that his going away to—her mind hurried past the dreadful implements of modern warfare—would have brought him to her at last to discuss a hundred things she wanted to know; just one intimate talk that she could always remember if—her hand went to her throat.

Nothing like that had happened—nothing! Not even a sign that he was moved! And now, after Plattsburg, after the months at Dix, had come this wonderful letter; and Mrs. Weyeth learned, as thousands of other mothers learned, that just before they sailed away their armor of reticence fell from them and they sat on the edge of bunks, on the limbers of guns, on stumps, barrack lumber, rubbish heaps, anywhere and everywhere about camp, and with pads and pencils laboriously told mother.

It was toward the end of the letter that Mrs. Weyeth's happiness gave place to fear.

"I have never believed in love at first sight," she read. "I have always thought that sort of thing was only found in books. But, oh, mother of mine, I was mistaken! I knew it the moment I saw her—before I'd even spoken to her." Here he devoted a page to describing "the loveliest thing God ever made."

"Pray for me, mumsy," the letter finished. "I'm going to ask her soon. I must know before we go over. You can imagine how I feel when I tell you that my only rivals are thirty-six thousand officers and men."

It was the postscript that was particularly disconcerting.

"I forgot to tell you that she is an actress, one of the entertainers here. Her name is Sylvia Dodge."

Mrs. Weyeth did not wait for her husband's return that evening. She ordered the motor, told the chauffeur to hurry and was presently being swept along a broad ribbon of macadam which wound through Westchester County toward the offices of the Weyeth Engineering Company, New York City. Although her problem was not an engineering one, she was determined to consult the head of that concern as quickly as possible.

So far as poison gas, machine guns and high-explosive shells were concerned, she was helpless. But her boy was not yet in danger from such things, thank God, and she could and would shield him from some actress with no family or traditions and heaven only knew what sort of a past. The person must be sent to another camp at once, that was the quickest way to settle it. It could be done through the War Department or a senator. Jim would know how to handle it!

If her husband knew how to handle it he made no offer to do so. Instead he pooh-poohed the letter.

"My dear Clara," he said, "don't be absurd! He's been in training for nearly a year now—away from women of his own class. Anything in petticoats would look like an angel from heaven under the circumstances. He'll forget her in two weeks."

Mrs. Weyeth shook her head.

"He won't forget her. He's in earnest. He's never breathed such things to me before. I know he's in earnest."

"He thinks he is, but I tell you, and I'm a man and his father, that the Germans or some French girl will knock her out of his head in short order."

"I'm only his mother," she retorted, "but I have a woman's instinct. I know that every word he has written came from the bottom of his heart."

"Well, suppose it did. He's got a lot of competition. He says so himself. His chances of winning out over that crowd are pretty slim."

The sire of Capt. Eugene Weyeth received a look of scorn.

"Slim! Do you think a person like that would say no to him? She knows who he is, of course, and what his prospects are. And you remember how he looked in his uniform."

Her last sentence was unfortunate. It placed her at the mercy of the masculine sense of humor.

"His uniform! That would be in his favor, wouldn't it? He'd certainly stand out at a training camp in a uniform."

Her manner became dignified.

"When you hear they've slipped away somewhere and been married you won't think it so funny. That sort of thing is in the air just now, Jim," she added anxiously, her hand going to his sleeve. "It's the psychology of times like these. Thousands of them are doing it."

He grew more sober, and patted the hand on his arm.

"I'll admit that possibility," he said, "but it's remote, and we'll have to take our chances. Anyway," he added, "the Government seems to be busy teaching army officers how to lick Germans. If there's a department devoted to protecting them from American females I don't know it."

"It could be done quietly," she suggested. "She could just be sent to another camp."

"Quietly!" He chuckled at the thought. "If I'd try such a thing the whole country would forget the war long enough to laugh. Now you take your letter and run along, mother. It isn't time to worry—yet."

In spite of the terrifying suggestiveness of the yet, she continued to worry about her letter as she was driven home. She replied to it that night. Although her fingers trembled with the desire to point out the utter impossibility of the affair, her instinct told her that disapproval would not do. She finally decided to take her son's confession lightly. Plagiarizing from his father, she intimated that young warriors were predisposed to heart attacks, and that an attractive girl, with a soldiers' camp for a background, was sure to be adored

"When a man is ready to choose a wife," she wrote, "no one in the world can help so much as his mother. Women know women just as men know men. Remember this, and let your mammy have at least one good talk with any girl before you commit yourself."

Captain Weyeth received the letter upon his return to quarters after two hours' barrage fire with shell-less guns over a mythical line of advancing men. A slight error in the rapid calculations he had been forced to make that afternoon would have sent his phantom shells into the spot where the American line was supposed to be. This fact had fully occupied his thoughts during battery practice. Now that his mind was free from angles of fire, it began to ask the inevitable question which it had asked for the last three days: Why did she avoid him? She had done it ever since he had begged for five minutes—only five minutes alone with her. Was her head turned by all this adulation? No, she was accustomed to it. She had always had it. It only needed eyes to know that. Was it someone else? He doubted it. She met them all with the same smiling, warm-eyed glance; the same quick friendliness—and nothing more.

He tore open and read his mother's carefully planned letter. She might as well have written in Chinese.

Help him choose his wife! That had been settled weeks ago. The problem now was, how to get five minutes alone with her to tell her so. Perhaps it was someone else. He could not keep track of them all. They were always crowding about her, officers and men alike—she made no distinction. Yes, come to think of it, she did. The men got the better of it. She'd leave a major flat for some freckle-fisted Jasper who wanted to give her the latest news about the cows and the pigs back home.

"She'd listen to me for an hour if I was a homesick roughneck," he reflected bitterly. "But I don't want to show her the socks my girl knitted. I only want to ask her to marry me."

(Continued on Page 42)

The Parchment Rolled Itself Up in Her Hands as the Tears She Had Been Fighting Had Their Way

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It Ought to be Fixed

MAN'S eternal optimism is no doubt one of his finest qualities, but nothing is gained by blinking the fact that it often leads him into futile excess. There are persons who appear to think that human troubles can be abolished by new laws, increased education and a search after the truth, regardless of the fact that legislators, educators and philosophers have been pursuing these very same objects for thousands of years without wholly driving trouble out of the world.

A popular lecturer who had toured many sections of the country came back with the impression that though few of the people he met were either radical or socialistic most of them were in the habit of saying, "There ought to be some law to stop that." But the lecturer added that though the people talk about laws for the correction of abuses, "They are much inclined to snap their fingers at existing statutes if they find themselves in opposition to their restrictions."

Then there is what has been aptly termed the-truth-about movement, which, boiled down, means that each special group, class and interest takes the naïve position that the truth is sure to emerge if only this particular group can present its case extensively enough and make itself heard clearly enough. If through the ages the world's greatest intellects have, as we all know, been able to discover the truth only as through a veil darkly and bit by bit, why should the newest research department of the newest special-interest organization be so verdantly hopeful about it?

No amount of research or education can alter the central fact of man's natural instincts and emotions and his inherited abilities or lack of them. Of course, men of average natural ability may be greatly improved by education and training. But we inherit the ages, and are what we are because of what has gone before. This can be modified but little except over very long periods of time. With sufficient educational machinery a vast amount of learning can be driven into the human brain. But education accomplishes little without character, personality, balance, common sense, tact and natural ability, and these qualities trace back to primeval slime. The learned nobody is already a drug on the market.

At a meeting of experts on the marketing of both agricultural and manufactured products one of those present said that the marketing system of the country was only fifty per cent efficient.

"Yes," was the reply of another expert, "the system would be ideal if exactly one-fifty-second part of the yearly crop were produced each week, marketed each week, consumed each week and paid for each week; if the quality and quantity were always the same; if demand remained constant, prices remained the same and each buyer paid cash."

Education and research are painfully slow in their results. New systems, organizations and laws often serve only to open up further undreamed-of vistas of abuses or defects to be remedied. Those who are in a hurry to have the poor live in model homes and eat pure food bring about the passage of laws requiring that only model tenements and pure food be produced. The effort is legitimate, important and worth while, but it is often balked by the fact that the consumer who eats the food and lives in the tenement does not appreciate or desire the improvements.

To make any reform stick one has to go far back and work all along the line of human nature, and that is no holiday jaunt. This is no argument against model tenements or pure-food laws. It is merely a restatement of the old truth which each new generation is inclined to forget, that though the attainment of progress is by no means hopeless, there is nothing to be gained by overlooking the complexities and dimensions of the contest.

It Doesn't Pay

BEGINNING with Ireland on the west and working to the east and southeast, it is an easy matter to locate and jot down anywhere from twelve to twenty international or interracial antipathies. Another dozen or score of religious and political animosities no less bitter must be added to the list even if the rancors of sect and faction are ignored. Not less formidable is the catalogue of social and economic enmities, the bad blood between class and class, between handworker and headworker, between loafer and producer. Some of these feuds are one-sided, others two-sided; and the former are often deadlier than the latter.

If all the world's greater animosities could be lined up for inspection and questioning they would be found to have one, and perhaps only one, characteristic in common. Some are lusty young hates no older than the Great War. Some date back to 1870, some to the time of Cromwell, others to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and still others, no less vigorous, to the Dark Ages. Many are well founded. They express the resentment of the oppressed, the persecuted, the enslaved or the betrayed, handed down from father to son and mother to babe from time out of mind. Other blood feuds have no better foundation than the loathing of the one who injures for him whom he has injured. Whether these varied grudges have good excuse or bad excuse or no excuse at all, they alike prove that traditional enmity doesn't pay.

Hate poisons even the righteous hater; it paralyzes his best faculties, saps his energies, distracts attention from the main business of life, wastes his time, renders his activities futile and unproductive. When whole nations neglect their own highest welfare to indulge in a perpetual orgy of hating they are brought to the pass in which we find some of the newer states of Southeastern Europe.

Our own country, considering its size and the varied elements that go to make up its population, cherishes singularly few animosities, either internal or external. Labor and capital are often at loggerheads, just as they are in every great industrial nation; but even in that issue the peacemakers are as zealous as the firebrands, and a new spirit of fairness, a new recognition of the human element in service of every sort, is beginning to have its effect. We are still harassed by the transplanted European feuds that have become established on our own soil. Most of these can be controlled as a matter of civil routine; but occasionally they flare up in such a manner as to embarrass our foreign relationships.

It is not to be denied that a small section of America, unmoved by any Old World sentiment, harbors feelings of resentment and bitterness toward Great Britain. She, too, has her irreconcilables, reactionaries who after more than a century are still unable to forgive the success of our experiment in republican government.

And yet neither country lacks peacemakers. Not long ago Mr. Owen Wister published a very readable book entitled A Straight Deal; or The Ancient Grudge, in which he showed the baselessness of much of our resentment toward England and reminded us of many of the forgotten good turns done us that have valid claims upon our gratitude. Across the water, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, a leading Liberal, has extended a similar olive branch. His little book, The Anglo-American Future, was written with the intention of allaying the irritations felt toward America on his side of the Atlantic. Each of these gentlemen has performed a useful service in the cause of Anglo-American good feeling.

Many agencies are at work for the promotion of international good feeling based upon better understanding. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace is sending to foreign libraries thousands of books calculated to inform people of other lands upon modern American life and its problems. The American Library Association is engaged in a similar work. In many large cities there are free lectures instituted for a like purpose. All these movements and many others are based upon recognition of the principle that nothing good comes from bad blood.

Whole populations will find it as humiliating to part with the enmities that they regard as birthrights as it would be to sell venerated family heirlooms. To supersede old feuds with real coöperation and mutually beneficial teamwork will mean eating crow; but it is better to eat crow than it is to starve. The irreconcilables must come clean if they hope for peace that is anything more than a temporary cessation of military hostilities. If they pay the price of hate they will bankrupt the whole globe. Hate doesn't pay, and all the world knows it.

Prophecy Comes True

IT IS a pleasure to find an economic prediction verified. Six months ago Germany was carrying on a world-wide campaign in export merchandising. In the United Kingdom, France and Italy, in North and South America and in the Orient German salesmen were soliciting orders and closing contracts for future delivery of manufactured commodities. These goods were being sold at prices below cost of production in the buying countries. A wave of commercial alarm washed over the world, and the fear of inundation with German goods was not greatly mitigated by the knowledge that profits from the export sales would be applied to reparations. Well-versed students of German affairs were able to explain the low production costs in German factories. Rents were controlled by law; the State granted enormous subsidies in food, coal and transportation; the exporter was relieved of taxes. The German workman was disillusioned of Bolshevism and eager to work; the standard of living was low; the sums representing the difference between the real and apparent cost of production were paid for by the state with fresh paper money. In a word, Germany was producing cheaply by inflation of currency and exploitation of labor.

It was pointed out that the quality of goods would be found below par and specifications. Naturally such a state of affairs could not continue indefinitely. A sharp rise in domestic prices would occur, cost of living would advance rapidly and labor would press for increased wages. It was understood that Germany would make heavy importations of grain directly after the harvest in order to so augment the total domestic stocks that a much-needed fluidity in the grain market in Germany would be restored. When the freshly inflated mark met the unusual volume of foreign bills the mark would fall.

All this has happened. Germany imported in August nearly fifteen million bushels of wheat, probably one-third of the requirements of the present crop year. Within a few weeks the mark fell from eighty to one hundred forty to the dollar.

With the fall of the mark imports are checked and exports facilitated. Internally, speculation with German values has raged beyond bounds. Lively speculation and increased exports will give a spurious appearance of prosperity, and the nation will take fresh hold and start again around the vicious circle.

THE REMAKING OF EUROPE

By John Moody

THE American traveler of to-day who plans a trip through Europe which will first take him to England and from there through Belgium to Germany and from Germany to Austria will, if he then enters Switzerland, experience a novel and peculiar sensation. Entering England from the United States, he would be able to exchange $100 for about twenty-seven pounds sterling; that is, about six pounds more than he could have secured before the war.

Entering Belgium from England, at the time this is written, he would be able to exchange his twenty-seven pounds for about 1400 Belgian francs—over 900 francs more than he could have secured for $100 before the war.

Entering Germany from Belgium he would be able to exchange his 1400 Belgian francs for about 11,000 German marks -over 10,600 more marks than he would have been able to secure for $100 before the war.

A Sea of Paper Money

ENTERING Austria from Germany, he would be able to exchange his 11,000 German marks for about 100,000 Austrian crowns—over 99,500 more Austrian crowns than he would have been able to get for his $100 before the war. If he runs up into Poland from Austria he will be able to exchange his 100,000 Austrian crowns for about 500,000 Polish marks. His original $100, with which he had started on his travels, will have swollen through these several exchanges to a great "fortune" of 500,000 Polish marks. If he were a Pole he would no doubt consider himself a rich man, for very few Poles possess as much as 500,000 Polish marks, even in these days of quantity production of money—which is Poland's chief industry.

But if our traveler turns westward from Austria and enters Switzerland he will experience something of a jolt. He will suddenly realize that he is a poor man again. His paper fortune will immediately evaporate, for his 100,000 Austrian crowns will bring only about 600 Swiss francs. Before the war one could get no less than 110,000 Swiss francs for 100,000 Austrian crowns. There are compensations, however. The 600 Swiss francs which he will receive will be real money; the first real money he will have seen on the Continent. Its genuineness will be indicated by the fact that his one and two franc pieces and small change will be silver and not paper. He will be able to discard the mammoth bill portfolios which have become such a necessary article of wearing apparel in Central Europe, and will be able once more to rattle the money in his pocket. It will give him an American feeling.

In fact the whole atmosphere of Switzerland is, by contrast with the rest of Europe, very American to-day. To step into Switzerland from Germany or Austria is like stepping out of the sea onto the dry land. This little country, set in the center of Europe and surrounded by great seas of paper, is entered with relief. There is an air of security and stability about it which one does not find anywhere else in Europe. Inflation has touched Switzerland to some extent; but, like Holland, she had her compensations during the war, for her exports during 1915, 1916 and 1917—largely to Germany, no doubt—rose heavily and enabled her to build up a favorable trade balance. Consequently, in spite of a threefold increase in her internal debt and nearly a fourfold increase in her circulating medium, she has pretty successfully maintained her credit and kept her currency pretty close to par with gold. But for a nation to maintain its credit in Europe nowadays has its disadvantages as well as its compensations. This is especially true of Switzerland to-day. While the little mountain nation has important industries and in recent years has expanded its wine culture and its manufactures, yet its real revenue has been derived mainly from foreign tourists. Before the war it was estimated that the annual revenue of the Swiss from tourist business averaged about 2,000,000,000 francs, while the total exports of the country prior to 1914 had never equaled 1,500,000,000 francs. During the war years this loss of tourist travel was offset by the great increase in industry and the profit in supplying goods and munitions to the belligerents. But now the war prosperity has gone and Switzerland is suffering an extreme depression from lack of tourist business.

The truth is that none but Americans, English and Dutch can afford to travel in Switzerland, and these are the only nationalities that will be found traveling there now. The Frenchman cannot afford to go to Switzerland because it takes more than two French francs to equal one Swiss franc; the Italian cannot afford it, as it takes nearly four lire to equal a Swiss franc. And Switzerland is absolutely closed to the German, who must now put up about eighteen marks to get one Swiss franc. Before the war nearly one-half the tourists in Switzerland were Germans and Austrians. It was on the German tourists that the Swiss made most of their money, and with this business lost to them they are in a very bad way indeed. Thousands of Americans and English visited Switzerland this last summer, but few French and no Germans.

Swiss Finances Sound

IN FACT currency inflation is having a most marked effect on tourist travel in Europe. Thousands of Americans, English and French are now touring Belgium, France and Italy, but avoiding Switzerland; Germans are traveling in their own country or going into Austria. This past summer Bavaria and Baden were crowded with tourists from North Germany, but none of them crossed over into Switzerland. It will probably be many years, therefore, before the Swiss tourist business returns to the high levels of the years before the war, and it is therefore very fortunate for this tight little country that she has a well ordered, efficient government and an industrious, frugal and enlightened population.

The Swiss people as a whole are well-to-do; they are able and willing to pay heavy taxes; they have no heavy military expenses now that the war is over; and though they are not yet balancing their budget, they are making steady progress in this respect. Under the abnormal circumstances of the time the condition of the finances of Switzerland is encouraging, and her financiers and bankers are keeping the country steadily headed away from the dangers of inflation and extravagance. The Swiss financiers, as a class, seem to be old-fashioned enough to know that the way to make

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THE CANYON OF THE FOOLS

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XIV

I DIDN'T tell May that, of course. I didn't want to frighten her by making that man out any more enigmatical than he really was. And, of course, Mrs. Blendon had no possible motive to blow the gaff at that time. She kept her bed for two or three days, and when she did totter out into the open she treated me with special sweetness.

Well, in spite of everything those were great days, halcyon days. It was easy to tell Faggard that why I had come here was to be near May—that was truth; but one of my reasons for staying was certainly the off chance of stumbling into gold. I dreamed of that always. If at any time I snatched forty winks I was sure to find gold in tubfuls, great dull lumps of it, and it was part of the folly of my dream that I filled a sack with a selection of fair-sized nuggets, staggered to May's feet with them and urged her to accept that lucre and fly with me, regardless of consequences and contemptuous of fate—forget that dark phantom Jim, who had dogged her days and blasted her young hopes.

And May invariably did. The sight of that easy cush and the magic of my presence combined overpersuaded her. Always the same arguments and always the same sweet starry-eyed capitulation, the gladsome opportunism that characters in dream evince.

This got to be my mastering passion. I forgot Maricopa, I quit shadow-boxing Jim, and my pulse didn't beat any faster when the name of Terrazas was mentioned. My ear was tuned to the clink of drills, the hissing of their red ends in the tempering can, the gusty music of the forge and the monstrous detonations that tore the heavens apart, split the world in twain, heaved up quartz in evanescent mushroom shapes and left the shaft of the Neck-or-Nothing wreathed in sluggish black fumes.

We had eyes for nothing but gold, Clint and I. There was gold in the air. We breathed it; it was dusted on our fingers; it glinted in our food and twinkled up at us from the sands of the wash. All our plans were contingent on finding it, and we were deadly certain of finding it. Now, with this shot; or if not, no matter—to-morrow or the day after. That conviction took the place of reason, and a kind of creeping fire had got into our veins in place of blood. The time came when I could understand too well what Old Sprowl meant by muttering "My rock, my chain and my vulture," with that vague gesture towards those remorseless foothills that shut him in; but I was woozy with my own delusion.

I told myself that he was old; he had run out all his chain. There wasn't another shot in his locker; not so much as another stud link of that rusted cable.

My business was different. With me it was the case of youth, glorious, wide-ranging youth, chasing wild geese and oats, experiencing delicate idyls and strange fantasies, heady visions. A man in that predicament lives ten lives in one, sloughs his skin like a snake, assumes new characters as easily as he draws on clothes, and with the same purpose that was in paradise, by Jupiter! Concealment, namely—concealment of the poverty of his essential self. That's half the romantic impulse, in my humble opinion.

It was the old story of the rainbow's foot and the pot of gold, and May Gowdy was my brilliant, many-colored, glowing and auspicious rainbow. Where she set her foot, there it seemed to me the gold must lie; and when the rainbow faded, then it would be time enough to think of dying.

Syd was the only one that never did take that light-hearted view, and Syd was wretched all the time. He saw something criminal in the search, something criminal in the very shadows, and without half the reason for suspicion I had, either. He didn't believe we ever would find gold; and if we did find it by some unlikely chance, there would be blood on it probably—red-handed sin.

He quoted from Milton. He had found a passage in those deckle-edged classics where the poet speaks of rifling the bowels of our Mother Earth for treasure better hid. Think of quoting a line like that in a mining camp! Syd lamented that Milton had only got fifty dollars for the entire poem, but I told him it was overpayment if that was a fair sample. "What are you going to do when the food is gone?" was one of the strings he used to keep harping on, and we didn't enlighten him. We couldn't enlighten him. Neither Clint nor I could honestly predict what we might do when the morning came, as it was bound to shortly, when we would have to set out for work without anything in our stomachs.

"You are just mad enough to keep on till you drop in your tracks," Syd muttered.

That was very likely. We were light-headed already from living on short rations—a biscuit and two hot cakes apiece in the morning and a plate of Mexican beans at night—and we knew beyond peradventure that if strength was given us to elbow our way ten feet more into that rock, there the gold would lie, the severed vein, thick and ropy. Old King Knute and I used to spring out of our cots like madmen as soon as it was light, counting on being rich before night, luck raging in our marrow, and right away we would get our playful hooks into Syd, and wake him up to a consideration of our half-famished, greedy, deep-socketed eyes.

"Awake, sweet slug-abed! Hey, bull, shake a leg! Get your head out of that barrel of jam and come alive! To-day we do it!"

It certainly must have been tough for that moralist to lie awake all night, owing to that hard twist in consciousness produced by the grapple of competing miseries, only to be pounced on at dawn by a couple of wild men dancing around in their underclothes and speaking in terms of drawn gold.

By George, those were mornings too! Triangle Mountain would be pink and gray like a heap of hot ashes, and those cottonwoods in the canyon ruffled by the morning wind. They just showed their tops out of the canyon, and really they had a seductive air of being bashful blonds

(Continued on Page 24)

We Took the Trail to the Neck-or-Nothing, Clint in the Lead Singing Swedish Songs

I've done my stunt and in my hunt
I had most lively rambles.
I caught this turk—a good day's work
And also got my Campbell's!

Leading the dinner!

Bring to the year's Big Feast your liveliest appetite. Lead off with a glowing plate of Campbell's Tomato Soup! Every taste of it is like so much summer's sunshine, quickening your pleasure and putting you in the happiest mood to enjoy the great Thanksgiving bird.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is the rich tonic blend of the pure juices and fruity parts of luscious, full-ripe tomatoes, smooth creamery butter, pure granulated sugar, dainty herbs, spices and other ingredients, all prepared with finished skill. No dinner is so elaborate that it does not gain added charm from this famous soup.

Endless ways to serve it

You will find Campbell's Tomato Soup invaluable in making tasty sauces for meats, fish, salads, etc. And you will add it often to spaghetti, rice, eggs or vegetables to impart its fine tomato flavor. Read on the can how easily you can make a Cream of Tomato with Campbell's.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 22)

hiding the rest of themselves in that crevasse. We ate our frugal meal and took the trail to the Neck-or-Nothing, Clint in the lead singing Swedish songs—there were sundog bursts of rugged poetry in that man, there's no denying it—and Juan bringing up the rear, leading the burro loaded with sacks of coal for the forge. Old Dan couldn't come with us. The tax of that spiral ascent was too great for him, but he would come to the head of the trail, stroking us with his hard old paws, telling us to keep a stiff upper lip and to remember that Try never was beaten.

"I know what I've got," he would assure us, and we could be pretty certain that the old fellow would stand there, his arms hanging limp, listening for our last sounds, our exuberant yodeling. He only half trusted our seriousness, and feared we weren't awake entirely to the greatness of the part we had to play.

The foothills would be shadowed, lying there fold on fold like a rumpled quilt of royal purple, under whose folds the sulky genius of the desert slept. And then would come a rosier gleam, a swarming of color in the upper sky. Little floating spurs of cloud would soak up pink like sponges, and all at once fiery javelins of solid gold would strike through the stone pipes of the Organ in one gorgeous sheaf.

Clint would wipe the sweat from his brow, throw up his arms like a sun worshiper, point triumphantly into the gully where the Neck-or-Nothing lay, and shout "Today we do it!"

That was one of those claims which, as the government expert had admitted, showed nothing on the surface. It was a hill, not so very different from other hills to outward view, covered with candlewood shoots and giant cactus; or rather, now, it did have the distinguishing mark of a huge slaty dump or platform of pulverized rock hanging on its side, the output of the shaft. It looked like a big ant heap. The headgear of the Pandora, Polhill's claim, our suspect, was visible not far beyond it.

The Neck-or-Nothing was merely a slanted hole, six by six and about fifty feet deep. A rough wooden ladder went into it, and this reversed served as a railway to guide the big iron bucket which Clint and I lowered and raised by means of a creaking wooden windlass which straddled the mouth of the pit. The iron handles of this windlass were worn smooth by callous palms, and the sun struck fierce gleams out of them.

As soon as Juan had sharpened and tempered the drills he and Syd descended with shovels to clear out the ground loosened by yesterday's shots. They were no more than vague movements at the bottom of that pit, exploring and tenacious shadows. From time to time a word floated up: "*Otro*"—Another. They had filled the bucket, and King Knute and I would reel it up, thrust a stout wand through an eye in its handle and stagger away to the edge of the dump with it.

Doesn't there seem now a sublime fatuity in that proceeding? Gold is a taciturn neighbor. It doesn't cry out to you that you are getting warm; it doesn't clink there in that well-locked treasure chest. It plays well its silent and deceiving part in that game of Come and find me. It may lurk within an inch of your finger tips; it may be masked by the sheerest film of silica, and your greedy eyes, your groping hands will pass it by forever.

My feverish gaze alternated between glimpses of that tortuous dark blue mountain, those immeasurable leagues of tawny desert and the vacuous depths of the Neck-or-Nothing, striped fantastically by the glittering path of an extinct water course. I wondered, but I never faltered; and if I had, there was Clint to conjure up for me anew that vision of sudden luck. He could do it, too, that lucky Swede. Life itself hung by the thread of that narrow vein he was following.

A fissure vein! Such a vein might have the look of the meanest mud seam, but it would lead to mineral. Never doubt that. Sometimes he would select gleaming fragments of bull quartz from the bucket and hurl them savagely into the abysm, and again he would pick up some odd-looking lump, screw the magnifying glass into his eye and yell out joyfully, "Now we have got the world by the tail again!"

I took his word for it. Hour after hour he hung his chin on the wooden cylinder of the windlass, his hat pulled over his eyes, which glittered with a strange and fixed light. And whenever the scraping of Juan's shovel stopped for a second, King Knute called down softly "*Oro?*"—Gold—in a voice of extreme and trembling anticipation.

And the voice of Juan the miner would rise to us, oracular, infinitely consolatory and muffled by depth:

"*Poco tiempo, oro*"—In a little while, gold.

In a little while! To-morrow or the day after that! Any time but now! It had been found in the past, it would be found in the future; but in the present—that puzzling, irrational, sliding knot binding the future to the past—never, it would seem.

We directed malignant glances at the silent Pandora. Did it veritably stand idle, or was that idleness a blind? We would start broad awake in the middle of the night, too, thinking we heard those craftily muffled explosions testifying to criminal activity within the limits of the Sprowl estate. What secret treason might not be germinating in that ancient ruin of a hotel

"This Seems to Be the Only Way I Can Detain You Nowadays," She Cried

beyond it? Why did Polhill, the owner of the Black Prince, affect blindness? Why had he pitched into me like a maniac? Was he still there, he and that ghostly aid of his? We hadn't seen hide or hair of them since that night when Inky had freed me from their grip. Was Polhill dead? Make no mistake, there was strength enough in that robust woman's arm that had crowned him to do a thorough job.

The air was heavy with conspiracy, treason stalked abroad, and in the end we suspected even that complacent Juan, the most faithful of miners—a man capable of finding nourishment in lemon peel and sand, as he said himself, and of living on memory and hope.

"He is a rope of sand, in my opinion," Clint said to me one night when we were bathing in our favorite pool.

He had put his foot into the cool water and shivered, and I thought some nameless terror had got into his blood. Masses of brilliant white cloud had piled up over the Organ. I looked at him hard against the background of that mighty crown of rock, raised up there so high that I doubted its substantiality—an illusive blue, a cloud shape itself. I reckoned it in with my dream scenery, and I swear the naked body of that Swede—his old dolichocephalic skull floating there, inclosing visions which towered even as high as that Organ into the sunshine, the sunshine of hope—seemed pathetic and even tragic to me. I had only half got the infection, I suppose.

"I think he is in cahoots with Terrazas and that man Faggard," he whispered, and he patted that creased abdomen of his dolefully. He looked like a gigantic cherub on the point of tears. "I have made a deep study of these mountains," he cried feverishly, "and I can swear that that Pandora claim is worthless. The ore begins halfway into the Neck-or-Nothing. That Pandora is deep—three hundred feet deep, sure—and do you know what? They have run through our side lines and tapped our vein as sure as you're a foot high. They are scooping it out this minute from under our feet."

It was Maricopa's own thought, but coming from my partner it had triple force. My gratitude to old King Knute knew no bounds. I have never before or since given any man the admiration and the love I gave him, and there was nothing I wouldn't do for him.

"In that case, the thing is to have a look down this Pandora," I said.

Clint was aghast. There were ugly rumors of the reception a man was liable to meet with in that shaft. There was said to be a keeper of that mine—not an earthly keeper, either—some lurking horror that nobody had seen but everybody in those parts had heard tell of. Murder had been done there, according to Uncle Peter.

"That doesn't worry me," I said, "half as much as the condition of the windlass rope. The windlass is broken and the rope may be rotten. But I don't say it can't be done."

Clint's face was cherry red, like a piece of iron in the forge fire, at this breath out of the gusty bellows of hope. He was suddenly alive again in that part of him he used to call his supreme being. He felt in his supreme being that we were on the edge of great things. He busied himself with new visions; he buttressed his faltering position with another hope. Even granting that all the rest of the Sprowl estate was worthless, there still remained the chance—chance? Man, it was a dazzling certainty—that infinite riches were lying caked up there underneath the Neck-or-Nothing. I think you will always find, at the heart of the born optimist, this singular power to shift the base on which hope rests.

"You think he would actually steal it out from under you?" I murmured doubtfully.

"Steal?" he whispered. "That man would steal the eyeteeth off a dead man's eyes. He is no more a physician than what I am," he hissed in my ear. He was speaking of Faggard, of course.

He thrust that shining, heavily muscled frame of his forward—he still retained a good part of his weight, even on those starvation rations—and then he posed his ten fingers stiffly on a flat-topped rock that rose out of the middle of the pool. Gad, those were fingers that had known what it was like to grip the shank of a mushroom drill! They were square-ended, a good inch across at their tips, and all of the same length. They loomed up there like a line of honest soldiers, and they were equipped with mortal great joints, too, which held them well apart. They certainly augured bluntness in the brain which had to depend on them exclusively as telegraphers of tactile sensations.

"He is a goat in sheep's clothing, that Faggard," King Knute said.

He sank down limply against the grateful warmth of that rock, embraced his lung box in those Titan's arms of his, with their absolutely flawless skin, and stared at me despondingly. I told him manfully that I would know how to splice the two ends of our destinies together when the time came, but he had sunk into a profound lethargy.

I knew, of course, that it was in the nature of an optimist to suffer these sudden reversals of form. My uncle—the man who shot himself with the nugget, you remember—was a man who, according to my aunt, used to be wafted home one night on a cloud and wheeled home the next night collapsed in a wheelbarrow. I was on the point of making a joking reference to that characteristic of my uncle's when I heard a burro's hoofs drumming in the sand at my heels.

I whirled round with every expectation of seeing Terrazas riding me down. That man's tardy vengeance had given me the jumps, and I confess it freely. If he thought it was a case for daggers, why not palm one and skewer me at once, without more ado? Why all these Hamlet hours? Already I had cursed myself a dozen times a day for having

(Continued on Page 26)

CADILLAC
SUBURBAN
TYPE
61

The beautifully long, low lines of the new Cadillac Suburban are a unique distinction in a car of its size and passenger capacity.

But the more notable result of the engineering ability which makes this symmetry possible is one much to be desired in a comfortable family car such as the Suburban is designed to be.

Briefly, it is a new luxury of motion —and even better roadability—more smooth and more steady than the smoothness and steadiness you have come to associate with the Cadillac.

It is obtained by lowering the center of gravity; without in the least diminishing road clearance.

Comfort and convenience, facility and safety of operation and handling, have been the subjects of further marked improvement in this latest Cadillac.

The new grouping of dials and switches, the improved windshield and ventilating arrangements, the new and unusual steering wheel, will impress experienced car owners as distinct betterments.

Each and all of these play their part in the enjoyment of all that Cadillac possession means.

MODELS OF THE TYPE 61

Touring Car	*Seven Passengers*	*Coupé*	*Four Passengers*
Phaeton	*Four Passengers*	*Suburban*	*Five Passengers*
Roadster	*Four Passengers*	*Limousine*	*Seven Passengers*
Sedan	*Five Passengers*	*Imperial Limousine*	*Seven Passengers*

CADILLAC

Division of General Motors Corporation

The Standard of the World

(Continued from Page 24)

been facile enough to let myself be drawn into that complication with the general's wife for cash and for the shadowy consolation her beauty afforded me. Hunger had driven me to it, perhaps, and not heart hunger, either—the mere hunger for a sympathetic ear, for the touch of a kind hand—and that had been interpreted as a roguish strain in me, and now was likely to be the death of me, the ruin and overturn of my best hopes. I had a grim foreshadowing of events to come even then, and I saw that they would take the form of retribution for that act, which meant nothing or next to nothing until that little murmur from May had opened my eyes to its iniquity. I see now, of course, that it hadn't any spiritual quality at all.

It wasn't Terrazas that time. It was only Uncle Peter Danforth, the keeper of the Queen Louise and the mailman for the canyon.

"Struck any pay shoots?" he inquired while he was fumbling with his mail bag.

"We can't complain," Clint said.

"No, and you won't listen to advice either. I was saying to my wife the other night, if I had put as much brains and endeavor into an honest trade, in the room of jobbing about in this neck of the woods, I would have something to show for it now instead of jest the forlorn old gentleman himself. Fool's gold in a fool's paradise."

He wagged his head as if the spring of an infinite and saddening wisdom had been touched in him.

"It's fate or it's predestination that takes hold of a man and shoves his nose down, see? and says to him 'Make a meal,' where he was only thinking to have a bite."

Clint lifted his arms over his head with a shout of laughter, as if he could fling away like that the oppression of those insidious thoughts and traitorous despairs.

"You can laugh," said Uncle Peter. "Well for you you can! I tell you a poor man ain't got no business monkeying with mineral."

"What do you say to the proposition that one good investment beats a lifetime of toil?" Clint inquired rigorously.

"Toil? Yes, toil will be your portion," the old man said. He wouldn't even voice his contempt for that slogan. "I been mining ever since I was high enough to cast a shadow, and I know. Man alive, I've seen all kinds of ore! I've seen ruby silver, as well as gold, not to mention wire silver, mister, shot through stone as thick as hairs in my beard here, and jest as white—beautiful ore, beautiful as frost on a window pane; yes, sir, and always on the other fellow's property. I've seen gold taken out of the ground that you could sink a meat saw through that minute, it was so soft. That piece in Swasey's window at Madcap with a hatchet sticking in it ain't nothing. But I never see color in my own shovel, and no more will you. Ain't nothing up there in the Neck-or-Nothing, I take it," the old fellow continued. He lit his pipe and tamped its coal with a finger impervious to heat as a hoof. "Thought not—I say I thought ye hadn't nothing there."

"We got some valuable molybdenites out of there," Clint said sulkily.

"Valuable hell!" interjected the old man. "Don't spend your time trying to mystify an old-timer."

"It's a true fissure vein if ever there was one," cried my partner.

"True fissure, yes. The True Friend was a true fissure, but it's pinched out all the same, the way friends will. Young feller, the deeper you go the closter you will learn that a vein of gold is like virtue in humans—oncet you let it slip away from ye love nor money won't coax it back."

"You're an old man and time has soured you," Clint retorted. "You don't frighten me. I got to remember just three words."

"What are them three, Mr. Clint?"

"Go—on—down," Clint said forcefully.

"Three of a kind," Uncle Peter mumbled with his nose in the bag. He found at last what he was looking for—two letters in the same handwriting, one for Clint and one for Old Dan. He threw them in the sand and turned the head of his burro. For a parting shot he said with a jerk of his head at the Organ: "Watch them neighbors of yours, whatever you do. Terrazas has got a hornet's nest of troopers camped up there, and if there isn't some deviltry in the wind I'll eat my shirt."

The canyon swallowed him. Tawgy picked up his letter and ripped it open with a movement of the thumb which would have sufficed to disembowel a rabbit. He read it through, and then in a stricken voice he asked if he could have my attention for a minute.

"This letter is a masterpiece," he said. "He is dying down. I could strangle him and there is nothing here but empty air." He sank his face in his hands and groaned through his fingers, "I wrote him about this woman, you know, this devil woman here, and what do you suppose he says?"

He snatched up the letter again. "Here, listen to this: 'We men must put up with the vagaries of women.' With the vagaries! That's some of his literary diplomacy." He drew breath sharply, snorted, sobbed, went on reading: "'Remember they are women and make allowances. Meantime I beseech you to put aside any differences that may arise, and go on down. Shift over to the Purgatory if the Neck-or-Nothing doesn't develop as it should. If you don't strike it in the Purgatory I miss my guess.'

"He will miss his guess."

Clint's cheek glowed like a coal.

"And if I don't strike it in Purgatory I maybe will in hell," he muttered in a shaking whisper. His body was one mass of goose flesh. "Mark, isn't that elegant? He will miss his guess! I come down here by his request; I pry the heart out of me in his service; I sweat and I bleed and I starve—yes, starve. God in heaven, man, look at the slack of that belt"—he had begun drawing on his clothes feverishly. "It's only a question of mathematics between me and eternity. Then to cap all, I let this infernal Blendon woman make a monkey of me. I shouldn't wonder if she had joined force with Terrazas herself. And now he'll miss his guess, will he? It would be better if he had put a thou in here, like I have more than once, and then he could say, 'I miss my thousand.' A man can miss his guess and not be lonesome. Oh, grief, grief, grief!"

I slipped in some soothing word, but Knute wasn't in the mood to listen. He got the bit in his teeth again.

"I didn't think anything could equal the love sickness, but this is worse. Yes, much worse. I lay awake all last night thinking that I have sunk all my money in places like this one way and another, and now I haven't got a rag left to stand on. By this time I might have been a prosperous man too. I might have had a shop of my own. Grief, grief! I'm a meat cutter, I tell you. I can handle a hundred beeves a day, shank, flank and loin. Charin bone and featherbone. I can split the featherbone with one blow of the cleaver, man. It's not as thick as a lead pencil, either."

Gad, he was low! He told me that that letter left him wondering whether he was still head over heels, and there wasn't any consolation prize in Dan's letter either. He was sitting there oiling a shotgun when Clint dropped it morosely into his lap.

The old lion held it up to the light and said: "I know that bold hand. The writing is blackest when the news is most unwelcome too. It's black now—black as hell. Look at that slash the man makes at his *t*'s. It's like a dagger."

We certainly were fixing for a pleasant evening. Old Dan went through his letter, one fist hung in his beard, his eye glinting. He ground out: "What he says here don't have that hearty ring he got me accustomed to at first. I don't hear talk of that new capital coming in, for one thing. Not a word. He says here, 'I may be several weeks more, or even months, floating this proposition; but as you know, the late Tom Paine said, "The harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph." If try never was beaten, as you say, we will win sure. But we are men who know the meaning of adversity, and we can grin and bear it if we have to.'

"Grin and bear it," repeated old Sprowl, and he did actually grin, too, as advised in that missive, but it was a grin of rage.

Aurelia was setting the supper table outdoors, and she did look handsome enough to topple the birds backwards off the bushes. Knute got a lot of cheer out of that. He whispered to me behind his hand: "Isn't she beautiful? I was telling her just the other night a time is coming when man will be as free as his thought. That will be the miracle. He is chained just now. Yes, chained, you may as well say, to the flesh. Look at Simpson in the Bible. A woman cut his hair and he lost strength. Well, say, Bob, it isn't necessary a lady should be a barber to take the strength out of a man."

Azalea was looking at us suspiciously. It's not polite to whisper anywhere, but in that camp it wasn't politic either. I shoved at Tawgy's ribs, because she was already getting out of her chair and gritting her teeth; but she floated past us and drooped over poor Dan, who was still fingering that piece of literary diplomacy.

She said in that hoarse contralto: "And so you actually hoped something from that man. Oh, the blind, blind folly of it! And yet men call an ostrich a foolish bird for burying just its head in the sand."

Poor old Sprowl took up the stub of his cigar and put a match to it, but he succeeded only in burning his beard.

"Nothing venture nothing have was the principle I went on," he protested feebly.

"Nothing have," she echoed him. "I guess it will be nothing have before many days are past."

She darted a quick look at Aurelia, and that big girl colored up to the whites of her eyes, as they say in Spain, and bit her lip. Azalea of course meant to insinuate that her sister was thinking already of lighting out with that masterful miner. We were all stunned by the frankness of that attack.

Clint got up out of his chair with a ghastly, disbelieving smile, the smile of a man who can't believe his ears, but goes on smiling in order that his hallucination won't result in a breach of decorum. He was the soul of respectability and the last thing he wanted was a scene. He made a deprecating wave of that mighty arm and muttered that Mrs. Blendon would find that everything had been done for the best.

"I suppose you call it for the best to forbid my friends this camp," she brought out with a bright burning in her eye.

"Forbid?"

"Don't deny it! You've forbidden Doctor Faggard the camp. He hasn't been near."

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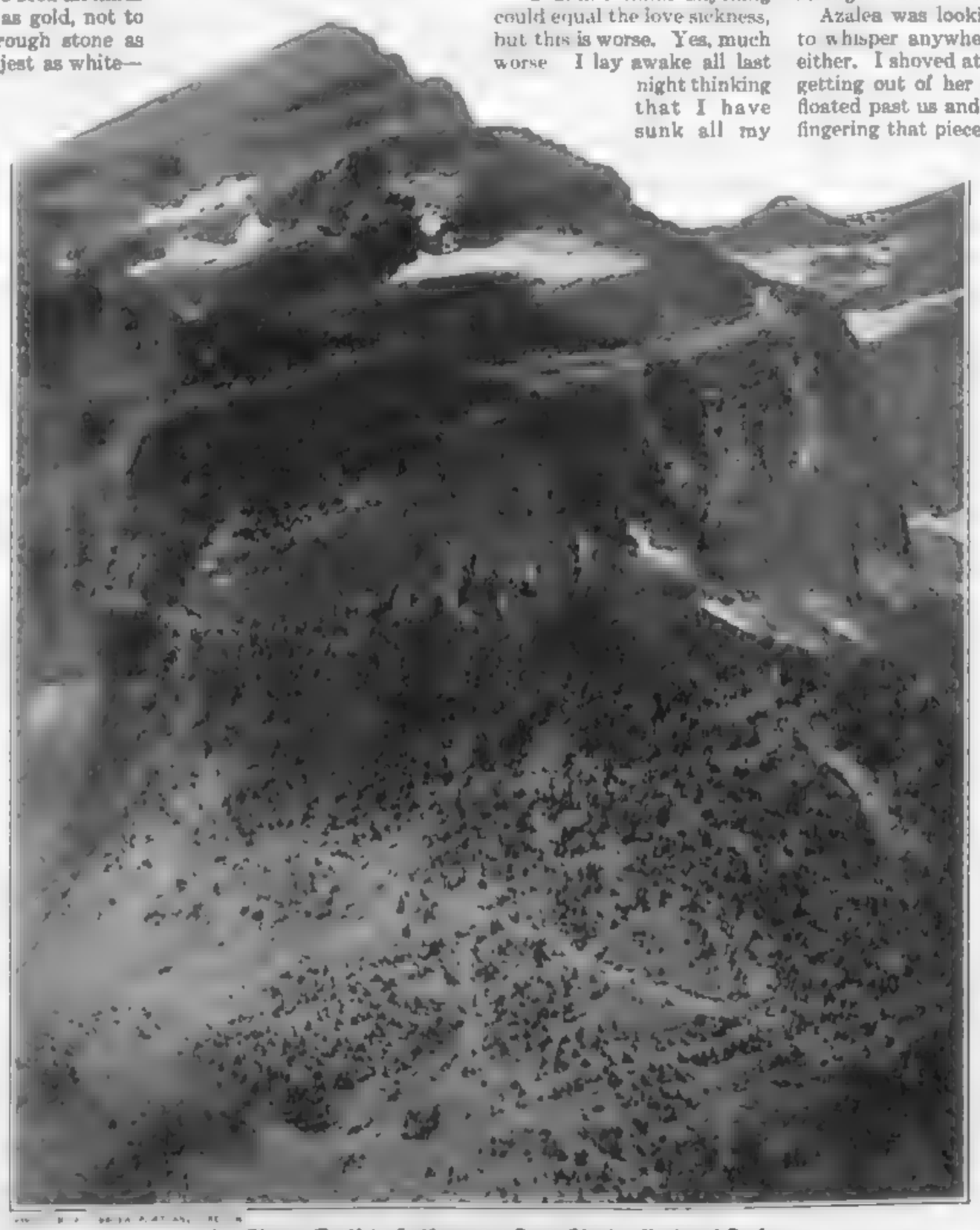

The Zigzag Trail to Swiftcurrent Pass, Glacier National Park

Mutual Profit From Quality

WHY DOES the purchase of Firestone Cord Tires always carry the conviction of wise investment?

It is because a reputable dealer recommends these tires enthusiastically. His own outspoken trust in Firestone quality is bound to enlist your confidence.

His sincerity is based not only on his familiarity with actual Firestone Cord Tire performance, but on specific knowledge of Firestone construction and materials.

He knows the standard to which Firestone builds—"Most Miles per Dollar." He realizes how that standard is insured and perpetuated through an organization in which every worker is a stockholder in the company, pledged to its purposes, sharing its success.

He is aware how fully the Firestone idea of quality meets the tire-buyer's demands. He sees in the sale of Firestone Cords mutual profit for you and for him.

For you—long, economical mileage, safety and comfort.

For him—repeated sales and increasing business from customers who are getting true value and appreciate it.

Most Miles per Dollar

Firestone

THE REMAKING OF EUROPE

(Continued from Page 21)

both ends meet when income cannot be greatly increased is to make an effort to reduce expenses. Some other countries in Europe need some of these old-fashioned financiers.

Returning again to the traveler who has entered Switzerland from Austria and has had his fortune of 100,000 crowns sponged down to about 600 francs at the border, let us suppose that he wishes to leave Switzerland by the safest route; that is, enter the country where he will be the least submerged with further issues of paper money. If he goes into Italy he will have to take about 2400 paper lire in exchange for his Swiss francs, but if he goes into France he will have only about 1500 French paper francs forced on him for his 600 Swiss francs. If he means to enter France from Italy the final result will be the same, as he will get 1600 French francs for his 2400 lire.

Switzerland is the one island in this European sea of paper money, and one must wade through paper to approach or leave it. In escaping from Switzerland it is well to find the route where the sea of paper is the shallowest. Toward Italy the sea is deep; toward Germany it is far deeper; toward Austria it scarcely has a bottom. But toward France the water is comparatively shallow, for it takes only about two and one-half French francs to equal one Swiss franc. French money is the least depreciated of any of the currencies of the former fighting nations on the European Continent.

There are fundamental reasons for the fact that French francs are to-day worth over seven cents and that they tend to rise in value or to maintain their value around these figures in spite of numerous adverse influences, and in spite of the fact that French finance is in anything but a settled and encouraging position at this time. It is not because the debt of France is lighter than that of the other countries, for, as a matter of fact, France has a heavier debt per capita than any other large country in the world. It is not because France is balancing her budget, for she is not coming any nearer doing this than the other nations. It is not because she has made any notable progress in reducing her floating debt or in cutting down military expenses, for she is finding it more difficult to do these than are many other countries.

The Restoration of Credit

But one great fact in regard to the French situation which maintains confidence where grave doubt of her future would be otherwise justified is that the management of French governmental finances since the close of the war has been of a very superior character. French bankers and financiers are, like the Swiss, old-fashioned; they adhere to the time-tested belief that debts can only be finally paid with real money; that the credit of a country can only be restored by the adoption of means which will definitely limit and ultimately eliminate inflation; that an adverse exchange balance against a country can only be reduced by increasing exports and limiting imports. The French not only recognize these fundamental facts but have been applying them with considerable success ever since the close of the war.

This statement may seem somewhat startling to people in this country who have not given much thought to the subject, and who have accepted and believed the many stories regarding French financial incompetence and shortsightedness which have been so industriously circulated throughout the world since 1919. Again and again it has been stated in American financial circles that France is headed straight for bankruptcy; that she is steadily increasing her floating debt and her internal funded debt; that her expenses are rapidly mounting from year to year, and that her income from taxes and customs is declining, or at least not increasing.

The view is widely held that the French people are not being adequately taxed; that they are simply following a program of extravagance and wastefulness and are relying wholly on the German reparation payments ultimately to place them on their feet again. The statement has received wide credence that France is relying on the German payments not only to cover expenses incurred in restoring the devastated regions but largely to cover her ordinary expenses of government. This view is held not only among Americans but among many British financiers as well.

Said a prominent London financier to me this summer: "France is headed directly for a crash. Her revenues are being dissipated in bolstering up the Polish military organization, and funds which have been raised from loans ostensibly for internal purposes have been diverted in large amounts to the Poles. Without the full and prompt meeting of the reparation payments by Germany, France will soon plunge into a yawning abyss. She is doing nothing of a practical nature to restore her credit or place her finances on a sound basis."

An examination of all the facts, however, forces one to feel hopeful rather than pessimistic regarding the future of France. Admittedly, her financial problems are gigantic. France entered the war in 1914 with the largest funded debt of any country in the world, both actual and per capita. Her funded debt was then about 32,000,000,000 francs; in round figures, about $6,000,000,000. To-day her funded and floating debts aggregate 240,000,000,000 francs, which at par of exchange would equal about $48,000,000,000. Her currency has been expanded from about 6,000,000,000 francs in 1914 to about 37,000,000,000 at the present time. During the half dozen years prior to the war her governmental revenues from taxation and customs generally equaled and in some years exceeded her expenditures. Though her trade balance was generally against her in the prewar years, her foreign investments, like those of England, more than offset this, and France was receiving yearly tribute in the form of interest and dividends from Russia, the United States, South America and other countries all over the world.

Crippling Influences

To-day her governmental revenues from taxation and customs are not yet equaling her ordinary expenditures; her foreign investments have become valueless for the time being or have been disposed of; she has become a debtor nation to Great Britain and the United States and the smaller nations. Her net borrowings from other governments amounted to nearly 75,000,000,000 francs at the prevailing rate of exchange at the close of 1920.

Aside from all this, France suffered more heavily during the war in the loss of man power than any other nation. The most productive section of her country was laid waste and devastated. Her industries were disorganized far more than those of Germany or any other nation. Her country was the battlefield, just as the Southern States were the battlefield in our Civil War of sixty years ago.

Consequently her problems of reorganization and reconstruction are infinitely greater than those of any other important nation. In view of all these facts, it is not surprising that France is having her difficulties to-day.

It is even more surprising, however, to find that in spite of the facts outlined above French credit remains as good as it is, and that the franc has not depreciated to a much greater extent than it has. French francs are continuously quoted above or at least not below Belgian francs, and yet Belgium's financial problems are far simpler than those of France. Italian lire are worth only about 60 per cent of French francs, and yet Italy's difficulties are certainly no greater, all things considered, than are those of France. Consequently there must be some exceptional reasons why French francs bring as much as they do in the markets of the world.

An examination of French financial policy during the past two years will go far to give the answer to this question. France expanded her currency rather heavily during the war, until the money in circulation had risen from about 6,000,000,000 francs in 1914 to nearly 30,000,000,000 around the end of the war. This was the history of all the belligerents. But after the war's close French inflation did not increase with great rapidity as was the case in Germany, Italy and all the Central European countries. By 1920 the circulating notes of the Bank of France had risen to about 39,000,000,000 francs; a relatively small increase—about 30 per cent—when compared with Italy's increase of over 60 per cent, Germany's increase of over 100 per cent, and the much larger increases of the various European states. And if we will follow the record of the Bank of France down to date we will find that during the past year, instead of further inflating her currency, France has actually retired nearly 2,000,000,000 francs of circulating notes. She is the only one of the Continental belligerents that has thus far made any real progress whatever in contracting her currency.

But currency deflation is a consequence and not a primary cause of a country's rehabilitation. The cause must be sought elsewhere. It will be found partly in the policy adopted by France in relation to her foreign trade during the past two years. France has been reducing her imports and increasing her exports in a most effective way since early in 1920. Her balance of trade began to show a favorable trend during 1920, when exports were increased 89 per cent as compared with 1919, and imports were not increased in the aggregate to any marked extent. And beginning with 1921 further great progress was made, for all during the present year France has been exporting far more than she has been importing. Her exports have increased month by month, and her imports have declined. This tendency is still continuing.

It is a puzzle to many people how France, needing as she does raw material of many kinds, foodstuffs and many manufactured articles, and not having restored her volume of production to that of the prewar years, can report a favorable balance of trade in this way. It is a matter of wonderment that France and not Great Britain is the first of the Allies to turn an adverse trade balance into a favorable one. Two years ago it was generally predicted that by 1921 Great Britain would have so increased her production and so far normalized her foreign commerce that her exports and reexports would easily exceed her imports, and as a consequence the pound sterling would be approaching its par value again. But scarcely anybody believed that France would be able to reverse her foreign-trade figures for perhaps a decade to come. And yet here is France actually reporting a favorable balance of trade month after month. What is the answer?

The Beginnings of Deflation

The answer is as intimated at the beginning of this discussion, that the French financiers are old-fashioned. They are applying the same principles to their foreign-trade problem that they have applied to their currency problem. They are contracting their imports by every practicable method; they are prohibiting the importation of unnecessary luxuries; curtailing the importation of many articles which are not urgently necessary at this time. They are making it difficult for any goods to come into the country in volume which the nation can get along without and which would tend to increase the import totals. As a consequence, notwithstanding the difficulties of increasing production and swelling exports, they have reversed the current flow of balances and to this extent have succeeded in reducing their liabilities to the outside world.

This is the primary fact which has enabled the French within the past year to stop the further expansion of their external debt; has enabled them to pay off several hundred millions of short-term certificates which they owed last year in New York and London, and has had the effect of increasing and maintaining the value of the franc well above that prevailing in 1920.

French recovery, so far at least, can be explained by the fact that the instinct of frugality, the saving quality, primarily governs the policy of the government as well as the lives and habits of the French people. The French as a nation are not speculators; they are savers, investors. The accumulating instinct is the strongest characteristic of the people. At bottom confidence in France must be based on this predominant trait in its population.

But while French credit has been maintained and progress made in the directions I have outlined, this is by no means all or perhaps the most important part of the picture. If France had no other difficulties aside from her problem of increasing production and curtailing further inflation the situation would be simple. In a few years currency contraction and the accumulating effects of favorable trade balances would place her on her feet, and the franc would be back on a gold basis again. But her other difficulties are large and vital.

France is working to reduce her governmental expenditures, to increase her revenues from taxation and to come somewhere near balancing her budget. She is making progress in the increasing of revenues, but very little in the reduction of expenses. Her actual revenues in 1920 were more than 17,000,000,000 francs as compared with about 11,000,000,000 francs in 1919, but nevertheless she fell short of balancing her ordinary budget by over 21,000,000,000 francs in 1920. In 1921 her budget provides for a revenue of about 22,000,000,000 francs, with ordinary expenses of about the same amount; but revenues from taxation and other sources this year are falling below the estimates, and expenditures are exceeding the estimates. France will report a serious budgetary deficit again this year.

A critic of France remarked to me in Paris this summer: "The trouble with France is that the people are too rich and self-satisfied and independent, and the government is too poor. The people will not support the government through taxation; the French peasant has the means and is always willing to subscribe for government bonds, but he fights aggressively any effort to take a single franc away from him through taxation."

Making the Budget Balance

Though this is not strictly true, nevertheless it is a fact that the French peasant dislikes to pay taxes. During the war taxation was not increased in France as it was in England and the United States. Like Germany, France expected that the enemy would be held responsible for all war expenses. But aside from this, the war was fought mainly on French soil, and the producing power of the people was therefore tremendously curtailed. The difficulties of levying heavy taxes on a whole nation under arms made it impossible to increase taxation as was done in England and America.

France had no industrial war boom like England, America and the neutrals; she had no vast profiteering industries which could be levied on for revenue as was done in these other countries. Consequently during the war years revenue from taxes in France was no greater than before the war. The actual figures show that during the four years prior to the war French governmental revenues, aside from borrowings, amounted to about 20,000,000,000 francs, and that during the four war years the government collected in taxes and customs only about 21,000,000,000 francs. France's war costs were financed almost entirely by loans and bank advances and expansion of currency, whereas England and the United States were able to levy taxes to cover from one-quarter to one-third of the entire war costs.

As a consequence of this it has been infinitely harder for the government greatly to increase taxes, now that the war is over, than it would have been had the habit been developed during the war. Of course, important progress has been made. French revenue in 1920 was about 17,000,000,000 francs, as compared with an average of about 5,000,000,000 francs during the four war years; and this year France will collect well over 20,000,000,000 francs in actual revenues. Her ordinary expenses have not been reduced in the same proportion, but it is claimed that by 1922 she will be able to balance her ordinary budget.

But balancing her ordinary budget in the future will not solve the problem of carrying her heavy floating debt or financing her extraordinary budget or her budget of special expenditures. These latter accounts cover costs growing out of the war, and costs for the restoration of the devastated regions which she hopes to have ultimately covered by the reparation payments. They run into vast sums, and it is because of these great liabilities that the best banking and financial intelligence of the country has doubts regarding the future.

France is attempting to increase her revenues through various forms of indirect taxation, and is making fair progress in this

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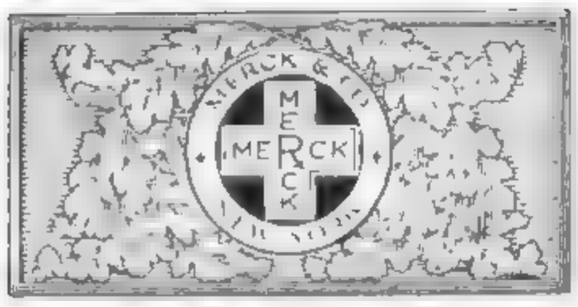

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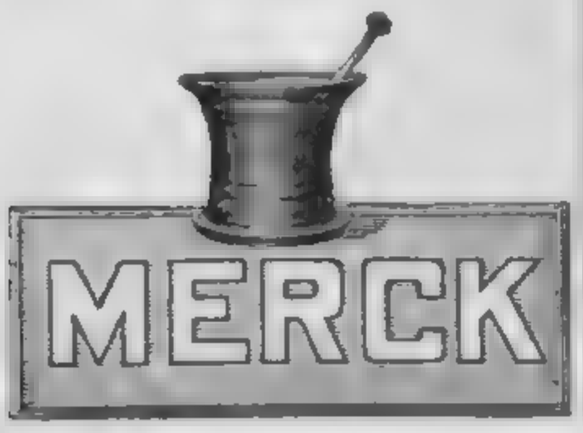

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respect. Her revenues, in spite of various disappointments, are aggregating more today than ever before. But she is fast approaching the limit of her capacity to collect taxes with conditions as they are. Before the war the sections of Northern France which are now rebuilding contributed largely to her taxation income, but it will be many years before revenues from this region can be fully restored. In short, it is out of the question for anyone to assume that France can solve her problems, even with the most expert management and with the best banking ability in the world, unless her revenues during the coming years can be enormously increased. And it is a simple enough matter to demonstrate that internal revenue will soon reach its limit in France, so far as income from taxes and customs is concerned.

Germany the Pivotal Nation

France is, of course, relying to a considerable extent on the payment of the reparations. Not that the thoughtful Frenchman expects that Germany will necessarily pay in full or that payments will be covered exactly as outlined, but he does figure on securing vast sums from Germany during the coming years. But this very dependence on Germany for reparation payments involves difficulties of the gravest sort. If, as I have said, the French people possess a valuable asset in their characteristics of frugality and industry and genius for saving and accumulating wealth, they are also burdened with a tremendous liability in their attitude toward a future prosperous Germany. Anyone visiting France with his eyes open, and talking to French people of various shades of opinion, will be impressed with the almost universal fear of a new Germany arising during the next twenty years and starting another war of aggression against France. Few Frenchmen are yet convinced that the military spirit can die out in Germany or that a new Germany is possible where the old Bismarckian principle of might will not rear its head again and make a new attempt at the subjugation of France. Fear of Germany is the dominant note in the mind of the average Frenchman.

France has succeeded in forcing the German Government to sign the ultimatum. She knows full well that it was the presence of her armies on the Rhine and the threat of invading the Ruhr region that brought Germany to terms. Consequently she continues to believe that only through the maintenance of her present military establishment can Germany be made to pay. The facts that Germany is disarmed; that German finances are in a far worse condition than French finances, and that Germany has no ally of any important kind who could or would come to her aid; that Germany cannot, so long as she is kept disarmed, do anything vital in a military sense—these facts do not affect the French view that the Germans are dangerous and will surely develop into a new menace to the peace of Europe unless kept weak and helpless.

They will say, "Yes, Germany is helpless; we have made her so. But she is dangerous; she is already plotting a new war."

Though this attitude on the part of the French is perfectly natural, yet we Americans, who are for the most part very fond of the French, cannot help but feel that if it continues to dominate their policy it will be more harmful for them than for Germany in the long run. It is abundantly clear that France cannot liquidate her vast war liabilities and finance her restoration costs through the productive efforts of her own people. And I think it can be demonstrated that even if France were to repudiate her internal debts and scale down her obligations by some arbitrary method she could not hope to prosper and progress without a general recovery in Europe, and especially without a great economic recovery in Germany.

The future of France, therefore, appears to be directly dependent on her attitude toward Germany during the coming few years. If, as some French financiers told me this summer, "Germany is to be kept down, and if she fails to pay we will go into the country and operate it," then there will be nothing but disaster ahead for France. A breaking up of Germany and an attempt on the part of France or any other nation to operate the country or to partition it in any way not acceptable to the Germans would be the height of folly. It is commendable for the French to say—as some of them do—that they intend to restore the devastated regions even if they get little or nothing from Germany; but it is foolish for them to assume that they will be better off in the long run if they keep Germany weak and poor and forgo the collection of the reparations.

To an impartial observer the outstanding problem regarding the future of the entire Continent of Europe hinges directly on what happens in Germany during the coming few years. For Europe to recover, France must recover; but there cannot possibly be any real and permanent progress made by France without a great comprehensive industrial and commercial development in Germany. I have held all along that Germany is capable of taking care of the reparation payments without difficulty in time. But she can only do this by enormously building up her production; by penetrating into other regions, and—most important of all—by having a vital share in the remaking of Russia during the decades to come. Even then, if Germany were not a very prolific nation, and if her population were practically stationary, like that of France, it would be too big a job for her. But Germany is going to have a population of 100,000,000 or more in the course of time; these people are going to be able to produce as efficiently as any of the enlightened peoples of the earth, and, given the raw materials, the credits and the economic outlets, the time will come when German reparation bonds may be as good an investment as German government bonds were a dozen years ago. France for many years to come will be the chief creditor of Germany, and if Germany develops into a well organized, efficient producer of wealth on a mammoth scale she will be the best sort of asset that France could possibly have.

But there is more in the situation than this. France, as we all know, suffered frightful losses in Russia. For a long series of years prior to the war French capital had gone into Russia in enormous amounts. Frenchmen were not only holders of large amounts of Russian government bonds, and had been the chief financiers in the development of the Russian railways, including the frightfully costly Trans-Siberian Railway, but the investments of the French people in Russian mining and industrial enterprises had run into many millions of francs. And during the war, before the overthrow of the Czarist government, France continually made advances to Russia for war purposes. These advances aggregate over 4,000,000,000 francs.

All of this enormous investment of capital in Russia has been lost to France. But every reasonable man knows, and every Frenchman knows, that some day a large part of this French investment may be made good again if we can assume that Russia is to live through her present nightmare and be restored to civilization.

Will Russia Come Back?

Russia's undeveloped resources are probably the greatest in the world; the possibilities of her becoming in the future a country of vast wealth production are not to be questioned. But the Russians, unaided, will never come back. If left alone a century might go by with no real progress made. The only hope for Russia in the future is that foreign capital and foreign brains, intelligence and experience will go into the country and turn the wheels of industry. No one nation can do this alone; probably no one nation would be allowed to do it alone. All nations are likely to have a hand in the rehabilitation of Russia, industrially and financially.

Great Britain, America, Germany, France and Italy will ultimately put Russia on her feet. But the people who know more about Russia than any others, who know the people and their language, who have had large commercial and industrial experience with Russia in the past, are the Germans. The recovery of Russia will probably depend more on German activity there during the coming quarter century than on anything else. And the probability of Germany paying any very large amount of the reparations also depends on her future activities in Russia. Germany can, if she is allowed to, work out a large part of her debt in this way.

The fear of Germany becoming strong enough financially and economically really to carry out plans for restoring Russia is one of the things which France fears and which she wishes to block. This fear of Germany spreading into and dominating Russia is, of course, back of France's whole policy in relation to Poland. To build up a strong bulwark on the east of Germany in order to separate her from Russia is the thought day and night of the French politician. It is simply another manifestation of his wish to keep Germany weak and helpless for all time. But it will, I believe, prove a foolhardy policy; and I think the French will be forced to realize this in time.

It will thus be seen that the situation with France is one of contradictory influences and situations which are extremely difficult of solution. The best banking management in Europe; principles of finance which are fundamentally commendable and sound; a population of industrious peasants who are the safest and sanest type in the world; strong believers in property rights because they are all property owners themselves; unusually free from revolutionary tendencies; steady accumulators of wealth—such are the real assets of France. But while on the one hand she is applying the principles of sound finance to her ordinary governmental activities, on the other hand she is carrying an enormous military expenditure, increasing her internal debt for military purposes and maintaining a political attitude which may make it impossible for her ever to get the much-needed reparation payments.

We have enough confidence in the good practical sense of France to believe that her need and the general force of circumstances will keep her away from the enforcement of a policy which will be equivalent to killing the goose that lays the golden egg. France must choose, without any doubt, between the policy of keeping Germany weak and thus forgoing collection of the reparations, and the policy of allowing Germany to grow strong and prosperous and coöperating with her in the general recovery of Europe, and thus insuring the collection of the reparations. The prosperity of Germany may be made to be the salvation of France, not the menace that she fears.

The Decline of Militarism

Two vital things must occur in Europe before we can safely say that the future is secure. The first is that the French people must become convinced that the new Germany is not bent on revenge; that the war spirit is not powerful among the people of Germany, and that unless kept alive by French policy it will become less of a factor as time goes on. It may not be possible for the Frenchman to believe this to-day. It is difficult for him to believe that the royalist party in Germany is growing weaker and that the German masses are lining up more strongly back of their representative government as the months go by. He is fed with so much propaganda by the newspapers and the French military party that he cannot see the situation as an impartial observer can. The views of Ludendorff and men of his type in Germany are given far more credence than any statements of Chancellor Wirth or the present government.

The Frenchman has not been in Germany and he does not know that the influence of the Ludendorff type is a steadily receding influence, and that his opinions are locally less important than ever before. He believes that the German masses are fully as subservient at heart and just as willing to subject themselves to military discipline as they were in 1914 or through the war years. He does not know that as the republican régime continues and social conditions become more normal the German people like their new freedom and independence more and more and are becoming increasingly loath to go back to the old standards.

The Junkers and others who prospered under the Kaiser recognize their weakness and bemoan their fate, but they do not pretend to be able to change it. Though some are secretly hoping for a counter-revolution and long to see the present government collapse, they are daily becoming less confident of success. The attitude of mind of this class is well illustrated by a conversation I had with one of them in Berlin. This man was one of the big financial powers during the régime of the Kaiser. On my remarking that the future of Germany presented some very interesting aspects he replied:

"Yes, that is all you can say about the future of Germany—it will be interesting.

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But it will only be interesting as a nation in decline. For my part I prefer to view the past of Germany, not her future. The country is going to the dogs, as any country must where there is no respect for authority, where there is no military training and where there is no sense of discipline or respect among the younger generation. The people of this country have gone mad; they actually want to govern themselves when they have had no experience in government except to coöperate and obey orders. There can be no future for a country where the younger generation is allowed to grow up in this free-and-easy way. They are losing all respect for their betters and their superiors.

"Let me tell you something," he continued. "I was a friend of the Emperor, and ten years ago when I walked down Unter den Linden people made a path for me and lifted their hats. But to-day I walk down Unter den Linden and if the sidewalk is crowded I am just as liable to be pushed into the gutter as anybody else. No, I can see nothing cheerful in the future for Germany, even if France should let us off easy. The reparation payments are killing us, but the growing indifference of the people to their past glorious history makes the situation hopeless."

Hopes for Compromise

I was at sufficient pains in my study of German opinion among the masses to be convinced that if Germany can keep her financial head above water and can continue functioning a year or two longer without revolution the thought of a new military régime will be practically dead. The only thing, as I have before stated, which will keep it alive will be a policy of repression on the part of the Allies. In Berlin last summer I attended a large gathering of about 5000 people—not political—representative of all classes. Among other things, a patriotic speech was delivered, and the response to the sentiments expressed indicated how the masses feel. References to the old régime, to the Kaiser and to the past military glory of Germany were greeted with silence or indifference; but when the speaker mentioned the new Germany of the people and the Germany of representative government the applause was loud and unanimous. And this was in Berlin, the home of the Prussian and the Hohenzollerns.

I talked on this general subject many times with Germans of the middle and lower classes, as well as those of high estate, and practically in all cases the opinion was expressed that the Germans had had enough of war; that they would not waste any time in thoughts of revenge if the French did not follow a policy of crushing them. They feel bitter over the terms of the ultimatum, but even these terms will not keep alive the spirit of revenge if aid or coöperation is forthcoming to enable Germany to meet her pledges. Possibly I am too optimistic, but I expect that public opinion in France will come round to this view in time. In any event it is vital that she should, if peace and stability in Europe are to become an accomplished fact in our time.

The other vital thing which must occur to insure the starting of Europe on the road to recovery is this: The German people must be convinced that the world at large expects her to meet her obligations, but that it also expects that the other nations involved will cooperate with Germany in aiding her to grow up in her productive powers so that she can meet them. Too many Germans cherish the belief that a compromise will be effected as a result of circumstances, and that she will be able to escape scot-free. Too many individual Germans in high places cherish the hope that Great Britain and America will abandon France and go to the side of Germany before very long.

This is certainly not the view of all the German masses who think about these things, and perhaps it is not the view of the present government; but it is the hope of many bankers and financiers and politicians of the old school.

They are hoping fervently that France will be foolhardy enough to allow Great Britain, Italy and America to leave her in the lurch. This is a view which quite widely prevails in German political circles and is doing serious damage to the whole situation.

I have said enough to indicate that in the problem of restoring stability to Europe the French and German situations are so closely correlated and their respective problems are so complementary and interdependent that they must be considered together. France cannot go it alone and recover; she is absolutely dependent on the extent to which Germany recovers. Germany cannot recover and at the same time meet her obligations unless she is allowed to become the great industrial workshop of Europe and expand her facilities of wealth production to an enormous extent. Germany grows in population far faster than France. She will probably continue to do so.

Germany must become more and more an industrial nation: France is not industrial and probably never will be. Germany has lost a great deal of iron, coal and other raw material to France, and France is better equipped than before to develop industrially. But France will probably never develop as a great industrial nation. She is fundamentally agricultural, and will likely remain so. Her backbone is the peasant, not the industrial worker. This condition may change in time, but any close examination of French character and French traditions convinces one that her long suit for at least a few generations will be her agricultural and not her industrial production.

Germany's Possibilities

Germany, with her 60,000,000 of prolific population, her high standard of education and her experience in industrial development, is the one great nation which, if properly handled, can produce the wealth to put Europe back on its feet during the years to come. Wrongly handled or forced to contract or given no chance for developing her great productive powers, she will be a continuous liability not only to France but to the entire world. A weak, circumscribed and disorderly nation in the heart of Europe would be the worst kind of breeder of future wars and continued political unsettlement. But an industrious, wealth-producing Germany, turning the interests and energies of her people to the arts of peace, would be Europe's greatest asset.

Everybody agrees that if economic rather than political interests dominated the policies of nations all misunderstandings could be adjusted without resort to arms, which is true enough. But enlightened policies among intelligent peoples can at least qualify stupid political ones in countries of advanced education and intelligence. This has frequently proved true in France, Germany, England and America before, and I believe it may prove true again. The remaking of Europe cannot be accomplished in a day or a year or a decade. But what can be done is to make a start in the right direction. The solution of the whole problem would be simple if the two greatest nations, France and Germany, could be started on this road together.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Moody. The next will appear in an early issue.

OBSERVATIONS IN SHAN-TUNG

(Continued from Page 13)

And near by, just round through a narrow lane which skirts the massive, marvelous old wall of the city, there is the great Temple of Dai Miao which dates from the Tang dynasty—A.D. 618 to 905—and exists to-day almost in its original form, except that like everything ancient and splendid in China it has gone to rack and ruin. It is magnificent in its extent, with a dozen or more solid and enormous temple buildings around a very large and finely wooded compound. Our American missionaries look at it longingly and talk about what a wonderful university it would make, and how little it would cost to remodel and repair it and fit it up for the highest modern educational purposes. And what a glorious campus the temple grounds would be! But Dai Miao is dedicated to the Lady of the Mountain, who is a rather dreadful person. She exists for the purpose of bestowing upon her worshipers increased fecundity. And in making a pilgrimage to her shrine at the summit of the mountain one is permitted to observe one of the chief secrets of China's deterioration.

No sensible white man would ever think of climbing Tai-shan on his own legs. It is not mountain climbing; it is climbing stairways. An occasional white man has done it, only to acknowledge afterward through days of physical agony that he had been exceedingly foolish. I wanted to walk up all on my own, but after the first of the eighteen amazing flights I was glad enough to bestow myself within the comfortable embrace of the curious, light, bamboo chair with which my six carriers were provided. These carriers make a life work of their unique calling and are remarkable for the development of their leg and shoulder muscles. They work in pairs, carrying one's chair shoulder-high on a long, stout, flexible pole, and relieving each other at regular intervals as they make the laborious ascent. They move with an exact and slow-measured precision that is an interesting thing to observe, and are not at all impressed by any kindly wish one may have to make it easier for them by getting down occasionally and walking. I walked perhaps a third of the distance, but was warned by the captain of the crew through my interpreter—a young Chinese professor from the mission school—that I should probably regret it, though it may just be that the professor put this warning into the mouth of the Number One coolie in order to save his own face. He could hardly be carried while I climbed, and I noticed that he was a very poor climber indeed.

It takes seven hours to make the ascent, but only about two hours to descend; and since some of the stairways are all but perpendicular and wind round precipitous cliffs that have a sheer drop on one side to a rocky river bed some hundreds of feet below, being carried down at the kind of pace the coolies set for themselves is an entertaining experience, to say the least. Your interest in their surefootedness exceeds any interest you might have in the magnificence of the views which spread themselves in everchanging contours and colors within the range of your vision. You keep feeling all the time that one of them must surely stub his toe, and you know that when he does a new point of interest will be added to the sacred mountain. You think of future pilgrims stopping to admire the spot where you were precipitated headfirst into kingdom come.

I did not journey to the summit of Tai-shan merely for the sake of the journey. I did it for the sake of observing the people; for the sake of getting, if I could, a more definite impression of the whys and the wherefores of the special significance to the Chinese of this land that has become so far-famed by virtue of foreign outrage against it. I had with me nobody but the young Chinese professor, and we had not gone far before I began to feel a sense of detachment and aloneness. Surely then I was a stranger in a strange land, and it might have been unpleasant if the people had not been so courteous and kindly in their manners toward me. I was the only foreigner on the mountain that day—indeed I was the only foreigner who had been there in many a day—and the crowds of pilgrims stared at me and chattered about me, but they smiled and made way for me on the steep, narrow paths and the stairways. Most of them were coming down and most of them were men. They had spent the night at the summit and many of them were carrying banners and curious emblems of various sorts to advertise this fact. Also, many of them were carrying obscene images boldly displayed: images to be taken home, set up in household shrines and prayed to for additional progeny.

Between the city wall and the first Gate of Heaven, where the ascent begins, there is a broad highway which belongs to the beggars. Each beggar family has staked out for itself its own small area, and each seems to respect the territorial right of all the others. A family or so from either side of the road—old men, old women, young people, little children and creeping babes—follow one for a certain distance, whining and beseeching, then they fall back to give

(Continued on Page 34)

"Our retail merchandise sales totaled $970,348 last year in a town of 2640 population."

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"One has only to take a trip through South Georgia to see how the farmer is advancing. He is improving his farm and building a better home, with modern comforts and conveniences. He owns an automobile, has a telephone and often electric lighting and water systems. The rural free delivery brings him the daily newspaper and his own business publication.

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Confectioner, sales $1,400 first three months.
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(Continued from Page 32)

way to others; and so one is accompanied, not only along this particular road but all the way to where the steepest climb begins. And what terrible creatures they are! All of them unbelievably ragged and filthy; all of them sunk in a benightedness beyond words to express; many of them displaying unsightly deformities; some of them maimed by life's hardships and, without hands or feet, crawling in the dust on elbows and knees like some species of hideous beast. A permanent population, accepted as such and permitted to increase.

I have said that the pilgrims were mostly men, but there were a few women and girls, and I can only say that the sight of them made my heart ache and left me with a feeling of considerable sadness and hopelessness as I thought of China's future.

I suppose I should be filling these pages with expressions of righteous indignation against those who have taken advantage of China's weakness to rob her of her economic inheritance and to undermine her national integrity, but I shall get to that later on perhaps. In the meantime it is just as well to take a look at the Chinese as they really are for the purpose of comparing them with the Chinese as we are beginning mistakenly to view them.

The Chinese are not the clever revolutionists and astute commercial men of Canton with whom we are so familiar; they are not the sleek and rather splendid citizens of Shanghai who have rubbed shoulders with the West for so long that the West has little left to offer them; they are not the sophisticated coolie mobs of the treaty ports or the laborers who labor on the outer fringe of Chinese national life in the light of Western conceptions; they are not the fine-mannered gentlemen of Tientsin or the stately statesmen of Peking; they are not the thousands of returned students from foreign universities, who almost invariably regard themselves as strangers in a strange land. All these are elements in the population, the leaven, it is true, that may serve as time goes on to lighten the mass; but the mass is the massed multitude in the vast interior that for the time being must be thought of as having never been reached by a single gleam of modern enlightenment. The chief characteristic of the race is conservatism, and anyone who imagines this conservatism as having given way in a general sense to new ideas, new modes and new methods has in his mind a very inaccurate picture.

The Tortures of Foot-Binding

For instance, through the writings and reports of foreign observers most of us have recently been induced to believe that all Chinese men have cut off their queues and that little girls and women are no longer subjected to the tortures of foot binding. But neither of these things is true. It is true that there are not many queues left in the cities in which there is a strong foreign influence, nor are there many high-class Chinese anywhere who continue to cling to this one-time so highly valued adornment; but if you would know something about the uncompromising attitude of the people as a whole you must get together, as I did, a little cart caravan and strike out into the railroadless and newspaperless interior. On many a day's journey across country, through villages and towns and considerable cities, you would not see a single shorn head, and all your ideas about the awakening and the rejuvenation of China would find themselves hopelessly at variance with an inescapable conclusion that anything in the nature of an actual change in this amazing land will probably take place in a too gradual way to be currently observable.

As for the cruel practice of binding the feet of little girls, I need only say that on a journey in the spring of this year I covered a large part of Shan-tung and Southern Chih-li, and except in Christian mission schools did not see one single little girl over nine years of age with unbound feet. And a little girl with newly bound feet is a most pitiable creature. As she grows older either she begins to get used to the agony or her developing vanity helps her to bear it. But when she is a little girl just emerged from foot-free childhood the thing she is compelled to live through is not to be described. She will sit for days on end and do nothing but cry—into herself as it were—softly, helplessly, hopelessly. And when she staggers out to play she stumps around on her heels holding her little bound toes up, and one is likely to observe her at any moment giving way to a spasm of unbearable pain. It probably is the most dreadful thing in the world. But, strange as it may seem, a four-inch foot is still an asset to a Chinese woman.

To be sure, the modern cities are filled with modern women with big feet—Number Twos or Threes at most, ordinarily, because the feet of Chinese women are naturally small—and such women even become proficient in modern dancing and may be seen in cabarets and fashionable restaurants fox-trotting, two-stepping and even toddling to American jazz music with smart young men from the universities; but the mass of the people has not ceased even in China to make up the bulk of the population, and the bulk of the Chinese population is still steeped in the traditions of millenniums past.

At the Nunnery

The best thing to do about this China is to be patient with it and not expect it to adapt itself to anything in the nature of abrupt reform. In spite of many of its customs and conditions, it is a China imbued with a rather tremendous nobility so far as basic character is concerned; a China we can get along with easily enough; a China we can help up with both pride and pleasure in every effort we may make. Our lines of thought and action are to regard the Chinese with unqualified friendliness and to keep on attacking their colossal conservatism at its every vulnerable point.

But to return to the women pilgrims: There were a number of splendidly dignified old ladies being carried, as I was, in bamboo chairs; but for the most part there were young women and rather precocious-looking girls stumping along with men companions—I saw no unbound feet on Tai-shan—and making merry after the peculiar Chinese fashion with which one becomes familiar. The habits of thought of the average Chinese woman are not such as would cause her to feel a sense of ease and congeniality in the atmosphere of a First or even a Second Presbyterian Church, but she thinks according to her lights, and after all, to be perfectly fair, it is not to be denied that shadows of wrong thinking have been known to bedarken to some extent even the brightest of Christian circles. I have nothing to offer in the way of prejudiced criticism.

About halfway up the mountain we came to a Buddhist nunnery. They call it Buddhist, that is, but it is not Buddhist or anything else definitely definable by the rules of religion as we know them. It is a curious and interestingly ponderable fact that most non-Christian convents are anything but conventual, whereas Buddhist and Mohammedan and other monasteries usually breathe an atmosphere of spiritual serenity and detachment from worldly considerations that could not be surpassed.

We went in to pay the nuns a visit, and though I was not exactly expecting to see a devout company engaged in spiritual devotions, what I did see surprised me. In their cloistered seclusion they suggested anything you like, but certainly not anything in the nature of piety as we understand that admirable attribute.

The Cobwebbed Goddess

At one end of the open courtyard stood an open temple, or shrine, in the deep shadows of which rose a huge gilded image, while on a long teakwood altar at its feet were displayed hundreds of the obscene little figures, already referred to, which pilgrims buy and carry away—funny little rollicking, rotund, porcelain boys. There were nuns here and there in groups talking with groups of pilgrims, while many others sunned themselves on long benches before the cell-like huts lining either side of the courtyard, smoking all the time and chattering volubly. They were all dressed alike in black satin padded coats and trousers and tiny black satin shoes, while their religiously devotional headdress consisted of huge ear buns of glossy hair topped by a little round-brimmed, black velvet cap which looked as though its whole intention was to be saucy and alluring. I noticed that they laughed immoderately and had loud, high-pitched voices, which is very unusual among Chinese women of the better classes. Also, that they were able to throw groups of men into convulsions of merriment. I stood by and listened for a few moments to one particularly boisterous company, and then asked the professor what it was all about. He assured me that he did not know the English for what was being said!

All of which may sound like pretty plain writin'. But why not? Don't forget that the Lady of the Mountain was probably prayed to even by the mother and no doubt by the father of Confucius himself.

At the top of the mountain there are temples as fine as any I have ever seen, grouped among the granite crags and built in such conformity with the contours of the hills as to form a scene of extraordinary charm. With their graceful uptilted roofs of shining, glazed tiles in brilliant greens and purples and yellows and blues, they are like fairy temples built of jewels, and I thought of them as justifying all my youthful visions of China that I got from books and pictures and some beautiful old prints and that did so much in the first place to lure me westward to the East.

But inside—not so fine! I went through a quaint and curiously ornamented circular doorway in a granite wall and came into the flag-paved courtyard of the main temple of the Lady. I climbed up into the broad and handsomely pillared portico of this temple and gazed in through a grating of close-set iron bars at the heroic image of Herself, where she sits in the dim light of a deeply recessed altar; and the immediate conclusion I came to was that she had not been dusted, nor had the cobwebs been removed from her sacred form, for at least five centuries. But she was majestic nevertheless, and the great floor space of her splendid shrine was covered with copper coins that had been tossed in through the

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GOODYEAR

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

(Continued from Page 34)

grating—with prayers, no doubt, or superstitious wishes—by innumerable reverent or otherwise pilgrims.

I asked the professor how often the coins were taken away. He didn't know. Either he didn't know much about anything or he was sadly conscious that much of what he might have elucidated for my benefit would have seemed to me to be very curious. I have a tremendous sympathy for the young and modernly educated Chinese who must think the thoughts of the modern world and live the life of China. Many such men, and a few women, are to be met in the out-of-the-way places, and they are reticent with a reticence that no amount of kindly persuasion can overcome. The professor had no idea how often the coins were removed, but I was a bit insistent about it, so he asked a kind of shabby-looking caretaker who hovered at our heels, and he said they were shoveled out every three or four years and distributed among the poor, and that he had seen them accumulate to a depth of as much as six inches on the level. He was exaggerating of course, but not too thoroughly for all intents and purposes.

In such temples there is no resident priesthood; they know no ceremonies or ceremonials save as ceremonies and ceremonials may be prescribed and prepared for special occasions; they are the property of no special sect; the government alone is responsible for their upkeep, and that, no doubt, is why most of them are so terribly run down.

But, though it may be interesting enough to wander up through China, making casual observations and wondering about things, one really ought to get somewhere sooner or later, and my intention when I began to write was not to linger along but to go directly to Tsi-nan-fu, the capital of Shan-tung. Tsi-nan-fu is about two hours on up the railroad from Taian and the sacred mountain. It doesn't sound like much of a place, but as a matter of fact it is a city of approximately 300,000 inhabitants; and when a city in our own country gets to be as big as that it has to be reckoned with as a center of something or other and regarded with due respect.

The distribution of the population of China is a curious thing to contemplate. A hundred thousand people may be gathered together within what might rightly be regarded as city limits, but on the map their city will be indicated as a mere village that is not worth considering. Moreover they will not have established a single feature of city organization. Villages of 100,000 inhabitants are rather difficult to visualize, but they exist in China.

The Forbidden City

Tsi-nan-fu is a center in its way. It is the center of a tremendous heart interest, for one thing. Also it might be thought of as a railway center, since it has two important railroads and is the terminal for one of them. This is the Tsi-nan-Tsing-tao line, or the Shan-tung Railroad, as it is called, that was built by the Germans and is now "owned" by the Japanese. My use of quotation marks in this instance is meant only as an acknowledgment of the debatable aspects of the Japanese ownership with which the whole world is familiar. We will discuss that later on, perhaps, but just now it may be as well to wander along for purposes principally of look-see, as the Chinese say.

For to admire and for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried.

Tsi-nan-fu boasts a number of ancient glories and Oriental allurements that will one day, no doubt, make it a center of attraction for many sight-seers. There is a magnificent old wall, to begin with. One never ceases to be enthusiastic and exclamatory about the walls of Chinese cities. They are so splendidly eloquent of the greatness of China's past, and they make alive in one's mind so many dead centuries of colorfully storied days.

One hopes sincerely that the Chinese will soon get together, resolve their differences and settle down to orderly processes of national life, and that one of the results of their reorganization and reconstruction will be the establishment of some kind of governmental agency charged with the duty of preserving the country's age-old structures and historical monuments. There is a tendency on the part of the young generation of traveled and educated Chinese to belittle the value of such things, to be contemptuous in their attitude toward them rather than proud and appreciative. Such ultramoderns would exchange a battlemented granite wall of vast antiquity and infinite grace for a cast-iron fence of German scrollwork and consider the transaction a step forward in China's advancement.

Take the walls of Nanking, for instance—the greatest of them all, with the exception of those which inclose and reinclose the cities of Peking, Peking being a series of cities enveloped into one. The walls of Nanking are being destroyed in places to make way for industrial plants, and, as one views them from the railway, are being used for the display of hideous commercial advertisements such as disfeature so much of the American landscape.

All of which reminds me of an incident I think I must tell about. It will be a digression, but in line with the general trend of the thoughts I am endeavoring to express; and afterward I can return to Tsi-nan-fu.

In Peking one day some Chinese friends of mine took me into the inner inmostness of the Forbidden City. It is popularly supposed that the veils upon veils of mystery in which this one-time holy of holies was enshrouded have been not only rent but wholly cast aside. This is not true. Chinese conservatism maintains itself in many ways no less rigidly in Peking than in other parts of China, and the republican successors of the Manchus have not yet entirely accustomed themselves to the idea of opening all the doors there are and letting into Chinese national life whatever elements of change may happen to present themselves. They continue to cling to a good many of the old forms and ceremonials of governmental procedure, and seek to add unto themselves a few rays at least of the aura of unapproachableness in which the old sovereign power was enveloped. They have made the Forbidden City the headquarters of their authority and conduct the affairs of government for the most part from within its magnificent seclusion.

A Mock Cabinet Meeting

My Chinese friends were a prominent Chinese banker, a man who grew up as a young courtier in the court of the Manchus; one of the tutors of the young emperor, a gentleman who speaks English with such nicety and distinction as I could never hope to equal; and a young Chinese woman who is a product of one of our great women's colleges and is known in her own circle as a walking encyclopedia. A kind of Chinese Portia, she is; very wise, very witty and exceedingly good-looking, but a republican of the extreme variety and somewhat extreme in a good many of her ordinary impulses. The men were quite commonplace in their instinctive respectfulness toward everything, but she seemed to think it was her republican duty to refuse to be impressed in any way unless it might be painfully. It was her first visit, as well as mine, to those parts of the city that are still more or less forbidden, and her stolidity, therefore, as we passed from one scene of enchantment to another, interested me. I could have lingered for a week in the colorful and labyrinthine favorite haunts of the old empress dowager, for instance, finding a wonderful story to tell to myself at every turn; but she could not be induced to be more than casually observant.

We went into a detached and specially interesting palace which emperors for generations used for purposes of personal seclusion and in one long room of which the present government holds its cabinet meetings. This room is now furnished with a long, heavy table of foreign manufacture and a number of stiff, foreign chairs of the usual committee-room variety. In front of each chair, on the otherwise bare table, were a small square of blotting paper, a Chinese writing outfit and a name plate with a ministerial title engraved upon it.

We decided to have a meeting. The banking gentleman seized the reins of government and appointed himself premier. He made me minister of finance, because, he said, it was a job no Chinese ought ever to be trusted with. The other man bestowed himself in the place of the minister of the interior, while the lady chose the portfolio of railways and communications. After which we sat for an hour, and partly in earnest, partly in fun, proceeded to untangle the tangles of China and provide measures for her speedy and splendid regeneration. The only difficulty was that in my capacity as minister of

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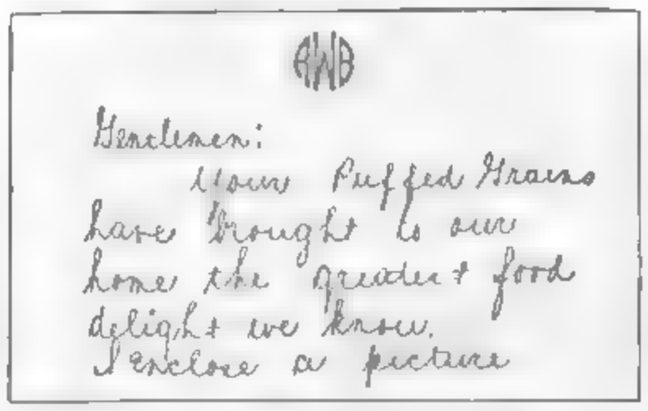

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They are whole grains made wholly digestible.

Every food cell is exploded. Over 100 million steam explosions occur in every kernel.

They are the best-cooked cereals in existence.

* * * *

Whole wheat contains 16 needed elements. This process makes all of them available as food.

It fits whole grains for all-hour foods—they so easily digest.

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice should be served to children abundantly and often.

Not at meal time only. Try dousing them with melted butter for hungry children after school.

Every serving means an ideal food.

Puffed Rice

The supreme breakfast dainty. As flimsy as a snowflake, as flavory as almonds. It forms a food confection.

Puffed Wheat

In every bowl of milk. Whole wheat puffed to bubbles.

No other method makes wheat so enticing, so easy to digest.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

finance I was unable to meet the demands of the others, and the meeting broke up on a final decision that I was a total failure and probably also a good deal of a grafter.

The Forbidden City consists of a series of palaces in acres of magnificent park. The buildings, or those that are built in the graceful old Chinese style, are for the most part a perfect riot of fantastic ornamentation and brilliant color, the principal roofs all being of the shining, imperial yellow tile, the color of which was reserved in the days of the empire for imperial use only. An occasional roof of bright blue or purple or green, lifting itself in airy lightness among the trees, adds to what seemed to me to be a general effect of unreality. It is a dream city. I did not hesitate to express my delight in it, but the little woman in the charming Chinese garments had nothing whatever to say.

On a rocky island in the middle of a lovely lake there is a small palace that for grace and color and Oriental allurement must surely be regarded as the ultimate. It was in this palace that the Emperor Kwang-su was imprisoned from 1898 until the day of his death. They just put him over there and then destroyed a span of the old marble bridge which connected the island with the mainland. After which they probably surrounded him with watchers and spies who had to watch and spy faithfully or else forfeit their own lives—and there he was!

The destroyed span of the bridge has been replaced by a temporary wooden structure, and we went across in rikshas to have tea in the little palace; tea in a Chinese fairyland—that is what it amounted to. In a great big mulberry-purple kind of teakwood room we bestowed ourselves restfully on deep divans upholstered in mulberry satin brocade, and, while the learned young gentleman who helps to enlighten the boy emperor translated for us the maxims and brief poems with which the walls are decorated in great black ideographs on grounds of gold, tea was brought in by an aged and lonesome-looking servitor who, as I afterward observed, seemed to be more or less permanently attached to a broom and a feather duster. I saw nobody else about the place, and decided that he alone kept it in its immaculate state. It was like a valued and beautiful treasure lovingly cared for. With its windows overlooking a fantastic rockery ornamented with dwarfed and quaintly distorted pines and sloping away down to a jewel-like pavilion set at the edge of the lake, I found in it the most utterly quiet and profoundly peaceful atmosphere I had ever encountered. I was having a wonderful time; my impressions were all sunlit and satisfying; but the continued silence and solemnity of my ordinarily vivacious little friend began to worry me. Finally I said to her:

"Why, my dear, are you so depressed? I believe I like all this better than you do. I believe I have a better appreciation of its beauty and charm and its splendid ageoldness. Isn't that rather curious?"

The Voice of Young China

"Not curious at all," she replied. "You must remember that you are on the outside looking in, while I am on the inside looking out. I am depressed because I see my people trying to build a new state on this rotten foundation. And it can never be done! No Chinese republic will ever flourish in this kind of atmosphere. We must get away from it; abandon it; strike out into new ways; adopt new standards; cut loose from everything that is soft and seductive; detach ourselves from our everlasting past and adapt ourselves to the principles and the necessities of the twentieth century.

"We ought not to be using these haunted palaces for governmental purposes. And with the young emperor living a life of practical imprisonment in one of them and pulling all the time at the heartstrings of all of us! Nothing that is or ever has been is his fault. But we want to erect a Chinese republic. It is the best way to reanimate, to revivify the people. It is the best thing in every way for the people if they can be induced to participate in it. And in time they can be. Modern education, acceptance of modern conceptions, a general giving way to the pressure of modern necessity—all this will come. But not while our leaders loll round in this kind of environment. I should like to see a new government center outside and away from all this; something new and entirely our own, even though for the time being we could afford to build it out of nothing but pine boxes! I should like to see all this swept by fire and wiped off the face of the earth!"

"Why, you astounding little vandal!" I exclaimed.

Then we had a long talk about the possibilities; about how a new government center might be established, she being a bit too tremendously American in her worships and wanting reproductions of our own Capitol, White House and Treasury, while I was devotedly Chinese and hoped for a mere adaptation to modern necessities of ancient Chinese forms. Also I was in favor of preserving the Forbidden City as a great park and filling its palaces with art treasures to the end that it would be the most extraordinary Oriental museum in all the world, and a unique and priceless national possession. She liked this idea well enough.

"But," she said, "I would tear down its walls, open it up and let the children play in it!"

"Oh, how could you? Its walls are wonderful!"

"So is the Great Wall. So are the outer walls of Peking. Wouldn't the preservation of those be sufficient? You can't realize to what an extent we are spiritually inclosed within walls and all they represent. Past ages! I am modernly educated, as you are. I know the same histories; have read the same books; am influenced by the same influences that influence you. Can you imagine what it means to such a Chinese woman to live the life of China these days; to be in the midst of the hopeless struggle, taking an active part in it; to be on the inside looking out?"

Japanese Self-Analysis

We gave back our share of the indemnity that the Chinese were compelled to pay for the Boxer Rebellion against foreign aggression in their country, and it was set aside by the Chinese Government as a fund to be used for the support of Chinese students in American colleges and universities. My young friend was an American indemnity student. She is somewhat unusual in her mental qualities, but not particularly so in her spiritual reactions. She is one among a very large and constantly increasing number. What the influence of her kind—I mean both men and women—must eventually amount to in China is not difficult to imagine.

From this point I could fly off at another tangent and unburden myself of a lot of speculations about yellow perils and yellow streaks and things of that sort, but in the meantime there is Tsi-nan-fu, the center of a tremendous heart interest, as I have said.

In Tsi-nan-fu one encounters the concentrated essence of Chinese resentment against the Japanese. And what a pity it all is!

As I write I feel no sense of enmity against Japan; merely a sense of bewilderment that a nation should have made so many incomprehensible moves. I know that in recent years Japan, after having enjoyed the highest esteem of all right-thinking peoples, has come to be the bur under the collar of the world, but I believe this to be due more to misconceptions on her part than to basic deficiencies.

The Japanese know that as regards their attitudes and intentions there is a question mark in the mind of practically every other people on earth, but they do not seem to understand why, and their mystification must surely be accepted as evidence in their favor. In their magazines and newspapers they print many angry-sounding communications and articles about the criticism of other peoples, which seem to them to be unjust; but in their attempts to analyze their situation they seem to miss for some reason a good many points that it might be to their lasting interest to consider. They are very immature in the art of self-criticism and appear to concentrate on an effort to strengthen in their own minds a belief that they are victims of a world-wide prejudice founded chiefly upon race antagonism. In Paris they even tried to write into the peace treaty an amendment to the natural constitution of mankind making race antagonism illegal. But race antagonism is an instinct, and becomes a vice only in its occasionally vicious manifestations, like almost any instinct

(Continued on Page 40)

AS MEN COME AND GO

Several men enter a public place. One may have spent lavishly on his clothes, and with all his extravagance obtained only an effect of being overdressed. Another has perhaps invested but a tithe of that expenditure in his appearance, yet there is a subtle something, an "expression" if you will, in the hang of his clothes and the ease of his manner which draws true deference from all who serve or note him.

Nice discrimination has visioned for him the folly of fussing with futile tailors—and well he knows that the vast majority of ordinary ready-to-wear clothes are not for him. Instinctively this man recognizes that Hirsh, Wickwire Clothes are quite the sort of garments he approves.

HIRSH, WICKWIRE CLOTHES

Tailored by Hirsh, Wickwire Company

CHICAGO NEW YORK

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If your friends were entirely frank with you

THERE are some subjects that your most intimate friends habitually dodge in conversation. Even wives and husbands often back away from them.

Halitosis is one of these.

What is it? Why, Halitosis is the scientific term meaning unpleasant breath. And nine people out of ten suffer from this trouble either chronically or from time to time.

One of the most trying things about Halitosis is this: the victim of it is usually not aware himself of the fact that his breath is not agreeable to those about him.

Halitosis may come from a disordered stomach, from bad teeth, catarrh, too much smoking, eating or drinking. It may be temporary; it may be lasting. When it is chronic it's a case for your physician to look after. Let him get at the seat of the trouble.

For temporary relief, however, and for that comfortable assurance that your breath *is* sweet and clean, there is one simple, ready precaution you may yourself observe: Listerine—used as a mouth wash.

Thousands of people now know this delightful antiseptic for its wonderfully effective properties as a breath deodorant. They use it systematically as a mouth wash and gargle because it relieves them of that uncomfortable suspicion that their breath may not be just right.

By doing so, of course, they are at the same time observing a sensible method of preserving mouth hygiene, guarding against sore throat and the more serious germ diseases that find entrance to the system through the mouth—all of which the antiseptic properties of Listerine combat.

If you are at all sensitive about your breath, you will welcome Listerine. It is the most agreeable and effective way to counteract Halitosis.

Once you have tried Listerine and enjoyed the fresh, clean feeling it leaves about your mouth, throat and teeth, you will never be without it—at home or in your traveling bag.

If you will send us your name and address and fifteen cents we shall be glad to forward you a generous sample of Listerine, together with a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste sufficient for 10 days' brushings.

Address Lambert Pharmacal Co., 2117 Locust St., St. Louis.

For Halitosis use Listerine

(Continued from Page 38)

with which humanity is blessed or cursed. But even if it could be controlled by legal processes, by treaties and agreements, the Japanese would be compelled to admit that in the conscious and systematic cultivation of racial self-sufficiency they are the foremost on earth.

We are meeting together in a weighty conference to discuss weighty matters, and we may not be discourteous one to another. We may not be even frank, perhaps, because there are such mighty issues in the balance; such tremendous possibilities to be avoided at whatever cost. If I had been writing this article three months ago I might have handled this part of the subject with more freedom than I now feel justified in exercising, but I do feel justified even now in setting forth in as reasonable a manner as possible a few items of general interest in connection with the Shan-tung controversy.

Limitation of armaments or no limitation, we will never go to war with Japan unless Japan insists upon it. This I believe. Any war we may ever have to fight with Japan will be fought, so far as we are concerned, in self-defense and in defense of the generally recognized if not very firmly established principles of international morality. This being true, it is inconceivable that any such war will ever have to be fought. Those who would bring such a war about for the purpose of adjusting disputed economic relationships have an extremely limited vision, it seems to me. To imagine that the economic future of the great Asian continent could be pivoted upon a victory in war of some outside people and made thereafter to develop in conformity with that people's will is to imagine the unimaginable. Either the United States or Japan might win a war, but neither could possibly win anything that in the long run could be defined. I am thinking of course in terms of generations, and those are the terms in which every people should think that proposes to go to war.

The Open-Door Policy

Perhaps just now it is unwise even to think the word "war," to say nothing of actually writing it. But open understandings openly arrived at are better avenues for the interchange of international opinion and disagreements than whispering galleries. And it is not to be denied that the whispering galleries of the world are echoing to-day with this fearsome word, and that a lot of the whispering recently has been in the Japanese language.

Our feeling of friendliness toward China is as genuine and disinterested, I believe, as anything in our national life; but our advocacy of the open-door policy is merely to say that we have as much right as any outside people to share in the inevitable fruits of China's development and the gradual inclusion of the Chinese within the comity of advanced and economically interrelated nations. One of the legitimate complaints we have against the Japanese is that in the universal battle for existence they demand admittance to the ring on terms of equality, while at the same time they turn tricks to their own advantage through the employment of what might rightly be described as a kind of diplomatic jiujitsu. Though they hold our attention with quite convincing professions of belief in the sacredness of the Chesterfieldian principles, they are engaged in demonstrating that the Japanese diplomatic hand is quicker than the universal diplomatic eye.

But for the time being we are perfectly good-natured about it, and I believe that for the time being the Japanese have suspended their offensive against us in the Far East. We have been fighting a war of words, with accusations and counter accusations, for quite a while; but now there is an armistice, and it is to be hoped that this armistice may end in a great peace and a renewal of the fine relationship that we mutually enjoyed for so many years. But they will have to accept the fact that there are differences between us.

We do not and never have denied them social equality, but economic equality with them is a thing we are not able and never shall be able to achieve. In this we are different from them with a difference that is vastly different from their difference from us. Ours is the big and heavy end of the difference. They should take that into consideration. It could easily be demonstrated by sending to Japan a few hundred American workmen to compete with Japanese workmen in their own field.

If the Japanese would admit to Japan foreign workmen or industrial producers of any kind—which they never would!—the Americans would have to be subsidized in order that they might live, and the margin of life's necessities provided for them by subsidy would represent the margin of difference between them and their Japanese competitors. The Japanese enjoy a tremendous advantage. They are to be envied, not commiserated with. I wish we could reduce life to such simple terms, imbue it with such charm and live it with such niceness as is peculiar to life in Japan.

We are going to discuss all these things with the Japanese, and in expecting them to be intelligently analytical and wholly reasonable we are not going to be disappointed. But as China's friend we are also going to discuss with them the Chino-Japanese relationship. They may think we are not, but we are, and it may be that we will find it necessary to ask for a considerable modification of the Japanese position. As I write the newspapers are saying that the Japanese will not consent to a discussion of any question touching their own interests, which they regard as having been settled at Versailles, but I doubt if they will be able to escape a recognition of the fact that some of these questions are part and parcel of the whole Far Eastern problem.

In refusing to negotiate with the Japanese for the return to China of the German concessions in Shan-tung the Chinese must surely be regarded as having displayed unusual wisdom and firmness of decision, even though in the end they may have to accept the situation as it has been developed and make the best of it. That the Japanese have any intention of getting out of Shan-tung or surrendering to the Chinese anything that it might be to their material interest to hold is not to be believed even by their most convinced admirers or most complaisant friends. In another article I shall attempt to describe the processes by which they have so swiftly intrenched themselves in this most densely populated and most valuable of Chinese provinces and by which they have secured themselves in their economic supremacy; but I must hasten to the end of this by a few references merely to their extraordinary invasion of the city of Tsi-nan-fu. And I shall not be able to cover the subject; not by any means.

No part of this city was included in the German concession except a railroad right of way and a site for a railway terminal; and the Germans never sought to intrude upon the Chinese in any area whatsoever outside the leased territories. Moreover the Germans invaded China in small numbers—there never were more than 3000 German civilians in the concession at one time—and they gave the Chinese employment in every possible capacity, not only on the railroad but in all their rapidly developed and developing industries.

Japanese In Tsi-nan-fu

One of the minor Chinese complaints now is that all the better-paid Chinese in the leased territories have been thrown out of employment and that no Chinese can possibly get a job that a Japanese can live on—and this is true. Not that I wish to defend the Germans. They had no more real right in Shan-tung than the Japanese have, but perhaps in their day they had as much right in Shan-tung as other foreigners had in dominant positions in other Chinese ports and areas of great material value. At any rate they were making one of the original attacks against Chinese conservatism at a time when such attacks were for the best good of the greatest number not only in China but throughout the world. It has to be admitted that they did a good job, and that—due perhaps to their wish to conciliate rather than to irritate—they treated the Chinese with due consideration. Incidentally, the geographical location of their empire and their complete nonrelationship to the Chinese race saved them from looming in the Chinese mind as a permanent menace. And, as I have said, they did not intrude in the city of Tsi-nan-fu even by so much as demanding a residential concession.

I am told that in 1914 there were just nine Japanese in Tsi-nan-fu. They were all women and all members of the oldest profession. In 1914 there were only 316 Japanese in the entire province. There are now, according to their own figures, approximately 30,000. In Tsi-nan-fu there are between 2000 and 3000 of them occupying a quarter of their own. How this population came into possession of its quarter I know in a sketchy kind of way, but not in sufficient detail to write about it in an authoritative way. I do know that the stories about the Japanese methods of procedure are not nice, and I haven't the slightest doubt that most of them are at least partly true, and being even partly true they are quite sufficiently damning.

I know that the American consul finally rose up in his wrath and induced a French building-and-loan association in Tientsin to establish a branch in Tsi-nan-fu in order that Chinese owners of property might mortgage their holdings to the limit and by processes of foreclosure, which might or might not be taken up with the French minister in Peking, get rid of Japanese tenants who would neither pay rent nor buy at a reasonable figure. The Japanese have not been able in Tsi-nan-fu—as they have in Tsing-tao and all up and down the railroad—to fall back on military necessity as an excuse for their aggressions; but nevertheless they have succeeded in establishing a police domination which seems wholly to disregard the fact that Tsi-nan-fu is a Chinese city. And I have never heard of any diplomatic negotiations with regard to a Japanese concession and Japanese rights in Tsi-nan-fu such as were put through in a note dated May 25, 1915, to make unassailable Japanese claims to permanent privileges in Tsing-tao.

The Opium Trade

The Japanese quarter in Tsi-nan-fu consists largely of one vast house of merriment, which is rather more than usually disreputable in its surface aspects for the reasons that its geisha girls are mostly about third rate, while its women are anything but select.

It is said to be the center of a widespread and most extraordinary opium-distributing system; but the illicit distribution of opium and morphia in China is too grave and extensive a subject to be even touched in such an article as this, and I can only refer those who may be interested to the easily available reports of the International Anti-Opium Association, an organization which has no need to be diplomatic and is able to hurl its accusations and denunciations against the various countries of the earth with a fine disregard for individual national feelings and with complete and unquestionable impartiality.

The accusations it hurls against Japan are not such as I would care to have hurled against my own country, though the accusations against my own country are serious enough in all conscience. The Japanese, in effect, are accused of seeking to demoralize with narcotics the Chinese populations that they wish to dominate.

On the first day of March, 1921, the Japanese acknowledged and gave up a government monopoly of an opium trade through the port of Tsing-tao which had been yielding a local revenue of more than 3,000,000 yen—$1,500,000—a year, and Tsing-tao is only one of many points of easy invasion of Chinese territory that are controlled by the Japanese. And though the Tsing-tao monopoly has been abolished, in view of the unchecked and unregarded smuggling operations of large numbers of Japanese it is not thought that this tardy but admirable action on the part of the government will serve to lessen to any great extent the iniquitous traffic which has done more than anything else to blacken Japan's record in Shan-tung.

The new Japanese quarter in Tsi-nan-fu is for the most part disreputable, but its disreputable inside is surrounded by an outside that commands one's instant if reluctant admiration; an outside of fine material intrenchment made visible in institutions, governmental and otherwise, housed in truly magnificent modern structures—all built in feverish haste since 1915—that make the rest of the city look strangely ancient and decrepit and hopelessly dilapidated. The Japanese achievement is a magnificent example for the Chinese to contemplate. It is better than anything the Germans ever did; better than anything I have ever seen a people do within such a brief period of time. But the Chinese—even the most modern and ambitious among them—are not interested in the example. They are interested only in the Japanese intention.

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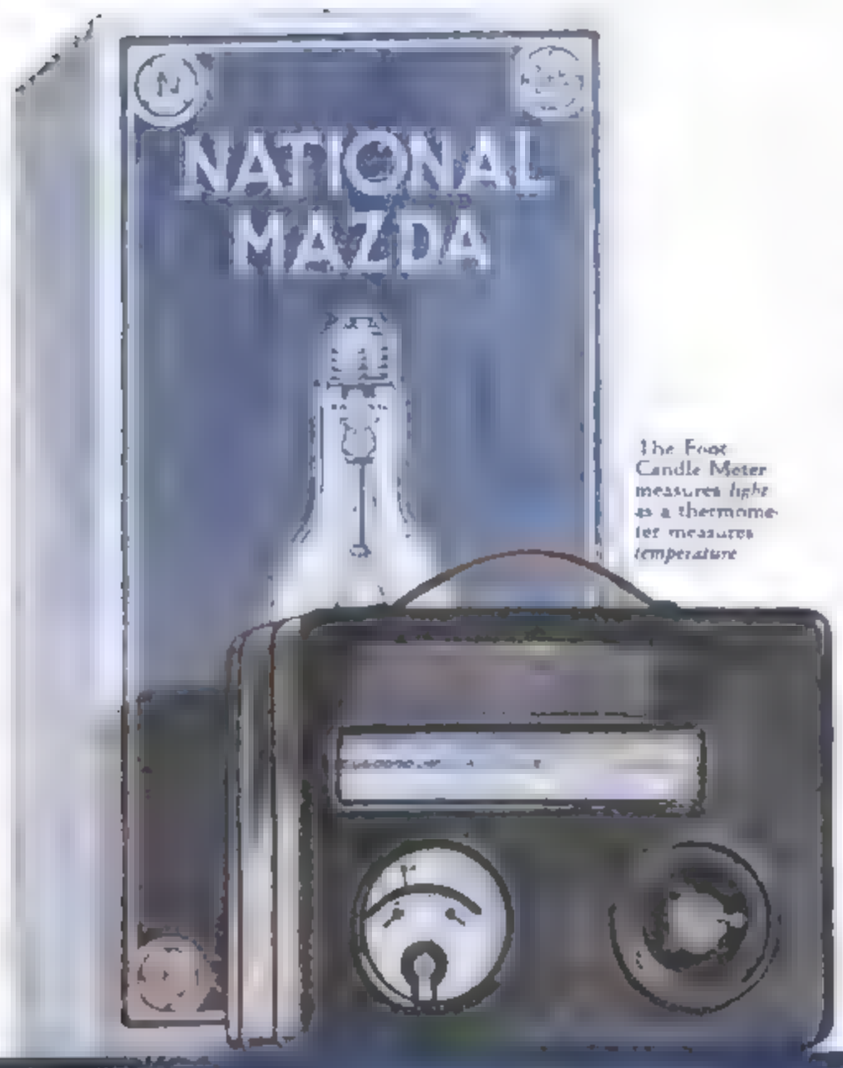

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Emery Shirts

THE SONG OF THE DRAGON

(Continued from Page 19)

A sudden electrifying thought assailed him.

"She's a war bug! That's it, I'll bet a cookie! No one man can get her attention. She's stuck on the whole blooming Army!"

He found a moment's respite from his torment as he came to the above conclusion. If there was safety in numbers, four millions meant absolute security. His growing peace of mind was again destroyed. The old question poked its disturbing head above the surface of his thoughts—why was she avoiding him?

He gave it up. Perhaps an hour's walk away from this everlasting noise would clear his head and let him think it out. He crammed his letter into a pocket and plunged for the edge of camp.

The girl who was responsible for the question was at that moment following a train of thought which led inevitably to its answer. Only the sentry on Post Number Six had seen her slip out of camp an hour before. She had smiled at him, and he, blushing to his hat rim, had come dizzily to a port arms. Past him she went like one pursued, while the sentry gazed after her as though he had seen a vision.

At last, a mile or more from camp, she had settled breathlessly on the prostrate remains of an apple tree in a one-time apple orchard, now a sod-bound tangle of dead grass, briers and weeds. Why walk longer? Running—flying would not leave her thoughts behind. Her thoughts! Would they never let her alone? Because of them she had not gone back to the stage. Better to be near these other young things who were about to make a sacrifice greater than her own. It had been harder than anyone could ever know to do what she had done. But she was still alive; many of these others would have to give their lives or be hideously mangled, limbs torn off, eyes put out—blind! What was her small agony compared to that?

She had one thing to be, oh, so thankful for! How much more terrible it would have been if she had done her bit in vain! How wonderful it was to remember that she, she alone, had saved thousands of working men and sailors and all those factories and ships!

To hug this thought was such a comfort. It had seemed enough for a time. When the war was over her beloved stage was waiting for her. And some day, she had told herself, when the man—the man of her earlier dreams—came along and the horror of a reality which had supplanted him had grown less vivid, she could tell him everything, and he would be so fine about it. He might even be proud of her—a little.

That was to have been in the future—several years from now. But a dreadful thing had happened. He had come too soon! That was why her thoughts were driving her mad. It seemed so unfair that he should have come now, while she still lay night after night with her eyes staring into the dark and her hands clutching the bedclothes. It was better to keep her eyes open, she found. There were always faint objects in the room, even though the light was out, which assured her that the face, the face with a monocle, was not real.

No, the face was not real; but it had been real only two months ago. That was why—although her heart tried to beat its way out of her breast whenever she met or even caught a glimpse of Captain Weyeth—she must now avoid him. What else was there to do?

She knew what he wanted to say. She had seemed to know it that first night when she had seen him staring up at her from the officers' seats as she sang. And now she knew that—more than anything else in the world—she wanted to hear him say it. He alone, of the thousands and thousands all about her! Why should this be so? She found no answer. Life was very strange, and love the strangest thing in it.

Any day now he might go. He might not come back, and she would never hear him say it—he would never hear her answer. Well, it had to be like that. Two things made any understanding between them utterly impossible. She must get over her shuddering at what had happened. This would take months and months. She must learn to know him well enough to tell him what had happened. That would take—heavens above—years and years!

Yes, life was strange—strange and frightfully complicated. She closed her eyes wearily as she thought how complicated it was. When she opened them she saw a man coming along the road toward her. He was walking rapidly, with his head down, paying no attention to anything about him. He was an officer—a captain. She could see the bars on his shoulders now. Then she recognized him, and became as still as the dead apple tree on which she sat. Would he storm unseeingly by? He did, and her heart started to beat again. Then life became even more complicated, because in avoiding a puddle he lifted his head and saw her.

"You!" he said, and stood staring at her from the middle of the road. "Say something!" he demanded next.

Her high nervous laugh did not belong to her, she felt, but it seemed to reassure him.

"I thought I was seeing things," he explained.

Despite the weakness in her knees, she found she could rise, also speak.

"I came for a walk. I'm going back now."

She turned in the direction of camp, nodding his dismissal. He flushed, saluted and walked on—then halted suddenly, swung about and was at her side in a dozen rapid strides.

"You won't let me talk to you?"

"I'd rather not."

"Why?" Hurt pride, bewilderment, a touch of anger—all were in his face.

"Don't weaken—oh, don't weaken!" she told herself, and contrived to keep her voice from dropping into the deep tones it always took when she was moved. "If you must know," she confessed calmly, "I'm sick of seeing men, nothing but men, millions of them, billions of them in uniform. I've come out here for just an hour by myself to keep from being—suffocated." It seemed enough; but to be sure she added: "If you were a girl in a military camp who had been proposed to five hundred times in one week—you'd understand."

She had done it well—too well in fact. What chance had a very young captain of artillery against the best ingénue that ever lived? The sudden leap of understanding to his eyes was followed by such hopeless abasement that for a moment she was undone. One hand went out despite her in a sudden tender gesture. He was far too humble now to see it.

"I understand perfectly," he said in a low voice. "I'm awfully glad you told me. Of course I've noticed you avoided me since I asked to see you alone, and just guessing about it worried me a lot. I thought—well, it doesn't matter what I thought. What a fool I've been! What a dumb idiot! You've been dodging a hundred more just the same way." He broke into a mirthless laugh. "I wondered why you treated the men so well. I know now. It was because they were safe. They wouldn't dare—well, I'm on my way. Sherman said a mouthful." Once more he saluted, but now that he was tamed she could relent.

"I've had a whole hour to recover," she said. "I think"—she eyed him reflectively—"yes, I'm sure I could."

"Could what?"

"Stand one man from here to camp."

"Could you? Would you? May I?"

"Oh, yes, absolutely!" She added a breath-taking smile for good measure.

The highest possible velocity in this world is attained by a man and a maid walking side by side. Their progress defies the laws of physics by the following curious phenomenon: The more they saunter the faster they go. The full mile back to camp, therefore, was instantly annihilated. There was no interval between its beginning and its ending. They stepped out together, measuring strides with a winding, rutty road ahead of them. This was gone in a flash and they were confronting a sentry at the edge of camp. As they passed the sentry the world promptly returned. It was recalled by a sound like the roaring of the ocean. This proved in reality to be the joyously uplifted voices of thirty-odd thousand men.

Advancing into the babble they encountered a second lieutenant of the Third Battery, Seventh Field Artillery, who, recognizing his captain, took him to his bosom.

"We're on our way!" he yelled. "The whole division! Kiss me, doctor!"

His captain remained unmoved.

"Another false alarm, I'll bet!"

"Not this time, old fish! Orders to entrain to-morrow—officially, for God knows where; unofficially, strictly private, nobody to know but the whole camp—Newport News. How does it listen?"

He did not linger for an answer. He went away from them with curious hopping steps ill-suited to the dignity of even a second lieutenant.

Then something totally unlooked for happened. These two had just strolled down a mile of lonely road, conversing in politely impersonal phrases with a formal foot or so maintained between them. Now, facing each other in the midst of thousands, the distance between them was suddenly obliterated.

"Sylvia!" said he. "Oh, Sylvia!" and caught the hands that rose to meet his own. Their lips had all but met before she turned her head away.

"No, no, not now!" she said with thrilling depths in her voice that he had not dreamed it held.

"When?" he demanded, no longer sheepish or abased. "Sylvia, when?"

"When you come back—perhaps."

"I'm not just one of the five hundred?"

"No."

"You mean it? You're not just being—kind?"

"I mean it."

"You'll answer when I write?"

"Yes."

"Darling!"

"No," she said firmly, "not that!"

Before he could reply bugles pealed out around them.

"There goes retreat, damn it! Here, take this! It will explain."

He pulled his mother's letter from his pocket, folded her hand about it, kissed the hand and ran.

She got somehow to her quarters. Sitting on the edge of her cot, she read the letter. When she had finished reading she was altogether certain that Sylvia Dodge and Eugene Weyeth must not meet again before he left for France.

She doubted his mother's insinuation that a pretty face with a military camp for a background had attracted him temporarily. Neither was she disturbed by the accusation—never expressed, but to be inferred—that she was taking advantage of a boy's infatuation to obtain a position in life which did not belong to her. The reverse of this was true. She had never given the matter of who he was or where he came from a thought. Exactly that was what was troubling her now. He had never mentioned his family to her. She learned with a smash that he had one.

She read certain bits of family news with a dismay that bordered on panic. The place in Florida would be leased for the season. This was distressing, but the Kenerleys, who had taken it, were charming people. The town house would be kept closed.

"We'll camp at the Plaza after Christmas and come back to Brown Bowlders early in the spring."

It was his mother writing, his mother! Why had she never thought about his mother before? He had one, that was clear, and she wanted a good long talk with any girl he thought of marrying. Of course she wanted it, and of course she must have it. The heart of the daughter of Michael Brannigan fell into her boots.

Well, she would not see him again before he left, and no matter what he said in his letters, her answers would be friendly and nothing more.

The first part of this resolution she kept without difficulty. She simply took an early train for New York and stayed in town all day. When she returned late that night he had gone.

But the strictly friendly letters—ah, that was more difficult! They could not be got over swiftly by a quick flight. For weeks, months, a year in fact, his letters came—days apart, to be sure, but still they came—half a dozen at a time. After reading them with wet eyes, flushed cheeks and a pounding heart, also an overwhelming thankfulness that he was still able to write them, she dared not answer them for hours.

One thing in his letters disturbed her. He loved her name. He wrote it again and again.

"Sylvia! Of course you'd be named Sylvia! It suits you so exactly, dearest, dearest!"

(Continued on Page 45)

The Doctor: Perfect health for baby and for grown-ups, too, requires clothes that not only look clean but are hygienically clean.

What have clean clothes to do with health?

What is Naptha?

It is that powerful yet harmless dirt-loosener used by professional dry-cleaners to cleanse safely and to freshen dainty fabrics and delicate colors. Naptha is good for clothes because it thoroughly cleanses; and thoroughly clean clothes last longer. *Smell* the real naptha in Fels-Naptha.

© 1921, Fels & Co. Philadelphia

More, perhaps, than you realize! Consider the health-value of clothes washed with Fels-Naptha. They not only *look* clean, but they *are* clean through and through.

Because—The clothes are given a *double* cleansing; they are naptha-cleaned and soap-and-water cleaned.

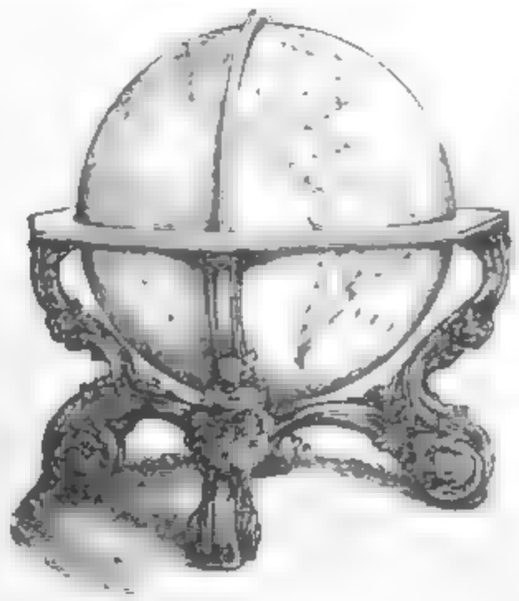
The real naptha in Fels-Naptha dissolves the body oils that hold the dirt fast to clothes. Thus the naptha makes the dirt let go by soaking it loose, with only a light rub on extremely soiled places. All the poisons and oils of perspiration in the clothes are completely taken out. The naptha having done its work vanishes completely, carrying away all odors. Then the soapy water flushes away the dirt.

Wash all your clothes, even the fine dainty baby garments, with Fels-Naptha—the perfect combination of *good* soap and *real* naptha. Then your clothes will be *doubly* clean—*hygienically* clean. The only way you can get the benefit of this double cleansing-value in soap is to be sure you get *Fels-Naptha*—the original and genuine naptha soap—of your grocer. The clean naptha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.

FREE If you ha[illegible] used Fels-Naptha lately send for free sample. Write "Fels-Naptha, Philadelphia."

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



The Commercial Romance of 1921

THE human race took a long step forward when this country made it *respectable* for a man to earn his own living.

Today, if Americans couldn't talk *business* at lunch, most of us would prefer to go off and eat by ourselves.

Even at social gatherings, men manage to drift together for some touch-and-go business gossip to finish the day.

Probably your own boy, long before he is able to vote, feels the national instinct to *start something*.

American characteristics that may explain in part the peculiar public interest in the New Improved Gillette.

All the circumstances surrounding the New Improved Gillette stir a man's feeling for *commerce*.

The radical new invention. An improvement so *basic* that nothing in the Patent Office contained even a hint of its slightest detail.

The courage to put this new invention on the market—risking the twenty-year-old Gillette prestige on *faith in the public understanding and appreciation*.

The immediate response of the Gillette public. 600,000 New Improved Gillettes in America. Nearly 400,000 to England, France, Holland, Belgium, Denmark and Italy. And thence to the remotest parts of the earth.

Night-shift production in the Gillette Factory, meeting the demand as it doubled, and doubled again.

* * *

You may often hear it said that "The way this New Gillette is going over reads like a romance."

Times may fluctuate.

Human beings do not.

The reward is still to the *pioneer*.

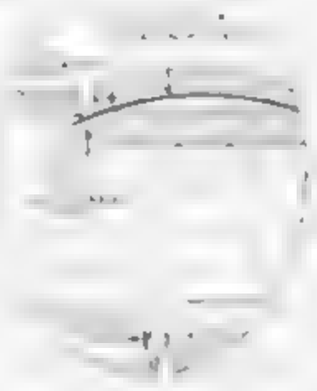
Pioneering in the field of enlarged service to men in their restless human ambition to *go forward*.

Important about the New Improved Gillette—A word about the Blades

Most men prefer to screw the razor up *tight* to get the most satisfactory shave.

Gillette deems it proper to ask the public to use Gillette Blades *only* in *genuine* Gillette Razors.

The Gillette Blade and Gillette Razor are developed to *work together*. No Gillette Blade can deliver its full shaving quality unless used in a *genuine* Gillette Razor—built by Gillette, in the Gillette way and up to Gillette standards.



The New Improved
GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR

Uses the same fine Gillette Blades as you have known for years but now your blades can give you *all* the luxury of the finest shaving edge in the world

A shaving edge guarded from the face, but *few to the beard*

Identify the New Improved Gillette by its

Fulcrum Shoulder
Overhanging Cap
Channeled Guard
Micrometric Precision
Automatic Adjustment
Diamond Knurled Handle
Diamond Trademark on Guard

Finer Shave — Longer Service
More Shaves from your Blades

In SILVER *and* GOLD
Shaving Sets and Traveler Outfits

$5 to $75

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, U.S.A.

The New Improved
Gillette
SAFETY RAZOR

Patented January 13th 1920

(Continued from Page 42)

Her name happened to be Mary—Mary Brannigan. He must be told that, too. And his mother must be told. Just what must his mother be told? That could be settled when he came back. And he would come back if prayers could do it. There were so many others praying, though—so many others!

He did come back. A cable, "Sailing Brest New York to-day," was followed two weeks later by a note which found her at Camp Upton.

"Dearest Sylvia," she read. "I'm here at Roosevelt Hospital. Drank some gasoline and knocked my tummy out. Not a thing wrong with me, but they gave me the gate over there, and won't let me out of this place. Could you, would you come to me here? The hours for visitors are between two and four. If I knew just where you were I'd walk out and the M.D.'s could lump it."

Could she come to him there? She hunted wildly for a time-table. 'Ten minutes before the next train! She could be at the hospital by about 3:30! Nobody drank gasoline! Why did he try to deceive her? Only permanent casualties were coming back. He could write, though—he could write! Where was her hat? She couldn't go tearing into New York without a hat.

She found her hat, a service tam, behind her kit bag. The train ride to New York took a lifetime, and a traffic policeman held her taxi at the Fifth Avenue crossing until she wanted to scream. It was quarter to four when she was rattled and bounced down a side street into the smooth cement half circle of the hospital drive.

There was a huge motor car standing under the porte-cochère before the hospital door. Some people were coming down the hospital steps to the motor car. Two elderly men, a woman in a long chinchilla wrap and—before her eyes had quite finished their message to her brain her heart was in her throat. Next it imitated a pile driver gone insane as she stared at the man in uniform in the group on the steps, while her taxi waited meekly for the shining limousine to depart.

He was not wounded—at least he wore no bandages that she could see. He was thin, though, and his face had a peculiar pallor. He put his arms around the woman in the wonderful furs and kissed her. The woman held him close, close, as mothers hold returning soldier sons. His mother! His mother—who must have a talk with any girl he thought of marrying! The girl in the waiting taxi took his mother in from head to foot as she turned and got into the motor car, and grew intensely aware of her own hastily pulled on tam, disordered hair and clumpy, unpolished boots.

The motor car rolled away. The taxi moved to the steps. She thought for an instant of letting him go into the hospital and then driving back to the station. She had been borne to him on the wings of fear. These had collapsed when she found him only thin and pale. Now she was conscious that she had rushed to him in a frenzy, and he would misunderstand. How could she make him know that such a lot must be cleared away before—before ——

He had been watching the departing motor car. His eyes took in the taxi casually as he was turning to go up the steps. They flamed in his white face like warm agates set in alabaster.

"Sylvia! You've come!"

There was no way out now. Fortunately the taxi driver was there, and the taxi was something of a fortress—if she could only hold it.

"How do you do?" she said, giving him her hand through the window. "I thought I'd drive out and see how you were. I can only stay a moment."

The warmth went out of his eyes. He released her hand and stood awkwardly by the taxi during a moment in which obviously he was at a loss.

"Won't you get out," he suggested, "and come in? There's a reception room inside."

She shook her head.

"No, I don't think I'd better. I can only stay a moment."

Suddenly his face brightened.

"You're right!" he exclaimed. "We'll sit in the taxi."

Before she could offer an objection he opened the door and seated himself beside her.

"It's really you, isn't it?" he said softly.

Her hands were together in her lap. He covered them both with one of his.

"What did you mean by saying you had been drinking gasoline?" she asked hastily. "Was it meant to be a joke?"

"No, it wasn't a joke. I'll tell you about it when we have more time. I want to talk about something else now—about you—about us."

"No," said she, withdrawing her hands, "not now—not here. Tell me about the gasoline."

He sighed, and frowned gloomily through the front window of the taxi at the stolid back of the driver.

"I went forward to an observation post," he explained impatiently. "The Huns put a barrage behind our trenches and kept it there three days. Runners got water up to us in British petrol tins. There was gasoline in the water. That's all there is to it. Did you get all my letters?"

"Is gasoline poisonous?"

"It does things to the lining of your stomach. I couldn't eat anything at first. I'll have to be on a diet for a while. That's why they sent me back." He turned and put an arm along the back of the seat so that his sleeve just touched her shoulders. "Sylvia, Sylvia! You remember what you said the last time we were together at camp, and you've read my letters and answered them. Not the way I hoped, but you answered them." A sudden thought dismayed him. He bent forward and looked into her face. "They didn't offend you, did they?" he asked anxiously.

"No," she said.

"Were you glad to get them? Were you glad they were—that kind of letters?"

"Yes," she whispered, and bowed her head. The fortress was crumbling. The arm behind her shoulders closed inexorably. "Wait," she said, with both hands fending him from her.

"You said—when I came back. No one's looking. Oh, Sylvia!"

"Please, please, not yet!" she pleaded. Then suddenly, wildly, "I must tell you something first."

"Nothing you could tell me would make any difference."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing on earth! You're you! Nothing else matters!"

"Not to you perhaps; but listen, please listen! You spoke of letters. Who were those people you were talking to when I drove up?"

"Dad and mother and Doctor Kyle. Dad's got me out of here. I go home to-morrow. What have they to do with it?"

"Everything! You remember the letter you gave me—your mother's letter?"

"Yes. I thought you'd get a laugh out of it. You saw how absurd it was. I told her so to-day. She thinks you inveigled me. She thinks you're an actress—with a past."

She gave a little gasp, her hands clenching suddenly against his coat. This escaped him as he chuckled exultantly.

"Imagine!" he said. "Wait till she sees you!"

She swooped on the suggestion like a hawk.

"That's just what I want to do—wait until she sees me."

His arm relaxed.

"Why?" he asked, giving her a puzzled look.

"Because she asked you to let her have a talk with any girl you wanted to—to—before you committed yourself. She has a right to that. She's your mother. I've thought it over all these months. I'm just a little nobody. You're asking her to take me in, to make me her—her daughter. Don't you see how it is? Oh, you must!"

He was driven to silent reflection for a moment.

"No, I don't see how it is," he said at last. "It's just between you and me. I think more about mother and dad than I used to. This year has made a difference. But they can't mean anything to me when you are concerned. Why, dearest, I've thought of you every minute of every hour since I've been gone! I'd like to please mother, and I will. You say you're a little nobody. Have you the slightest idea what you look like? When mother sees you she'll scream for joy."

"Well, then, let's give her the chance. Let me have a talk with her before anything is—settled."

"But what difference would it make?"

"It will make a difference to her—all her life. Don't you see?"

He hesitated. She dropped a hand on his arm.

"It will make a difference to me too—all my life," she told him softly.

His face cleared.

BERLOY

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STEEL BINS AND SHELVING

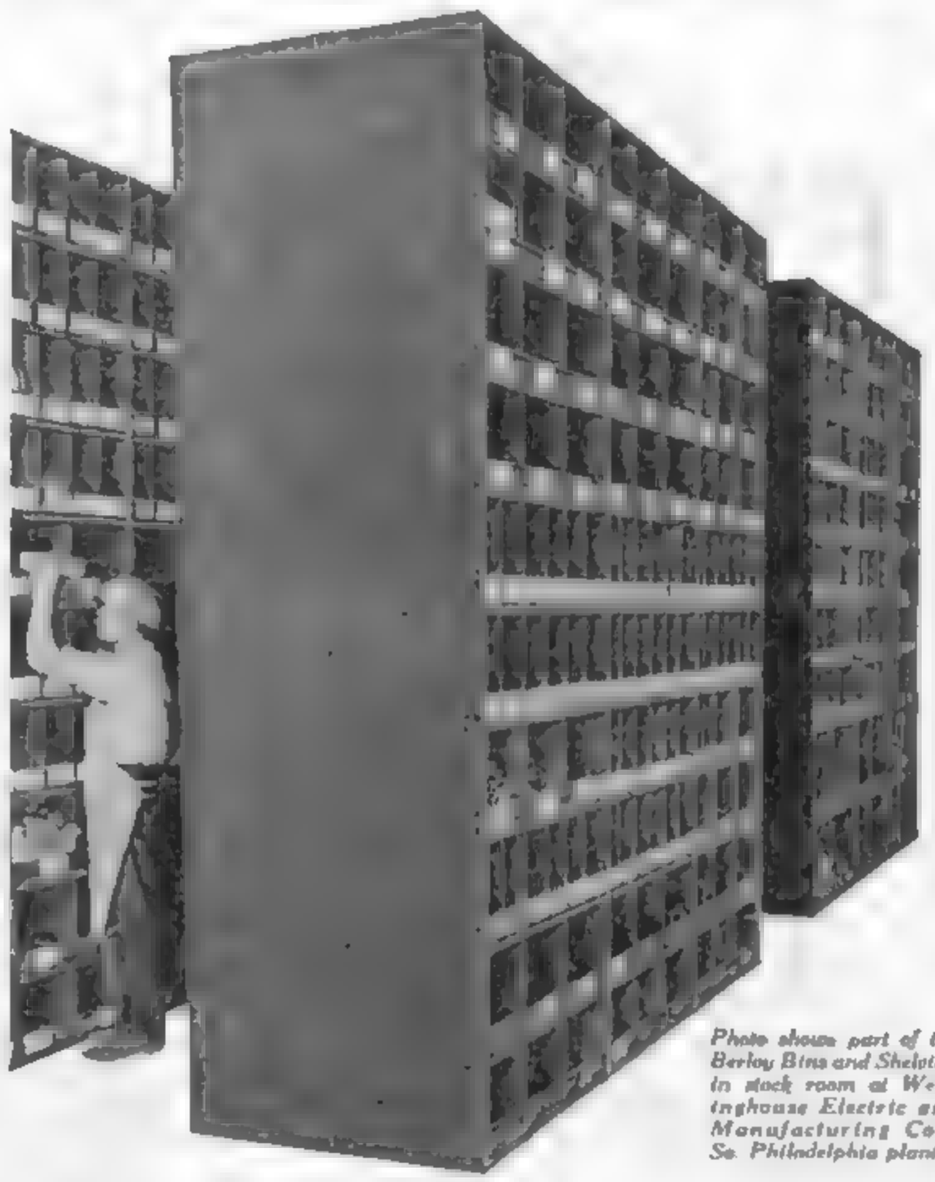

Photo shows part of the Berloy Bins and Shelving in stock room at Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co.'s So. Philadelphia plant

Reduce Waste—
Speed Operations

Other concerns also, such as Moline Plow Co., Marshall Field and Co., Champion Spark Plug Co., Michigan Central R. R. use Berloy Steel Bins and Shelving stock room equipment to economize space, keep stocks in good condition and save time in handling. Convenient arrangement, accurate indexing and accessibility of stocks speed operations.

This equipment will not warp, crack or burn. Made from special steel manufactured by the United Alloy Steel Corporation. Low first cost. No upkeep. It can be taken down, moved and rearranged without loss of parts. Always fits changing requirements. Bins quickly adjusted vertically and horizontally to provide exactly right sized storage space.

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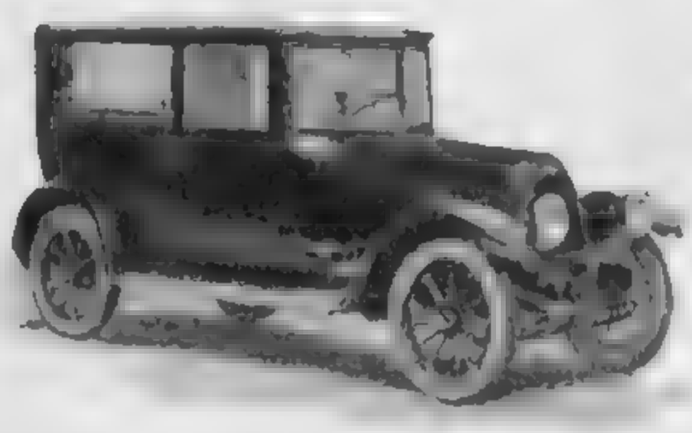
The FRANKLIN



RIDING COMFORT

THERE are four main reasons why the Franklin gives unmatched riding comfort—and there are thousands of people besides Franklin owners to *testify* that it does.

Its springs are full-elliptic, with spring action nearly twice as soft as in the usual semi-elliptic type.

Its chassis sill and body frame are of wood, which absorbs shock instead of transmitting it.

Its weight below the springs is relatively less than in any other car. Front axle is tubular; rear axle housing is aluminum; there are no strut rods. These features combine to soften the impact of the car on the road.

And it contains not a pound of unnecessary weight. Even the Sedan scales only 2750 lbs. Freedom from dead weight means less jolt and jar.

Backed by quality materials and workmanship, these features, plus direct air cooling, also create unusual reliability, long car life and economy.

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation
(National Averages)

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Prices Effective September 1, 1921 (F. O. B. Syracuse)
Touring Car $2350 Sedan $3350 Other Types in Proportion

"I see," he said. "You want the official O. K. All right, you blessed angel, we'll do it that way. I won't ask you to marry me this minute, but I'll ask you something else: Do you love me?"

Her eyes lifted, met his and darkened. She grew as pale as he.

"Oh, yes!" she said. It was as though a cello spoke.

Just before he kissed her a sudden thought took words.

"Where do you get that voice?" he whispered.

IV

THEY were swinging up Fifth Avenue—straight ranks of keen brown faces, square-jawed and calm of eye; Anglo-Saxon, Celt, Teuton, Latin, Slav. They had learned the new game and had played it with a grim, unhallowed joy. The boys were coming home—some of them! The boys? Ah, no! They would never be boys again!

Kinder, leaning from his window and staring up the street toward the Avenue, could see the rhythmic bob of round steel helmets, the dull gleam of polished rifle barrels and the flash of slanting bayonets above. The bayonets looked like rows of picket fencing half blown over by the wind. How many of those points, he wondered, had plunged through field-gray cloth into warm flesh that would presently be cold.

A band among the bayonets struck up—the inevitable song, no longer a defiance. It was now a pæan.

"We won't come back till it's over—over there!"

Kinder did not thrill with the thought of a tremendous promise fulfilled. He became absorbed in a memory. He saw a white and working face, a small, clenched, beating hand; he heard a voice, a surprisingly deep voice, say "I must help! I must help!"

He was recalled to the present by a living voice—the voice of Edgar. He had not heard Edgar open the door.

"That dame is here."

"What dame?"

"The one that took the count. The one you knocked out with Nick Carter's umbrella," Edgar explained.

Kinder stared at him dazedly for a moment, then, "Don't stand there with your mouth open!" he shouted. "Tell her to come in."

In another moment he had the best ingénue that ever lived by both hands. "I've saved it for you!" he told her. "I've saved it for you!"

"Saved what, Mr. Kinder?"

"The part," he explained, still holding both her hands.

And now for an actress—a very young actress—she said a surprising thing:

"Oh, that! It seems so long ago, doesn't it?"

Kinder was stunned. He had paid three advances to hold Beauty and the Beast for a girl who had never been on Broadway. "Long ago!" he managed to say. "I should think it was long ago! I've held this show a year and a half for you, young woman."

She gave his fingers a friendly pressure, then took away her hands.

"That was sweet of you," she said. "I'm so sorry."

"Sorry! You're through with that singing business, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm through with that."

"Well, then, it's all right. We can be in rehearsal in a week. I've got hold of a juvenile that's only half an idiot, and the rest of the cast is simple."

"I'd love to," she told him, "you know that. It's been wonderful of you to save the part for me. I can't half thank you, but—well, that isn't what I came to see you about. I want your help in another way. If you'll give it to me, and things go wrong why, then, I'll play the part for you, as many parts as you like, all the rest of my life."

Kinder was blinking by this time.

"But if a certain thing happens I'm afraid it won't, but it might, oh, it might—why, then, I can't play the part. I can't play any more parts—ever. Do you see?"

"See?" repeated Kinder dazedly. "No, I don't see. What are you talking about? Why can't you start rehearsing at once?"

"Because," she hesitated—"well, I may be married—perhaps."

"Perhaps!"

She nodded.

"Why perhaps?"

"I think I'd better sit down and explain."

"Yes," agreed Kinder, "I think you had."

"Can you listen a long time?" she wanted to know when she had found a chair. "I've such a lot to say, and you're so busy. Do you mind if I take quite a long time, and tell you—everything?"

"Take as long as you like," said Kinder, studying her face.

It was as lovely as ever, he decided; not quite so fresh, not quite so girlish, but with an added something—a tenderness, an understanding. They were expressed by the faintest of shadows under the eyes, a slightly deeper line at the nostrils. The lips no longer had a tendency to pout.

"You know part of it, anyway," she was saying, "and you're in the profession, so I thought I'd come to you."

"Yes?" encouraged Kinder.

"In the first place, did you see Mr. Smith—afterwards?"

"Yes," said Kinder, "I saw him."

"Well, a man wants to marry me."

"Only one?"

This got a flush and her Irish twinkle.

"Only one that I'm considering."

Kinder nodded, then leaned toward her impulsively.

"I want to say right here that he's the luckiest man on earth."

One of her hands came out to his.

"Thank you," she said. "That makes it easier for me to ask you to do something for me."

"And what's that?" he asked.

"Tell the man's father and mother—what you know about me."

"That won't take long," said Kinder with a shade of grimness. "I'll just tell them that their precious son—whoever he is—isn't worth your little finger."

She thanked him again with a look.

"I'm afraid that won't do," she said, smiling. "I don't think they'd agree with you. And it isn't at all what I meant."

"Well, what do you mean?" asked Kinder.

"I mean I want you to tell them everything—everything I've done."

"Well," said Kinder, "what have you done?"

She met his eyes steadily.

"You know."

"I don't, as a matter of fact. But taking it for granted that I do, why in heaven's name should anyone be told?"

"You don't see why?"

"I most emphatically do not," Kinder told her.

"That's what I thought at first," she admitted, "but I've changed my mind. Too many others suspect. They had to. I had to seem swept off my feet by that—that creature. He was the sort of a man who likes to exhibit his conquests. I was seen everywhere with him—everywhere—at all hours." She shuddered. "No one cared when I was nobody. I was just one of a million young girls in New York. You understand?"

Kinder nodded.

"Well," she went on, "the mother and father of the man who wants to marry me are prominent people here. They're lovely people, proud of their name and standing. If I married into the family I wouldn't be a nobody any longer. I'd be worth talking about. Everybody would remember, they'd all begin to talk. Don't you see?"

Kinder's forefinger went to the inevitable front tooth to tick away at his trouble. It was a long time before he spoke.

"I'm afraid I do," he said at last.

"Of course you do," she said, nodding. "Any older person would. Now the man himself is only a little older than I. I met him at one of the training camps. He's been ill since he came back from France—very ill. I've only seen him once. He's better, and he writes that he wants me to meet his father and mother."

"Have you told him?"

A vivid red mounted from her cheeks to her brow, and crept to her hair.

"Not yet." Kinder barely heard.

"Forgive me," he said. "I shouldn't have asked."

"Yes, you should," she said with an effort at a smile. "You think it concerns him more than anyone else. Well, it does. But he's so young. He doesn't know what gossip means. When I tell him he'll just brush it aside. He'll say it's only between us."

"You feel sure of that?" asked Kinder.

"Oh, yes!" she answered.

"Well, just how can I help?"

"His father and mother must be told soon—in a day or so. I can't let them in for

(Continued on Page 48)

MADE WITH KODAK AND KODAK PORTRAIT ATTACHMENT

The Kodak Portrait Attachment is simply a supplementary lens that slips on over the regular lens equipment and brings it in sharp focus at close range. The size of the image is correspondingly increased so that head and shoulder portraits, as you see, fill the picture area.

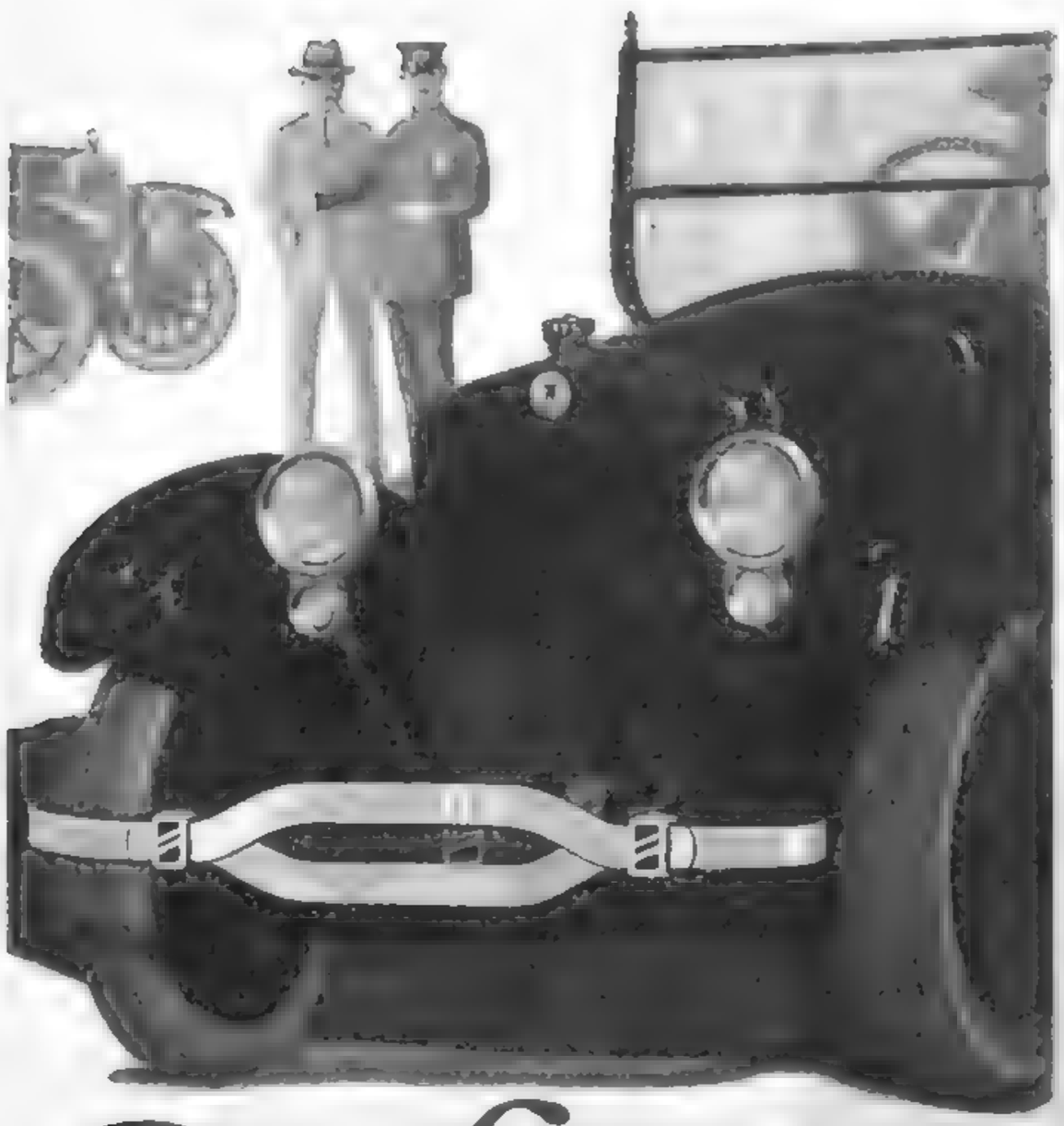
There is a golden opportunity for the Kodak Portrait Attachment at Thanksgiving. Price 75 cents.

"At Home with the Kodak"

Under this title we have published a little book that tells you in an interesting fashion how to make best the kind of pictures you want most —Kodak portraits like the one shown above, for example.

Generously illustrated, and free—*at your dealer's or from us.*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*



Biflex
Spring Bumper

Some day—and not far distant, we predict—car owners will be legally required to equip their cars with approved bumpers—a step toward protection as logical as legalized lenses, now demanded in many states.

Today it is a recognized fact that really adequate bumper protection may be had; that terrific smashes may be checked as effectively as the slight bumps.

Biflex, the first double-barred bumper, brought this realization to the motoring public. The greater protection of its broad twin bars is readily apparent. They block all bumpers, regardless of height. This Biflex idea has revolutionized bumper designing and building.

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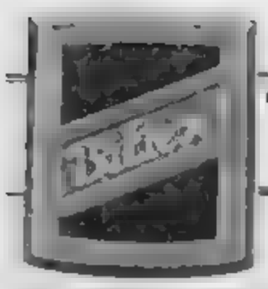


ONLY THIS MARK GUARANTEES

"Protection with Distinction"

LOOK FOR IT ON THE BUMPERS YOU BUY

(Continued from Page 46)

it all unless they are willing. I'll never marry their son unless they know and consent. But I'm cowardly about telling them. I've been over it so many times, and the words never seem to come. I've never met them—they're perfect strangers to me. Would you come with me and tell them about what happened here in the office that time? That will be a start, and perhaps I can finish. If I can't, will you finish it for me? Tell them just what we've been saying? Will you? Oh, Mr. Kinder, will you?"

"Will I?" said Kinder, getting to his feet. "You just bet I will!"

"Thank you ever so much."

"Now listen!" said Kinder. "Many young women have asked my advice about giving up the stage to marry. In every case I've said, 'Marry by all means.' That isn't what I'm going to tell you. I don't say give up your love—I couldn't honestly say that—but I'll say this: Next to love, my dear, is work and fame. And now remember, whatever happens, I'll be here waiting for the privilege of helping you develop the biggest dramatic talent I've ever seen. Do you understand?"

She rose and went to the window.

"Do you remember," she said presently over her shoulder, "that I told you you were self-centered? It was the day you—attacked me with an umbrella."

"I believe I do." Kinder admitted.

She came back and faced him with misty eyes.

"Well, I was mistaken."

"Pshaw!" said Kinder. "Run along, and let me know when you want me."

She telephoned him one morning three days later. They were to meet Mr. and Mrs. Weyeth at four o'clock that afternoon.

"Where?" asked Kinder.

"At their New York home," he heard. "I'll be at your office by 3:30."

She arrived at 3:20, outwardly calm, but tight-lipped and a little pale. Her eyes were dark and burning. The shadows beneath them had deepened.

"Poor child!" said Kinder under his breath; and aloud: "You're sure you want to see it through to-day?"

"Yes," she said. "Can we start? Are you ready? I don't think I could stand just sitting—very long."

Twenty minutes later they confronted an iron-gated entrance sunk in an arch of carved gray stone. Next they were in a great tapestried hall from which a marble stairway swam up to the ruby-and-emerald fires of a glorious window. Presently they were shown to a long room, high-ceilinged, shadow-filled. It held more brooding dignity than any room Kinder had ever seen. It seemed to be empty, but before he could examine it to discover the secret of its lofty calm a man rose from a chair far down the room and walked toward them.

He was a big man with iron-gray hair and keen tired eyes that wanted to smile ordinarily, but now were gravely troubled.

"Miss Dodge?" he said. "I'm Mr. Weyeth." He gave the girl one swift appraising look, and turned with a shade more warmth, a little less uneasiness, to Kinder as she introduced them. "Kinder? Kinder? Yes, of course. I've enjoyed your plays, sir. Mrs. Weyeth will be down—ah, here she is now."

Kinder, who had swiftly told himself, "Not bad—he's human," lost courage as this mother came through the door, for she was human too. It was human to want the best, only the best, for a son; to use every feminine weapon in helping him to get it. One look at Mrs. Weyeth's face told Kinder she would use them all. Straight to the girl she went, without a glance at Kinder or her husband.

"I have promised my son to see you. That is why I have asked you to come here to-day. Won't you sit down? Here, please."

She indicated a chair facing a tall half-curtained window through which the afternoon light streamed like a sword.

"The spotlight," thought Kinder as the girl obeyed. "Oh, woman, woman!"

He heard the cool voice of Mrs. Weyeth directed his way from the stiff high-backed chair, securely wrapped in shadows, which she had selected for herself.

"You have brought someone with you. Who is it, please?"

The victim of the spotlight spoke.

"This is Mr. Kinder. I have asked him to come here and tell you some facts about me."

Kinder's heart leaped at her calm, full tones. The words of Mr. Smith came to him suddenly out of the past: "An American Rose with a good stout stem—and thorns." He acknowledged Mrs. Weyeth's nod and took the chair indicated by her husband.

"Why should Mr. Kinder tell me anything about you?" came a level question from the high-backed chair. "Your parents are dead, I understand. Is he your guardian?"

"No, only a friend; but he happens to know the facts."

"Facts? What sort of facts? I don't understand."

"Your son has asked me to marry him. I [illegible]"

"Asked you to marry him! Are you quite sure of that?"

The surface of the girl's unruffled calm remained unbroken.

"Well, no, he hasn't asked me. I wouldn't let him. I made him promise to let you see me first."

That shaft went home. There was a faint movement in the high-backed chair. It was painful for a mother of a son to be reminded that her rightful hour of judgment had been won for her by the judged.

"My son informed me that you had been kind enough to suggest meeting me before you—married into the family."

"Unfair," thought Kinder, and the big man sitting beside him leaned forward in his chair.

"Most children to-day," he said dryly, "marry anybody they happen to fancy without consulting anyone. Miss Dodge has a touch of the old school, for which I'm duly grateful. I think she's been a little brick, and I want to thank her."

The little brick flashed him a grateful look, but hastened to discard the position he had found for her.

"I think the young people of to-day are right," she said evenly. "If I felt free to marry your son I would not consult anyone else about it. I don't feel free to marry him. I've asked Mr. Kinder to come and help me tell you why. May I ask him to tell you now?"

Kinder had thought of several methods of recital. As the eyes of Weyeth turned upon him, troubled, perplexed, he decided suddenly on a plain unsympathetic statement of facts.

He began with his first interview with the secret-service agent. Mentioning no names, he told how two others had refused to serve. He told how the draft regiment had passed and what had happened then. He wound up with the departure of Miss Dodge and the agent from his office. Not once did he allow emotion to creep into his voice. Coldly, calmly he gave them facts—facts about the girl who wanted to marry their son; a girl who sat in a revealing shaft of light and gazed about her with a far-away look in her eyes.

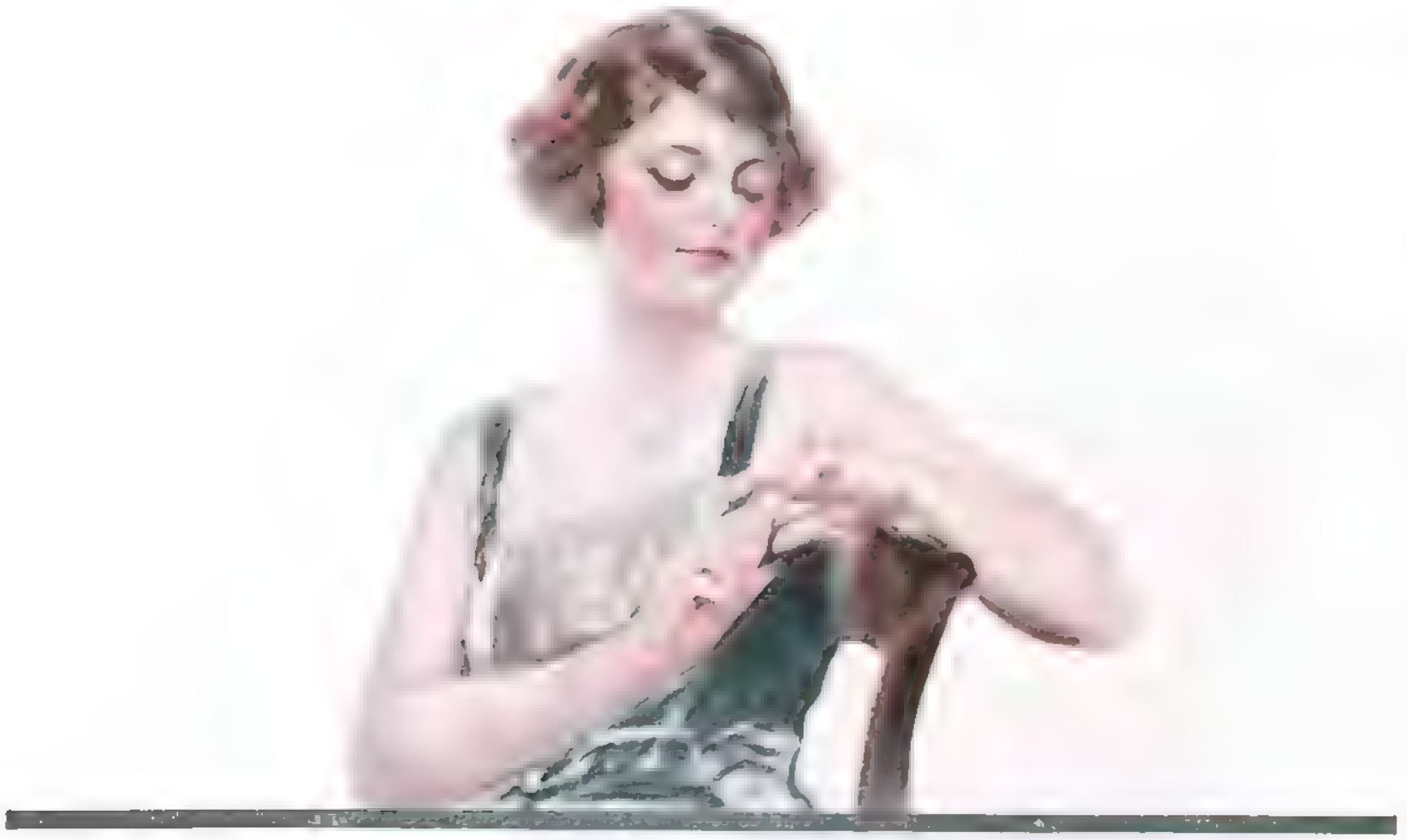
"I should like to say," he concluded, "that Miss Dodge, in my opinion, is the most talented young actress in America. After she had finished her work for the Secret Service Department I offered her a large salary to play a leading part in a New York production. She refused because she wished to serve at the training camps for almost nothing. I think that's all." He turned from the father and mother—sitting in a great room in their great house, listening, listening—to the girl who apparently had dreamed rather than listened while he talked. "Unless," he offered, "you want me to go on?"

"No," she said, "thank you very much, Mr. Kinder. I think I can tell the rest myself."

She paused for a moment, gathering her forces, then addressed the dim figure in the high-backed chair, from which no word, no sign had come.

"Mrs. Weyeth," she began, "my father was an Irish actor. My mother was the daughter of a hotel man in one of the towns where my father played. Sylvia Dodge is only a stage name. My real name is Mary Brannigan. I have no living relatives in this country that I know of. Some of my father's relatives are in Ireland. They are plain people—very poor. I don't tell you these things because I'm ashamed of them—I'm not. They wouldn't keep me from being your son's wife if he wanted me. When I met him at camp I didn't know who he was or what he was, and I cared less. When I found out about you I cried all night that night. It made it all so much more—complicated."

(Continued on Page 51)



The Envied Girl

Are you one? Or are you still seeking the secret of charm?

One thing is sure, the girl who has it boasts a fresh, fine, beautiful skin. If you lack this attraction begin at once to secure it.

Every girl and woman, young and old, can easily possess this most greatly admired of all charms. A schoolgirl's skin isn't necessarily a gift of nature, but rather the result of simple, though scientific, care.

What comes first

Daily cleansing with mild, balmy soap. Dirt-filled pores spoil the appearance of the loveliest natural skin and they quickly mar its beauty.

Clogged pores soon enlarge, which coarsens texture and allows more dirt to get in. Oil, powder, cold cream are collected and your skin has a greasy look.

When the dirt carries infection, pimples and blotches follow. All because you fear the effect of soap on your face.

Choose the right soap

This doesn't mean that any soap will serve for facial cleansing. You must choose the mildest, most soothing, blandest soap. This means Palmolive.

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It leaves your skin smooth and velvety to the touch, yet refreshed and stimulated. Apply cold cream to this healthfully clean skin and the result is wonderfully beneficial. If your skin is very dry also use a little cream before washing.

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Milwaukee, U. S. A.
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Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for

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Relieves Winter Skin

The dry, rough, itching condition known to doctors as winter skin can be greatly relieved by bathing with Palmolive. It does for your body what it does for your face—softens the skin, soothes it and keeps it smooth and comfortable.

Extravagant? No—not at 10 cents a cake. The popularity of Palmolive compels gigantic production which keeps our factories working day and night. The costly oils are imported in such quantity that the price is reduced. Thus soap that judged by quality would cost 25 cents is offered to all at the price of ordinary soap.

Trial sized cake gladly sent free. Write at once to Palmolive Company, Dept. A-199, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

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This good ole pipe talks sense

When I was new and my boss was young, he tried all kinds of tobacco. I even heard him bragging about the high price he paid for his tobacco. But he soon passed up the *high falutin* kinds.

And then began inventing his own mixtures. Believe me, I suffered, and he did, too.

But say, when he met up with Velvet about fifteen years ago—that *was* a birthday! Cool and smooth, I'll say. Some taste and fragrance! Why, we didn't know till then how long we'd been asleep at the switch! From *then on* my boss and I were all-day-pals.

Take it from me—give us pipes a chance. Keep us full of Velvet and we'll act right—there won't be any grouches.

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(Continued from Page 48)

Her voice suddenly shook. She stopped, bit her lip, and then went on.

"You see, Mr. Kinder has only told you part. I was given six weeks to get the papers. I found where they were in five—five weeks and a day from the night I was introduced to the man at a dinner that had been arranged. I got the papers in the only way possible. It was all very horrible, but necessary—oh, so necessary! And I kept telling myself that I was only one girl, and it was for America. I must give, as the boys would have to give—the poor boys who marched so pitifully that day.

"So I gave. But the trouble was that others knew what I was doing, and they didn't know why. They can never know, of course. I've met the man's valet on the street once since, and he leered at me and said something familiar. He's only one—others know, and a lot suspect. They paid no attention to me then. If I married your son it would be different. They'd talk; they'd be sure to talk—dreadfully.

"Well, I can't let you in for that. It wouldn't be fair. For a while I thought I'd only have to tell—Eugene. Then I learned about you, and I thought about you night after night as I lay awake. I cared for him so much. I wanted to find an excuse for just telling him and no one else. I thought he'd decide in my favor, because—because—well, he cares too.

"But there was no way out. I knew that from the first, only I wouldn't admit it. So I've never told Eugene. I've never told him anything, not even my name. He thinks it's Sylvia, when it's Mary—Mary Brannigan. I won't tell him anything unless I can marry him. I won't marry him unless you say that I can. I know you won't say it. You can't accept me, and the scandal and everything. I see you can't now. Just this room is enough to tell me that. But, please, please don't tell him why! Just say I'm an actress, and you've persuaded me to give him up. I think we'd better go now, Mr. Kinder. Oh, no, there's one thing more."

Her hands went to a bag lying in her lap. She worked at the clasp with shaking fingers until she got it open. From the bag she took a small parchment. This she managed to unroll. "It says here, 'For extraordinary services rendered her country in time of war, the President of the United States wishes to express his—his'—I'm afraid I can't read any more."

The parchment rolled itself up in her hands as the tears she had been fighting had their way. They brimmed and stole slowly, crystal-bright in the light from the high window, down her cheeks to her quivering chin.

No one spoke, no one moved. A great clock somewhere in the house boomed the half hour.

"Are they made of stone?" thought Kinder just as the big man in the chair beside him moved and spoke. He addressed himself to Kinder, but he looked at his wife.

"Our boy is an only son, Mr. Kinder. We're pretty fond of him, and proud of him too—justly proud, we think. We gave him to his country, and we got him back—we got him back. He was ill when he came home—nothing serious, we thought, but it was serious. We nearly lost him, after all. He's safe at last, and we're going to have him with us—always, we hope." His eyes left his wife and swung to Kinder's.

"From the time he was a little boy we've thought more or less about what kind of a girl we wanted for his wife and our daughter. We dreamed about a pretty fine girl. Mr. Kinder—planned her, so to speak. But,"—he turned again to his wife—"we never planned anything as fine as this, did we, Clara? We weren't equal to it."

The setting sun had just found the tall window. It sent a shaft into the room to turn a girl's bowed head to flaming gold. The head was lifted doubtfully. A pair of wildly questioning eyes turned swiftly to the high-backed chair. From this chair a woman rose. It was plain to see that she was weeping. Her arms came up and opened wide.

"You wonderful child!" she said. "Come here, come here!"

The head of the house did a curious thing, Kinder thought. He went over to the girl sobbing in the woman's arms, but it was not to his daughter-to-be that he spoke. He patted his wife almost roughly on the back.

"Good girl, Clara," he said.

(THE END)

The Poets' Corner

Heritage

THE little Saxon words, they say,
"Cradle" or "hearth" or "mother,"
Can sing a magic in your heart
Unlike to any other;
They say that thatched and clustered eaves,
And wallflowers turning in the sun,
And little dooryard gardens
Where the tipping pigeons run;
A sleepy finch in a wicker cage,
Pale sunlight on a curtained pane,
Sweet new milk in an earthen bowl,
A kettle apurr on a crane;
The stir of bees in hollyhocks,
The smell of clover in the rain—
These are the things that find the heart
Like the swell of an old refrain;
For these are the things men lived for,
And they beckon us home again.

And yet no poplar's spired shade
Is flung me from on high,
But I can hear, in cadenced thresh,
The fountains of Versailles;
Blue candle flames shall never stir
Like peacock feathers blown awry
But comes the glint of jeweled heels,
The elfin grief of harps acry,
But throbs the high noblesse oblige
Beneath the courtly, stately play—
And from the crimson scaffold stairs
The gallant "Je suis prêt."
"Beauty," "courage," "courtesy,"
Younger words are they,
Yet they pluck the heart awake
To-day as yesterday;
For these are the things men died for
In an older, bolder day.

—*Dorothy Paul.*

Lights

YOU used to love the shining light
From some old farmhouse in the night,
Set far and lone beyond the lane,
With all its eaves adrip with rain,
And weary winds that tossed the bare
Gaunt elms and maples watching there.

You used to wonder if some breath
Of life were passing; or if death,
The pale, pale horseman rode the wind
With all the eternal years behind;
Or if the miracle of birth
Had blessed once more the sad old earth.

Sometimes you'd hear in passing by
Insistent sounds of revelry;
The rhythm of feet, while high and thin,
The sobbing, laughing violin
Sang to young hearts that measure writ
To snare dear youth and prison it.

You loved those lights, you used to say,
So bright and lone and far away,
Because they were as beacons lit
To cheer some soul and comfort it;
Some heart whose misery bare and stark
Sought refuge wandering in the dark.

And now I never see a light
In some lone window in the night
But that the old dear dream returns,
And hope awakes while memory yearns
And whispers that it yet may be
Your love may set a light for me!

—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

A tribute to honest value

During 1921 the sale of Cinco cigars month by month has exceeded monthly records for any other year since the Eisenlohr business was established more than 71 years ago.

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It is again indisputable evidence of widespread confidence in the honest value of the unvarying quality of Cinco cigars.

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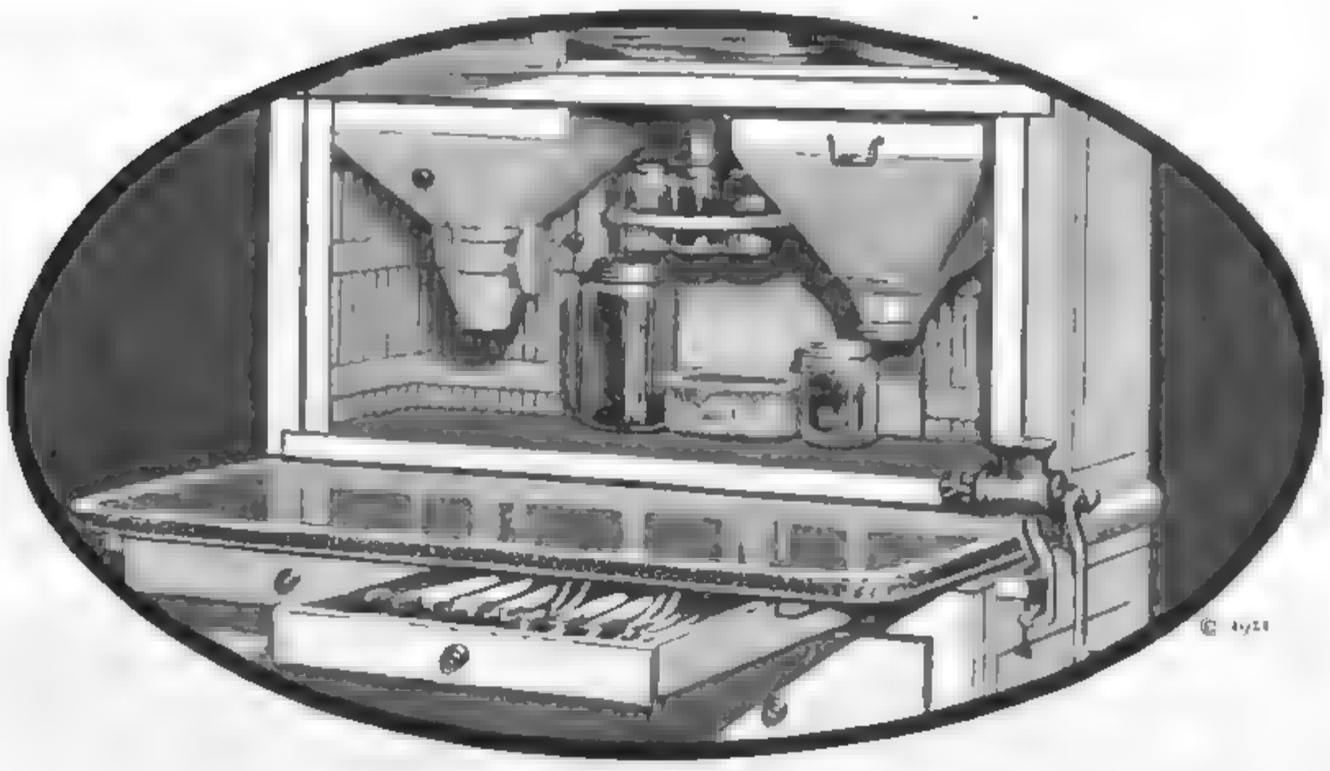

This One Detail, Alone, Makes the NEW HOOSIER the Greatest of All Kitchen Conveniences

THE reason there are more HOOSIERS in use than any other Kitchen Cabinet is because every detail of this great Kitchen Convenience has been carefully developed for the sole purpose of making woman's work easy.

The HOOSIER has been so highly improved and is so scientifically arranged that it will save you more time and energy than any other device you could possibly secure.

Just the one detail pictured above—the HOOSIER tool-compartment tray—illustrates the thoroughness with which every HOOSIER improvement has been worked out.

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The tray is provided with a separate compartment for each Kitchen tool, and if you desire, it will be completely outfitted with the ten kitchen tools most frequently required, as developed in the famous Dexter Domestic Science Kitchen Set.

This tray is placed immediately below the HOOSIER'S handy work-table, and is so much a part of the work-table that when the sliding table is extended *the tool-compartment tray comes forward with it.*

This is just one of the many specialized conveniences to be had in the HOOSIER. It is only one of the many reasons why the HOOSIER will do more to make housework easy than any other device you can purchase.

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Saves Time HOOSIER *Saves Steps*

LOCHINVAR LUCK

(Continued from Page 11)

It was Jamie Mackellar's great moment, and his wife and children were infected almost to hysteria by his long-sustained excitement.

Back went the crate lid. Out onto the kitchen floor shambled a dog.

For a long minute as the new-arrived collie stood blinking and trembling in the light, everybody peered at him without word or motion. Jamie's jaw had gone slack at first sight of him. And it still hung supine, making the man's mouth look like a frog penny bank's.

The puppy was undersized, he was scrawny and angular and all but shapeless. At a glance he might have belonged to any breed or to many breeds or to none. His coat was sparse and short and kinky; and through it glared patches of lately healed eczema. The coat's color was indeterminate, what there was of it. Nor had four days in a tight crate improved its looks. The chest was pitifully narrow. The sprawly legs were out at elbow and cow-hocked. The shoulders were noteworthy by the absence of any visible sign of them. The brush was an almost hairless rat-tail. The spine was sagged and slightly awry.

But the head was the most direful part of the newcomer. Its expressionless eyes were sore and dull. Its ears hung limp as a setter's. The nose and foreface were as snubbily broad as a Saint Bernard's. The slack jaw was badly overshot. The jowls showed a marked tendency to cheekiness and the skull seemed to be developing an apple-shaped dome in place of the semi-platform which the top of a collie's head ought to present.

Breed collies or any other dogs as carefully and as scientifically as you will, once in a way some such specimen will be born into even the most blue-blooded litter—a specimen whose looks defy all laws of clean heredity, a specimen which it would be gross flattery to call a mutt. One of three courses at such times can be followed by the luckless breeder: To kill the unfortunate misfit; to give it away to some child who may or may not maul it to death; or to swindle a buyer into paying a respectable price for it.

Thriftily, Lucius Frayne had chosen the third course. And no law could touch him for the deal.

Mackellar had bought the dog, sight unseen. Frayne had guaranteed nothing save the pedigree, which was flawless. He had said the creature was the image of King at the same age. But he had said it in the presence of no witness save his own kennel man. And the statement in any event was hard of refutal by law. No; Frayne, like many another shrewd professional dog breeder, had played safe. And he had annexed one hundred and fifty dollars, in peril-earned hoardings, for a beast whose true cash value was less than eight cents to anyone. He had not even bothered to give the cur a high-sounding pedigree name.

There stood, or crouched, the trembling and whimpering wisp of worthlessness while the Mackellar family looked on in dumb horror. To add to the pup's ludicrous aspect an enormous collar hung dangling from his neck. Frayne had been thrifty in even this minor detail. Following the letter of the transportation rules he had "equipped the dog with suitable collar and chain." But the chain which Jamie had unclasped in releasing the pup from the crate had been a thing of rust and flimsiness. The collar had been outworn by some grown dog. To keep it from slipping off over the puppy's head Roke had fastened to it a twist of wire, whose other end was enmeshed in the scattering short hairs of the youngster's neck. From this collar's ring still swung the last year's license tag of its former wearer.

It was little Elspeth who broke the awful spell of silence.

"Looks—looks kind of—of measly, don't he?" she volunteered.

"Jamie Mackellar!" shrilled her mother, finding voice and wrath in one swift gasp. "You—you went and gambled with your life on them explosion trucks—and never told me a word about it till it was over—just to earn money to buy—to buy—*that?*"

Then Jamie spoke. And at his first luridly sputtered sentence his wife shooed the children out of the room in scandalized haste. But from the cottage's farthest end she could hear her spouse's light voice still raised to shrill falsetto. He seemed to be in earnest converse with his Maker, and the absence of his wife and children from the room lent luster and scope to his vocabulary.

Outside, the night was settling down bitterly chill. A drifting snow was sifting over the frozen earth. The winter's worst cold spell was beginning. But in the firelit kitchen a hope-blasted and swindled man was gripped by a boiling rage that all the frigid outer world could not have cooled.

Presently through his sputtering soliloquy Mackellar found time and justice to note that Lochinvar Bobby was still shaking with the cold of his long wagon ride through the snow from the station. And sullenly the man went out to the refrigerator in the back areaway for milk to warm for the sufferer. He left the door open behind him. Into the kitchen seeped the deadly chill of night. It struck the miserable Bobby and roused him from the apathy of fright into which his advent to the bright room had immersed him.

The fright remained, but the impotence to move was gone. Fear born of the harsh treatment meted out to him in the place of his birth by kennel men who scoffed at his worthlessness, and increased fiftyfold by his long and clangorous journey across half the continent, came to a climax.

He had cowered in helpless terror before these strangers here in the closed room. He had sensed their hostility. But now for an instant the strangers had left him. Yes, and the back door was standing ajar—the door to possible escape from the unknown dangers which beset him on all sides.

Tucking his ratlike tail between his cow-hocks, Bobby put down his head and bolted. Through the doorway he scurried, dodging behind the legs of Jamie Mackellar as he fled through the refrigerator-blocked areaway. Jamie heard the scrambling footfalls and turned in time to make a belated grab for the fleeing dog.

He missed Bobby by an inch; and the man's gesture seemed to the pup a new menace. Thus had Roke and the other kennel men struck at him in early days or had seized him by tail or hind leg as he fled in terror from their beatings.

Out into the unfenced yard galloped the panic-driven Bobby and through the pitch blackness Mackellar stumbled in utterly futile pursuit. The sound of Jamie's following feet lent new speed to the cowed youngster. Instead of stopping after a few moments, he galloped on with his ridiculous wavering and sidewise gait.

Mackellar lived on the outskirts of the suburb, which, in turn, was on the outskirts of the city. And by chance or by instinct Bobby struck ahead for the rocky ridge which divided denser civilization from the uncleared wilderness and the patches of farm country to the north. Nor did the puppy cease to run until he had topped, puffingly, the ridge's summit. There he came to a shambling halt and peered fearfully around him.

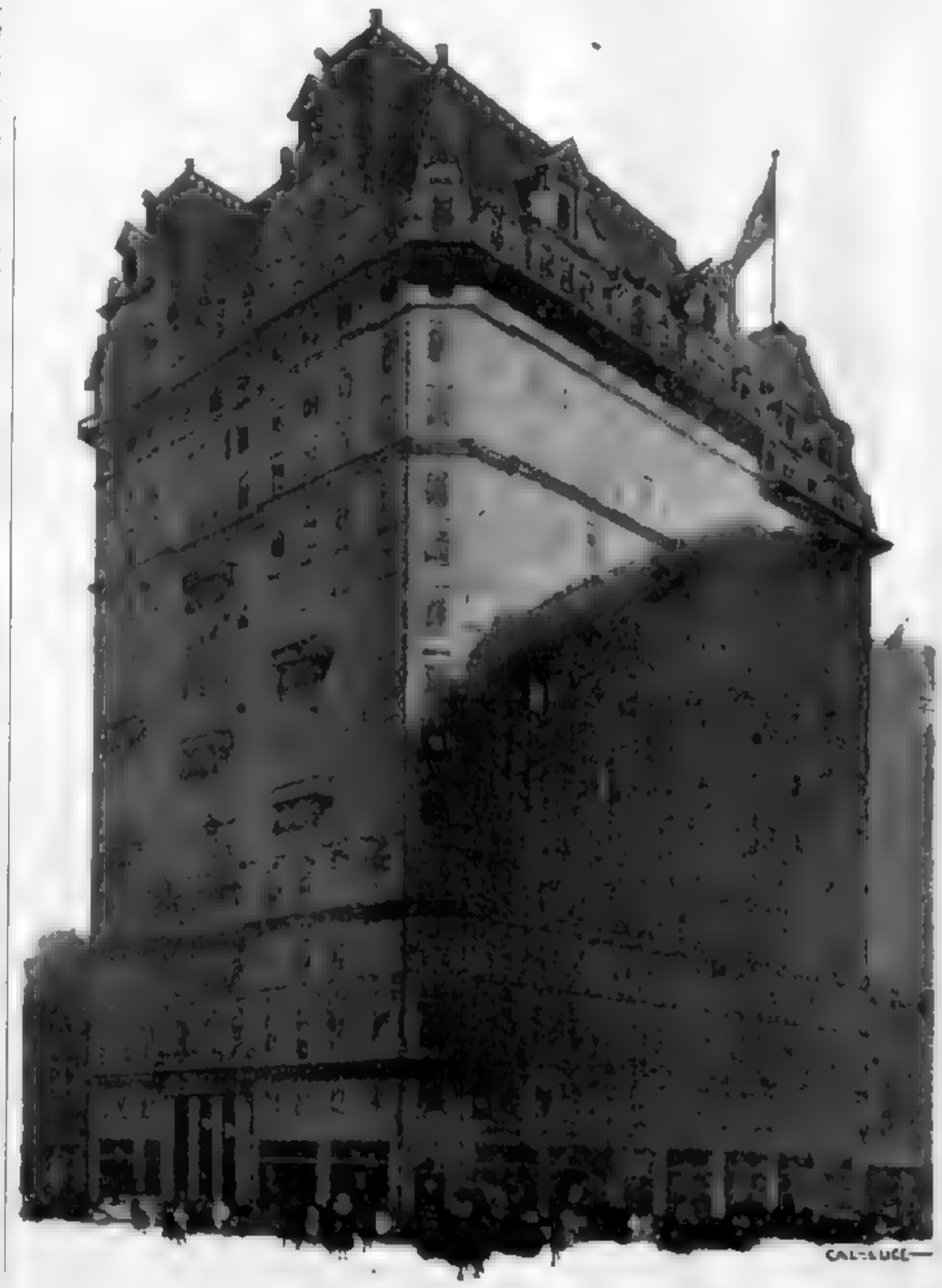
On the ridge crest the wind was blowing with razor sharpness; and it cut like a billion waxed whiplashes through the sparse coat and against the sagging ribs of the pup. It drove the snow needles into his watering eyes, and stung the blown-back insides of his sensitive ears. He cowered under its pitiless might as under a thrashing; and again he began to whimper and to sob.

Below him, from the direction whence he had wormed his slippery way up the ridge, lay the squalidly flat bit of plain with its sprinkle of mean houses; behind it, the straggling suburb whence he had escaped; and behind that, the far-reaching tangle of glare and blackness which was Midwestburg, with a mile of lurid light reflection on the low-hanging clouds.

Turning, the puppy looked down the farther slope of his ridge to the rolling miles of forest and clearing, with wide-scattered farmsteads and cottages. The wilds seemed less actively and noisily terrifying than the glare and muffled roar of the city behind him. And as anything was better than to cower freezing there in the wind's full path Bobby slunk down the ridge's northern flank and toward the naked black woodlands beyond its base.

The rock edges and the ice cut his uncalloused splay feet. Even out of the wind the chill gnawed through coat and skin. The world was a miserable place to do one's

HAUGHTON ELEVATORS



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living in. Moreover, Bobby had not eaten in more than twenty-four hours, although a pup of his age is supposed to be fed not less than three or four times a day.

The rock-strewn ridge having been passed, the going became easier. Here, on the more level ground, a snow carpet made it softer, if colder. No longer running, but at a loose-jointed wolf trot, Bobby entered the woods. A quarter mile farther on he stopped again at sight of something which loomed up at a height of perhaps three feet above the half acre of cleared ground about it.

He had strayed into the once-popular Blake's Woods Picnic Grove, and the thing which arrested his sick glance was the dancing platform which had been erected at the grove's painfully geometrical center.

Years agone Blake's Woods had been a favorite outing ground for Midwestburg's workers. The coming of the interurban trolley, which brought Boone Lake Beach within half an hour of the city, had turned these woods into a dead loss as far as local pleasure seekers were concerned. The benches had been split up or stolen or had rotted. The trim central patch of greensward had been left to grow successive unmown harvests of ragweed. The dancing platform, with its once-smooth floor and the bright-painted lattice which ran around its base, was sharing the fate of the rest of the grove. The floor was sunken and holey. The laths of the lattice had fallen away in one or two places, and everywhere they had been washed free of their former gay paint.

Bobby's aimless course took him past one end of the platform as soon as he discovered it was harmless and deserted. A furtive sidelong glance, midway of the latticed stretch, showed him a weed-masked hole some two feet square where the laths had been ripped away or had been kicked in. The sight awoke vague submemories, centuries old, in the artificially reared pup. Thus had his wolf forbears seen, and explored for den purposes, gaps between rocks or under windfalls. Bobby, moving with scared caution, crept up to the opening, sniffed its musty interior, and step by step ventured in under the platform.

Here it was still bitter cold; yet it was sensibly warmer than in the open. And year after year dead leaves had been wind-drifted through the gap. Ruffles of them lay ankle deep near the entrance. Down into the thickest of the riffles the wretched puppy wiggled his shivering way. There he lay, still shaking, but gaining what scant comfort he might from the warmth of the leaves beneath and around him.

Presently from sheer nervous fatigue he snoozed.

It was past midnight when Bobby awoke. He was awakened less by cold than by ravening hunger. His was not the normal increase of appetite that had come upon him at such times as the Lochinvar kennel men had been an hour or so late with his dinner. This was the first phase of famine.

Fear and discomfort had robbed him of hunger throughout the train journey, but now he was safe away from the strangers who had seemed to menace his every move and he had had a few hours of sleep to knit his frayed nerves. He was more than hungry. He was famished. All his nature cried out for food.

Now, never in his brief life had Lochinvar Bobby found his own meals. Never had he so much as caught a mouse or rifled a garbage pail. In sanitary man-made kennel run and hutch had he passed all his time. Not his had been the human companionship which sharpens a collie's brain as much as does stark need. And he had no experience of food save that which had been served him in a tin dish. He did not know that food grows in any other form or place.

But here was no tin dish heaped with scientifically balanced, if uninspired, rations. Here was no manner of food at all. Bobby nosed about among the dead leaves and the mold of his new-found den. Nothing was there which his sense of smell recognized as edible. And goaded by the scourge of hunger he ventured out again into the night. The wind had dropped, but the cold had only intensified and a light snow was still sifting down.

Bobby stood and sniffed. Far off, his sensitive nostrils told him, was human habitation. Presumably that meant food was there too. Humans and food in Bobby's experience always went together. The pup followed the command of his scent and trotted dubiously toward the distant man reek.

In another quarter hour the starving pup was sniffing about the locked kitchen door of a farmhouse. Within, he could smell milk and meat and bread. But that was all the good it did him. Timidly he skirted the house for ingress. Almost had he completed the round when a stronger odor smote his senses. It was a smell which of old he would have disregarded. But with the primal impulse of famine other atavistic traits were stirring in the back of his necessity-sharpened brain.

This new scent was not of prepared food, but of hot and living prey. Bobby paused by the unlatched door of the farm chicken coop. Tentatively he scratched at the whitewashed panel. Under the pressure the door swung inward. Out gushed a pleasant warmth and a monstrously augmented repetition of the whiff which had drawn him to the henhouse.

Just above him, well within reach, perched fifteen or twenty feathery balls of varicolored fluff. And famine did the rest. Acting on some impulse wholly beyond his ken Bobby sprang aloft and drove his white milk teeth deep into the breast of a Plymouth Rock hen.

Instantly his ears were assailed by a most ungodly racket. The quiet hencoop was hideous with eldritch squawks and was alive with feathers. All Bobby's natural fear urged him to drop this flapping and squawking hen and to run for his life, but something infinitely more potent than fear had taken hold upon him. Through his fright surged a sensation of mad rapture. He had set teeth in live prey. Blood was hot in his nostrils. Quivering flesh was twisting and struggling between his tense jaws. For the moment he was a primitive forest beast.

Still gripping his noisy five-pound burden he galloped out of the hencoop and across the barnyard, heading instinctively for the lair in which he had found a soft bed and safety from human intruders. As he fled he heard a man's bellowing voice. A light showed in an upper window of the house. Bobby ran the faster.

The hen was heavy for so spindling a killer. But Bobby's overshot jaws held firm. He dared not pause to eat his kill until he should be safe away from the shouting man.

Stumbling into his platform den, half dead with hunger and fatigue, the dog sought his bed of leaves. And there he feasted. He feasted, rather than ate, for never before had he known such a meal. And when the last edible morsel of it was gorged he snuggled happily down in his nest and slept.

Poultry bones are the worst and most dangerous fare for any domesticated dog. Their slivers tear murderously at throat and stomach and intestines, and have claimed their slain victims by the hundred. Yet since the beginning of time wild animals, as foxes and wolves, have fed with impunity on such bones. No naturalist knows just why. And for some reason Bobby was no more the worse for his orgy of crunched chicken bones than a coyote would have been.

He awoke late in the morning. Some newborn sense, in addition to his normal fear, warned him to stay in his den throughout the daylight hours. And he did so, sleeping part of the time and part of the time nosing about amid the flurry of feathers in vain search for some overlooked bone or fragment of meat.

Dusk and hunger drove him forth again. And, as before, he sought the farmstead which had furnished him with so delicious a meal. But as he drew near, the sound of voices from indoors and the passing of an occasional silhouette across the bright window shades of the kitchen warned him of danger. When, as the kitchen light was blown out, he ventured to the chicken coop he found the door too fast-barred to yield to his hardest scratch. And miserably hungry and disappointed he slunk away.

Three farms did Bobby visit that night before he found another with an unlatched henhouse door. There the tragedy of the preceding evening was repeated. And lugging an eight-pound Dominick rooster Bobby made scramblingly for his mile-distant lair. Behind him again raged sound and fury. The eight-pound bird with its dangling legs and tail feathers kept tripping up the fleeing dog until, acting again on instinct, Bobby slung the swaying body over his shoulder, fox-fashion, and thus made his way with less discomfort.

By the third night the collie had taken another long step in his journey backward to the wild. When a dog kills a chicken everyone within a half mile is likely to be drawn by the sound. When a fox or wolf or coyote kills a chicken the deed is done in dexterous silence, with no squawks or flurry of feathers to tell the story. Nature teaches the killer this secret. And Nature taught it to Bobby; as she has taught it to other gone-wild dogs.

As a result his depredations thereafter left no uproar behind them. Also he learned presently the vulpine art of hoarding—in other words, when safety permitted, to stay on the ground until he had not only slain but eaten one chicken, and then to carry another bird back to his lair for future use. It cut down the peril of overmany trips to neighboring coops.

In time he learned to rely less and less on the close-guarded chickens in the vicinity of his den, and to quarter the farm country for a radius of ten or more miles in search of food. The same queer new instinct taught him infinite craft in keeping away from humans and in covering his tracks. He was doing no more than are thousands of foxes throughout the world. There was no miracle in his new-found deftness as a forager. Nature was merely telling her ancient and simple secrets to a wise little brain no longer too clogged by association with mankind to learn them.

There was a profitable side line to Bobby's chicken hunts. The wilder woods back of Midwestburg abounded in rabbits for such as had the wit to find them. And Bobby acquired the wit. Incredibly soon he learned the wolf's art of tracking a cottontail and of stalking the prey until such moment as a lightning dash and a blood-streaked swirl in the snow marked the end of the chase. Squirrels, too, and an occasional unwary partridge or smaller bird, were added to the collie's menu. And more than once as he grew older Bobby lugged homeward over his shoulder a twenty-pound lamb from some distant sheepfold.

Nature had played a vilely cruel trick on Lochinvar Bobby by bringing him into the world as the puny and defective runt of a royal litter. She had threatened his life by casting him loose in the winter woods. But at that point Nature seemed to repent of her unkindness to the poor helpless atom of colliehood, for she taught him the closest-guarded secrets of her awful live-on-one-another ritual.

As winter grew soggy at the far approach of spring Bobby found less and less trouble in making a nightly run of thirty miles in search of meals or in carrying back to his lair the heaviest of burdens.

Feasting on raw meat—and plenty of it—living in the open, with the icy cold for his bedfellow, he was taking one of the only two courses left to those who must forage or die. Readily enough he might have dwindled and starved. The chill weather might have snuffed out his gangling life. Instead, the cold and the exposure, and the needful exercise, and the life according to forest nature, and the rich supply of meat that was his for the catching—all these had worked wonders on the spindling runt.

His narrow chest had filled out from much lung work. His shoulders, from the same cause and from incessant night running, had taken on a splendid breadth. His gawkily shambling body grew rapidly. The overshot puppy jaw was leveling. And as his frame grew it shaped itself along lines of powerful grace, such as Nature gives to the leopard and to the stag. Incessant exposure to the cold had changed his sparse covering of hair to a coat whose thickness and length and texture would have been the wonder of the dog-show world. In brief, his mode of life was achieving for him what all the kennel experts and vets unhung could not have accomplished. It had been a case of kill or cure. Bobby was cured.

After the departure of the snows and the zero nights, and before the leafage made secret progress safe through forest and meadow, Bobby knew a period of leanness. True, he foraged as before, but he did it at far greater risk and with less certainty of results.

For—he could not guess why—the countryside was infested nowadays with armed men; men who carried rifle or shotgun and who not only scoured hill and valley by daylight but lurked outside chicken coops and sheepfolds by night. Of course by day Bobby could avoid them—and he did—by lying close in his den. And at night his amazingly keen sense of smell

(Continued on Page 59)

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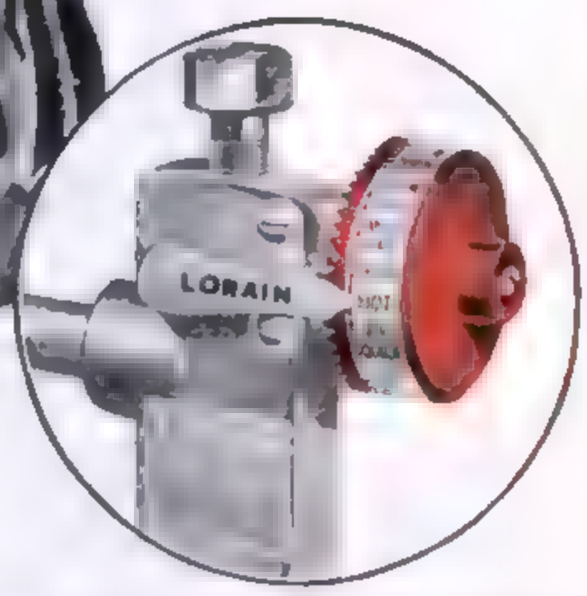

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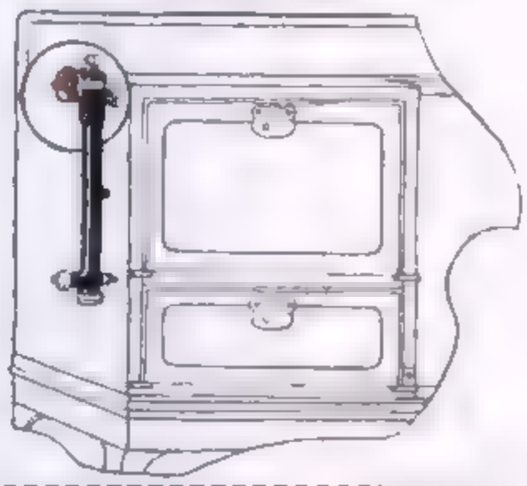

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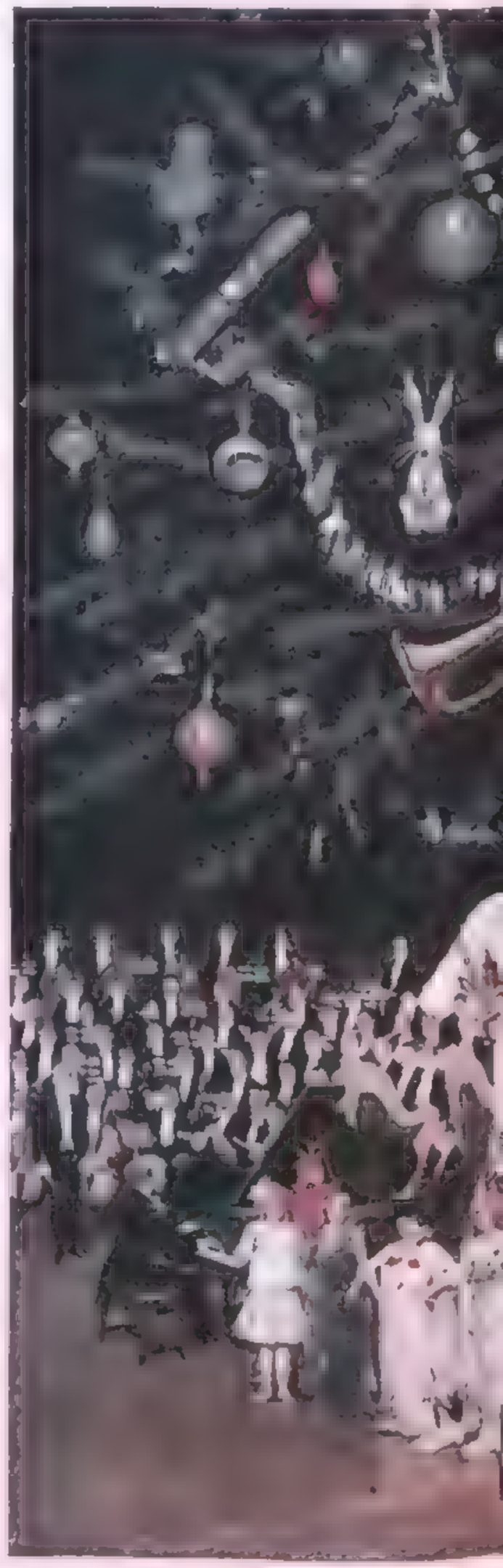

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(Continued from Page 54)

enabled him to skirt them, out of gun-shot range, as they waited at barn door or at fold gate. But such necessity for caution played havoc with his chances for easily acquired food. And for the most part he had to fall back on rabbit catching or to traveling far afield. This, until the thickening of foliage made his hunting excursions safer from detection by human eye.

There was sufficient reason for all this patroling of the district. During the past few months word had seeped through the farm country that a wolf was at large in the long-wolfless region; and that he was slaughtering all manner of livestock, from pullets to newborn calves. No dog, it was argued, could be the killer, for no known dog could slay so silently and cover his tracks with such consummate skill. Nor could a fox carry away a lamb of double its own weight. The marauder must be a wolf. And old-timers raked up yarns of the superhumanly clever exploits of lone wolves, in the days when populous Midwestburg was a trading post.

The county Grange took up the matter and offered a bounty of fifty dollars for the wolf's scalp and ears. It was a slack time on the farms—the period between woodcutting and early planting. It was a slack time in Midwestburg, too, several mills having shut down for a couple of months.

Thus, farmers and operatives amused themselves by making a try for the fifty dollars and for the honor of potting the superwolf. It was pleasant if profitless sport for the hunters. But it cut down Bobby's rations until farm work and reopening mills called off the quest. Then life went on as before; after a buckshot graze on the hip had taught the collie to beware of spring guns and to know their scent.

So the fat summer drowsed along. And so autumn brought again to the northern air the tang which reddened and then killed the leaves; a tang which started afresh the splendid luxuriance of the tawny coat which Bobby had shed during the first weeks of spring.

Late in December the dog had a narrow escape from death. A farmer, furious at the demise of his best Jersey calf, went gunning afresh for the mysterious wolf. With him he took along a German police dog—this being before the days when that breed was de-Germanized into the title of shepherd dog. This dog he had borrowed for the hunt, lured by its master's tales of his pet's invincible ferocity.

Man and dog had searched the woods in vain all day, some five miles to north of Bobby's cave. At early dusk they were heading homeward through a rock gulch.

The wind was setting strong from the north. And midway through the gulch the police dog halted, back abristle, growling far down in his throat. The man looked up.

As he did so Bobby topped the cliff which formed the gulch's northerly side. The collie was on his way to a farm in the valley beyond, which he had not visited for so long a time that its occupants might reasonably be supposed to have relaxed some of their unneighborly vigilance. The wind from the north kept him from smelling or seeing the two in the gulley a hundred feet to south of him.

Yet, reaching the summit, Bobby paused, his wonted caution bidding him search the lower grounds for sign of danger before traveling farther by fading daylight in such an exposed position.

It was then that the farmer saw him clearly, for the best part of two seconds, silhouetted against the dying sunset. The man knew little enough of collies, and less of wolves. And his mental vision was set for a wolf. Thus, to the best of his belief a wolf was what he saw. But he saw also something he had not expected to see.

The last rays of the sun glinted on a bit of metal that swung beneath Bobby's shaggy throat, metal that had been worn bright by constant friction with the dog's ruff.

Thanks to the twist of wire which had been fastened into his hair Bobby had not slipped the leathern collar wherewith Frayne had equipped him. And later his swellingly muscular neck had been large enough to hold it on. From its ring the old license tag still dangled.

Up went the farmer's gun. He fired both barrels. As he pressed the two triggers at once the police dog made a rush for the collie. The farmer chanced to be just in front of his canine companion, and the police dog sought a short cut to reach his foe by diving between the marksman's slightly spread legs. The two gun barrels were fired straight upward into the sky; and the tripped-up hunter sat down with extreme suddenness on a pointed jut of rock.

By the time he could focus his maddened gaze on the hillock again Bobby had vanished. The police dog was charging over the summit at express-train speed. The farmer shook an impotent fist after the disappearing spoiler of his aim.

"I hope he licks the life out of you if you ever catch up with him, you bunglin' fool!" he bellowed.

His wish came true. Next day, in a hollow a mile farther on, the body of the police dog was found, a score of slashes on his grayish hide and one through his jugular. No police dog ever lived who could catch up with a galloping collie that did not want to be caught. Bobby had varied a career of profit with a moment or two of real pleasure.

Two days later, in the Midwestburg Herald, Jamie Mackellar read the account of this fragmentary drama. He scanned it with no deep interest. Tales of the wolf had grown stale to Herald readers. But suddenly his attention focused itself on the line: "Mr. Gierson declares that a disk of metal was suspended from the throat of the brute."

Jamie laid down the paper and went into executive session with his own inner consciousness. A disk of metal suspended from the throat of an animal means but one thing: It is a license tag. Never has such a tag been fastened to a wolf. Back into Mackellar's memory came the picture of a poor shivering waif from whose meager and almost naked throat hung a huge collar; a collar affixed by wire which was wound into such sparse strands of hair as could be made to support it.

On the morning after the next snowfall Jamie took a day off. Carrying only a collar and chain and a muzzle, he fared forth into the woods. All day he hunted. He found nothing.

A week later came another snowfall in the night. Next morning Mackellar set forth again, this time letting his little son Donald come along, for he had told his family the far-fetched suspicion that had dawned upon him, and Donald had clamored to join the hunt.

On his first search Jamie had quartered the country to west of the ridge. To-day he climbed the rocks and made his way into the rolling land below. Skirting Blake's Woods he was moving on toward the farms when in the fresh snow he came upon the tracks he sought. For an hour he followed them. Apparently they led nowhere. At least they doubled twice upon themselves and then vanished on a long outcrop of snowless rock which stretched back into Blake's Woods.

Tiring of this fruitless way of spending the morning Donald strayed from his father. Into the woods he wandered. And presently he sighted the dancing platform amid its tangle of dead weeds. Running over to it the boy climbed thereon. Then striking an attitude he began to harangue an invisible audience from the platform edge, after the manner of a cart-tail political orator he had observed with emulous delight.

"My friends!" he shrilled, from memory, "our anc'st'rs fit fer the lib'ty we enjoy! Are we goin' to —— Ouch! Hey, daddy!"

One rhetorically stamping little foot had smashed through the rotten boarding. Nor could Donald draw it out. At the yell of fright Jamie came running. But a few yards from his son Mackellar slid to a stop. His eyes were fixed on an opening just below the boy's imprisoned foot, an opening from which the passage of Donald's advancing body had cleared aside some of the tangled weeds. From the tip of a ragged lath at the edge of this aperture fluttered a tuft of tawny hair.

Pulling Donald free Mackellar got down on all fours and peeped into the space beneath the platform. For a few seconds he could see nothing, then as his eyes accustomed themselves to the dimness he descried two greenish points of light turned toward him from the farthest corner of the lair.

"Bobby?" called the man doubtfully.

The cornered dog heard the name. It roused vague half memories. The memories were not pleasant, though the voice had in it a friendliness that stirred the dog strangely. Bobby crouched the closer to

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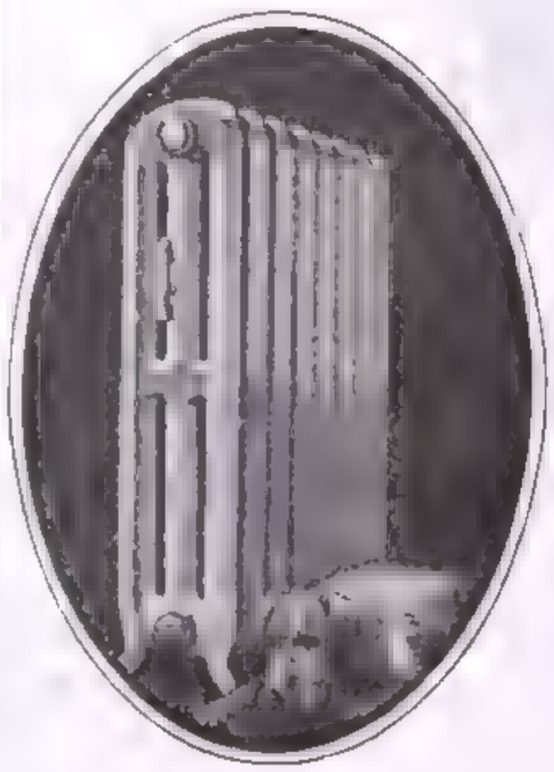

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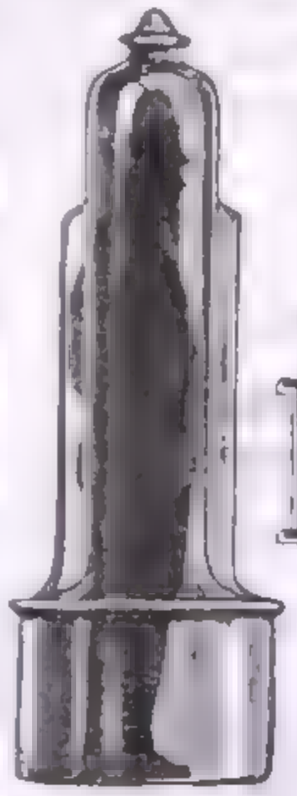

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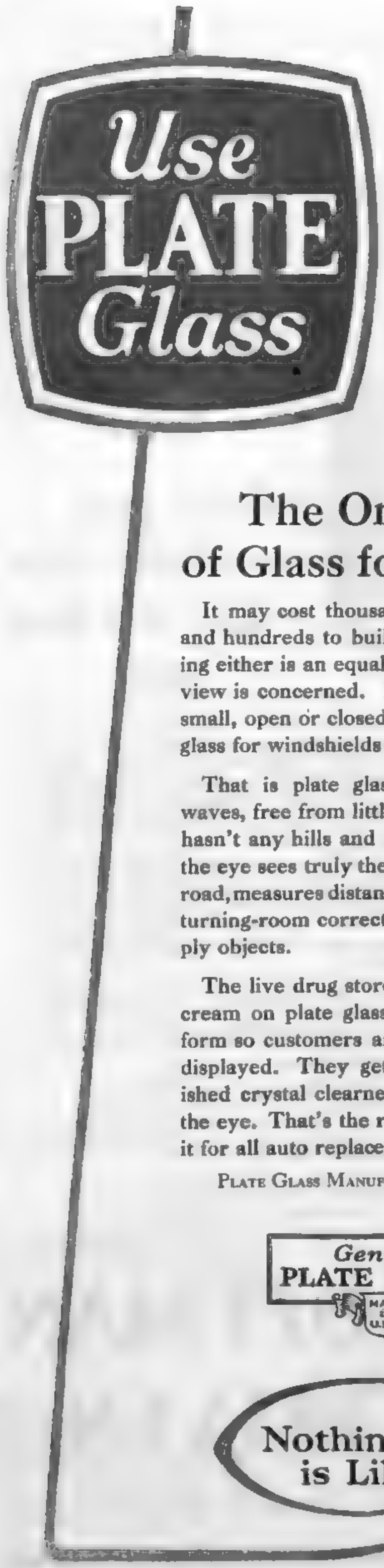

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Nothing Else is Like it

earth and his lips writhed back from murderous white teeth. The man called again in the same friendly, coaxing voice. Then he began to crawl forward a foot or so. Behind him the excited boy was blocking the only way out of the den.

The Lochinvar Bobby of ten months ago would have cowered whimperingly in his corner, waiting for capture. He might even have pleaded for mercy by rolling over on his back. The Lochinvar Bobby of to-day was quite another creature. He laid out his plan of campaign, and then in the wink of an eye he carried it into effect.

With a rabid snarl he charged the advancing man. As Jamie braced himself to fend off the ravening jaws the dog veered sharply to one side and dashed for the opening. Instinct told him the boy would be easier to break past than the man.

But it was not Jamie Mackellar's first experience with fighting or playing dogs. As Bobby veered, Jamie slewed his own prostrate body to the same side and made a grab for the fast-moving collie. His fingers closed and tightened around Bobby's left hind leg just below the hock.

With a snarl Bobby wheeled and drove his jaws at the captor's wrist in a slash which might well have severed an artery. But expecting just such a move, Jamie was ready with his free hand. Its fingers buried themselves in the avalanche of fur to one side of Bobby's throat. The slashing eye-teeth barely grazed the pinioning wrist. And Bobby thrashed furiously from side to side to free himself and to rend his enemy.

Mackellar's expert hands found grips to either side of the whirling jaws, and he held on. Bit by bit, bracing himself with all his wiry strength, he backed out, dragging the frantic beast behind him.

Five minutes later, at the expense of a few half-averted bites, he had the muzzle tight bound in place and was leading the exhausted and foaming collie toward Midwestburg. Bobby held back, he flung himself against the chain, he fought with futile madness against the gentle skill of his master.

Then shuddering all over he gave up the fight. Head and tail adroop, he suffered himself to be led to prison.

"It's Lochinvar Bobby all right!" the wondering Jamie was saying to his son in intervals of lavishing kindly talk and pats on the luckless dog. "The collar and tag prove that. But if it wasn't for them I'd swear it couldn't be the same. It's—it's enough to take a body's breath away, Don! I've followed the dog game from the time I was born, but I never set eyes on such a collie in all my days. Just run your hand through that coat! Was there ever another like it? And did you ever see such bone and head? He's —— Lord, to think how he looked when that Frayne crook sawed him off on me! It's a miracle he lived through the winter. I never heard of but one other case like this. And that happened up in Toronto if I remember right.

"Now, listen, sonny: I'm not honing to be sued for damages by every farmer in the county. So let 'em keep on looking for their wolf. This is a dog I bought last year. He's been away in the country till now. That's the truth. And the rest is nobody's business. But—but if it keeps me awake for a week to figger it out I'm going to hit on some way to let Mr. Lucius Frayne, Esquire, see he hasn't stung me so hard as he thought he did!"

For two days Bobby refused to eat or drink. In the stout inclosure built for him in Mackellar's back yard he stood, head and tail adroop, every now and then shivering as if with ague. Then, little by little, Jamie's skilled attentions did their work. The wondrous lure of human kindness and of human fellowship, the joy of cooked food, and the sense of security against harm, and, above all, a collie's ancestral love for the one man he chooses to be his god—these wrought their work.

In less than a fortnight Bobby was once more a collie. The spirit of the wild beast had departed from him and he took his rightful place as the chum of the soft-voiced little Scot he was learning to worship. Yes, and he was happy, happier than ever before; happy with a new and strangely sweet contentment. He had come into a collie's rightful heritage.

The Westminster Kennel Club's annual dog show at Madison Square Garden, in New York, is the foremost canine classic of America and, in late years, of the whole world. A month before that year's Westminster Show, Lucius Frayne received a letter which made the wontedly saturnine sportsman laugh till the tears spattered down his nose. The joke was too good to keep to himself. So he shouted for Roke, and bade the kennel man share the bliss of it with him.

He read aloud, cacklingly, to the listening Roke:

MR. LUCIUS FRAYNE,

My dear Sir: Last year, out to the Midwestburg show, here, you sold me a fine puppy of your Champion Lochinvar King. And as soon as I could raise the price you sent him on here to me. I would of written to you when I got him, to thank you and to say how pleased I was with him and how all my friends praised him. But I figured you're a busy man and you haven't got any waste time to spend in reading letters about how good your dogs are, because you know it already; and so I didn't write to you. But I am writing to you now, because this is business.

You know what a grand pup Bobby was when you sent him to me? Well, to my way of thinking, he has developed even better than he gave promise to. And some of my friends say the same. To my way of thinking, he is the grandest collie in North America or anywhere else to-day. He is sure one grand dog. He turned out every bit as good as you said he would. He's better now than he was at five months.

I want to thank you for letting me have such a dog, Mr. Frayne. Just as you said, he is champion timber. Now this brings me to the business I spoke about.

Granther used to tell me how the gentry on the other side would bet with each other on their dogs at the shows. Six months ago my Aunt Marjorie died and she willed me $900. It is in bank waiting for a good investment for it. Now here is an investment that seems to me a mighty safe one, knowing Bobby as I do. A fine sporting investment. And I hope it may please you as well. I am entering Bobby for Westminster. I read in Dog News that you are expecting to enter Champion Lochinvar King there, with others of your string. So here is my proposition:

I propose you enter King for Open, Sable-and-White and Open, Any Color, these being the only regular classes a sable champion is eligible for. I will enter Bobby in the same classes, instead of Novice as I was going to. And I will wager you $600, even, that the judge will place Bobby above King. I am making this offer, knowing how fine King is, but thinking my dog is even better. For Bobby has really improved since a pup. My wife thinks ■■ too.

If this offer pleases you, will you deposit a certified check for $600 with the editor of Dog News? He is a square man, as everyone knows; and he will see fair play; he has promised me he will hold the stakes. I am ready to deposit my check for $600 at once. I would like to bet the whole $900, knowing it a safe investment, knowing Bobby like I do. But my wife doesn't want me to bet it at all, and so we are compromising on it.

Please let me hear from you on this, Mr. Frayne. And I thank you again for how you treated me as regards Bobby. I hope to repay you, at Westminster, by letting you see him for yourself.

Your ob't servant,
JAMES A. MACKELLAR.

Yes, it was a long letter. Yet Frayne skipped no word of it. And Roke listened as to heavenly music.

"Talk about Lochinvar luck!" chortled Frayne as he finished. "The worst pup we ever bred; and we sold him for one-fifty. And now he is due to fetch us another six hundred in dividends. He ——"

"You're going to cover his bet?" queried Roke. "Good! I was afraid maybe you'd feel kind of sorry for the poor cuss, and ——"

"Unless I break both wrists in the next hour," announced Frayne, "that certified check will start for the Dog News office by noon. It's the same old wheeze: A dub has picked up a smattering of dog talk; he thinks he knows it all. He buys a bum pup with a thundering pedigree. The pedigree makes him think the pup is a humdinger. He brags about it to his folks. They think anything that costs so much must be the best ever, no matter how it looks. And he gets to believing he's got a world beater. Then ——"

"But, boss," put in Roke with happy unction, "just shut your eyes and try to remember how the poor mutt looked! And the boob says he's 'even better than he gave promise to be.' Do you get that? Yet you hear a lot about Scotchmen being shrewd! Gee, but I wish you'd let me have a slice of that $600 bet! I'd ——"

"No," said Frayne judicially. "That's my own meat. It was caught in my trap. But I tell you what you can do: Wait till I send my check and till it's covered, and then write to Mackellar and ask him if he's willing to bet another $150, on the side, with you. From the way he sounds, you ought to have it easy in getting him to

(Continued on Page 62)

U.S.G.

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One of the "Gifts that Last"

(Continued from Page 60)

make the side bet. He needn't tell his wife. Try it anyhow, if you like."

Roke tried it. And after ridiculously small objection on Jamie's part the side bet was recorded and its checks were posted with the editor of Dog News. Once more Lucius Frayne and his faithful kennel man shook hands in perfect happiness.

To the topmost steel rafters, where the gray February shadows hung, old Madison Square Garden echoed and reverberated with the multikeyed barks of some two thousand dogs. The four-day show had been opened at ten o'clock of a slushy Wednesday morning. And as usual the collies were to be judged on the first day.

Promptly at eleven o'clock the clean-cut little collie judge followed his steward into the ring, and the leather-lunged runner passed down the double ranks of collie benches, bawling the numbers for the Male Puppy Class.

The judge had a reputation for quickness as well as for accuracy and honesty in judging. The Open classes, thus, were certain to come up for verdict within an hour at most.

Seven benches had been thrown into one for the Frayne dogs. At its back ran a strip of red silk, lettered in silver: LOCHINVAR COLLIE KENNELS. Seven high-quality dogs lay or sat in this space de luxe. In the center—his name on a bronze plate above his head—reclined Lochinvar King.

In full majesty of conscious perfection he lay there, magnificent as a Numidian lion, the target for all eyes. Conditioned and groomed to the minute, he stood out from his high-class kennel mates like a swan among cygnets.

Frayne more than once in the show's first hour or so left his much-admired benches for a glance at a near-by unoccupied space, numbered 568. Here, according to the catalogue, should be benched Lochinvar Bobby. But Bobby was nowhere to be seen.

Congratulating himself on his own craft in having inserted a forfeit clause in the bet agreement, Frayne was none the less disappointed that the fifth-rate mutt had not shown up.

He longed for a chance to hear the titter of the railbirds when the out-at-elbow, gangling, semihairless little nondescript should shamble into the ring. And Bobby's presence would add zest to his own oft-told tale of the wager.

According to American Kennel Club rules a dog must be on its bench from the moment the exhibition opens until the close, excepting only when it is in the ring or at stated exercise periods. That rule until recently has been most flagrantly disregarded by many exhibitors. In view of this Frayne made a trip to the exercise room and then through the dim-lit stalls under the main floor.

As he came back from a fruitless search for Bobby or for Mackellar he passed the collie ring. Limit; Dogs, was chalked on the blackboard. Two classes more—Open, Merle, and Open, Tricolor—and King must enter the ring for Open, Sable, and Sable-and-White. Frayne hurried to the Lochinvar benches, where Roke and another kennel man were fast at work putting finishing touches to King's toilet.

The great dog was on his feet, tense and eager for the coming clash. Close behind the unseeing Roke, and studying King with grave admiration, stood Jamie Mackellar.

"Hello there!" boomed Frayne with loud cordiality, bearing down upon the little man. "Get cold feet? I see your dog's absent. Remember, you forfeit by absence."

"Yes, sir," said Jamie with meekness, taking off his hat to the renowned sportsman, and too confused in fumbling with its wabbly brim to see the hand which Frayne held out to him. "Yes, sir. I remember the forfeit clause, sir. I'm not forfeiting. Bobby is here."

"Here? Where? I looked all over the ——"

"I hired one of the cubby-hole rooms upstairs, sir, to keep him in nights while he's here. And I haven't brought him down to his bench yet. You see, he—he ain't seen many strangers. And you remember, maybe, that he used to be just a little shy. So I'm keeping him there till it is time to show him. My boy, Don, is up, now, getting him ready. They'll be down presently, sir. I think you'll be real pleased with how Bobby looks."

"I'm counting on a heap of pleasure," was Frayne's cryptic reply as he turned away to mask a grin of utter joy.

Five gray dogs were coming down the aisle to their benches. The Merle Class had been judged and the Tricolors were in the ring. There were but four of these.

In another handful of minutes the Open, Sable, Class was called. It was the strongest class of the day, and it contained no less than three champions in addition to four less famous dogs, like Bobby; seven entries in all.

Six of these dogs were marched into the ring. The judge looked at the steward for the all-here signal. As he did so the seventh entrant made his way past the gate crowd and was piloted into the ring by a small and cheaply clad man.

While the attendant was slipping the number board on Mackellar's arm Lucius Frayne's eyes fell upon Lochinvar Bobby. So did those of the impatient judge and of ninety out of every hundred of the railbirds.

Through the close-packed ranks of onlookers ran a queer little wordless mutter—the most instinctive and therefore the highest praise that can be accorded.

Alertly calm of nerve, heedless of his surroundings so long as his worshiped god was crooning reassurances to him, Bobby stood at Mackellar's side. His incredible coat was burnished like old bronze. His head was calmly erect, his mighty frame steady. His eyes, with their true eagle look, surveyed the staring throng.

Never before in all the Westminster Club's forty-odd shows had such a collie been led into the ring. Eugenic breeding, wise rationing and tireless human care had gone to the perfecting of other dogs. But Mother Nature herself had made Lochinvar Bobby what he was. She had fed him bountifully upon the all-strengthening ration of the primal beast; and she had given him the exercise-born appetite to eat and profit by it. Her pitiless winter winds had combed and winnowed his coat as could no mortal hand, giving it thickness and length and richness beyond belief. And she had molded his growing young body into the peerless model of the wild.

Then, because he had the loyal heart of a collie and not the incurable savagery of the wolf, she had awakened his soul and made him bask rapturously in the friendship of a true dog man. The combination was unmatchable.

"Walk your dogs, please," mumbled the judge, coming out of his daze.

Before the end of the first turn of the ring he had motioned Frayne and Mackellar to take their dogs into one corner. Then he proceeded to study the five others, awarding to two of them the yellow third-prize ribbon and the white reserve, and then ordering the quintet from the ring. After which he beckoned Bobby and King to the judging block.

In the interim Frayne had been staring goggle-eyed at the Midwestburg collie. He tried to speak but he could not. A hundred thoughts were racing dumbly in his bemused brain. He stood agape, foolish of face. Jamie Mackellar was pleasantly talkative.

"A grand class, this," he confided to his voiceless comrade. "But, first crack, the judge had the eye to single out our two as so much the best that he won't size 'em up with the others. How do you like Bobby, sir? Is he very bad? Don't you think, maybe, he's picked up just a trifle since you shipped him to me? He's no worse, anyhow, than he was then.

"This is the last time I'll ever show him. The first time and the last, Mr. Frayne," he continued, a rasping note coming into his timid voice. "The cash I'm due to collect from you and Mr. Roke will make enough, with the legacy and what I've saved, to start me in business with a truck of my own. Bobby and I are going into partnership. And we're going to clean up. Bobby is putting seven hundred and fifty dollars and to-day's cash prizes into the firm. He and I are getting out of the show end of collie breeding. The more we see of some of you professionals the better we like cesspools. If dogs weren't the grandest animals the good Lord ever put on earth, a few of the folks who exploit them would have killed the dog game long ago. It —— The judge is beckoning for us!"

Side by side the two glorious collies advanced to the judging block. Side by side at their handlers' gestures they mounted it. And again from the railbirds arose that queer wordless hum. Sire and son, shoulder to shoulder, faced the judge.

And for the first time in his unbroken career of conquest Lochinvar King looked almost shabby beside the wondrous young giant he had sired. His every good point—and he had no others—was bettered by Bobby.

As a matter of form the judge went over both dogs with meticulous care; testing coat texture, spring of ribs, soundness of bone, carriage, facial expression, and the myriad other details which go into the judging of a show dog. Long he faced them, crouching low and staring into their deep-set eyes; marking the set and carriage of the tulip ears; comparing point with point; as becomes a man who is about to give victory to an unknown over a hitherto invincible.

Then with a jerk of his head he summoned the steward with the judging book and ribbons. And amid a spontaneous rattle of applause Jamie Mackellar led his splendid dog to the far end of the ring with one hand while in the fingers of the other fluttered a strip of dark-blue ribbon.

Back came both collies for the Open, Any Color Class, and the verdict was repeated; as in the supreme Winners' Class which followed. Winners' Class carried with its rosette a guerdon of five points toward Bobby's championship.

Then followed the rich harvest of cash specials in the collie division, and for the next three days the even fatter gleanings from among the scores of variety classes. These last awards ranged from five dollars to twenty-five dollars apiece; apart from a valiseful of silver cups and like trophies which are more beautiful than pawnable.

On Saturday, Jamie Mackellar and Bobby took the midnight train for Midwestburg, richer by almost nine hundred dollars for their New York sojourn.

Rolling sweetly around in Jamie's memory was a brief talk he had had with Roke an hour before the close of the show. Sent as emissary by Frayne the kennel man had offered Mackellar a flat two thousand dollars for the sensational young prize winner.

"We're not parting company, Bobby and I," Jamie had made civil answer. "Thanking you and your boss just as much. But tell Mr. Frayne if ever I breed a pup as good as Bobby was when he came to me he can have it for an even hundred and fifty. I wouldn't want such a fine chap to think I'm not just as clean a sportsman as what he is!"

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THE CANYON OF THE FOOLS

(Continued from Page 26)

Hadn't been near! Think of the cast-iron nerve she was displaying to so much as allude to the spectral figure of that man Faggard, her accomplice!

"I have forbidden nobody. I have no right to forbid anybody this camp, and I don't," Clint said. "I am only the man sent here by Swasey."

Mrs. Blendon broke out into mocking laughter and cried enigmatically: "Ah! And the Mississippi still flows unvexed to the sea, I suppose."

Down she went in a heap, and Aurelia supported her, gasping and breathing fire, into her chamber.

The whole camp was getting to be at sixes and sevens over a mine of hypothetical gold, of gold that lives only in the corner of the eye. Wasn't that ironical? Members of the same family on the point of feeding one another poisoned meat on the sly on account of a fortune in ore that they hadn't seen a glimmer of as yet, and probably never would. They talked about that estate as if it had a negotiable and inheritable value instead of being the thorny terror it actually was.

It's easy for me to take this calm view now—easy-chair *sang-froid*—but at the time I couldn't look at it in this philosophical light. I was on fire myself. Not ablaze like Clint, perhaps, but still I assure you I could feel the smoldering in my bones.

I would sit hour after hour cramped into the bottom of that shaft, hammering at the head of a three-foot drill and pouring water out of a crushed little tin can into the hole and heaping up a rag of wet burlap around the rim of the hole to prevent the ooze from squelching up in my eyes, and all that agony would be transmuted into the loveliest visions imaginable, coming in puffs and gusts, brain zephyrs, softer and spicier than any chinook or sirocco that ever blew.

I hadn't given May up, that's the sum and substance of it. I couldn't give her up, and I kept remembering what I had told Syd, that one stroke of the pick might mean a lifetime of the ladies. Believe it or not, a sentiment like that will make a forcible appeal in specially selected cases. More than once, in my preoccupation, I hit my thumb a glancing blow with that four-pound hammer, and still I was too mysterious to curse. Actually!

Every morning I expected to come home reeking millions in the afternoon, and instead of that I would be oozing blood at the knuckles and porphyry mud at every pore. Happy, though, because I knew that May and I would have all the evening to laze around the flat in and talk about anything or nothing, lying there under a canopy of blue and silver and gazing for hours at a time at the jeweled figments of our fancy pasted up on those celestial ramparts. Sometimes she fell into fits of dark abstraction, and then I would whisper "A penny for your thoughts," but she wouldn't sell that cheap.

"Talk some of your nonsense and that will cheer me up," she would say. And I did talk too. I couldn't let fall a word about love with a personal application, of course; Jim's wraith precluded that, and yet through the clear depths of our young talk that conception had to fall and did fall like a precipitate. We had to talk about love and all its mysteries and miseries. Marriage may be the narrowest society, as the Frenchman asserts, but there are others nearly as narrow, and perhaps even more confidential, and I don't remember any more candid moments in my life than those that came of our desert-born conversations. That starry stillness would have convicted us of the least taint of insincerity.

We talked about the loves of Tawgy and Aurelia. May had known from the beginning, she said, how it was and would be between those two. A case of mutual infatuation. Didn't I see how that splendid girl hung on his least word to the point of adoration?

"She's the soul of constancy," she murmured, "and just coming into grass, too, really."

"She has no monopoly of constancy," I muttered in return, and May wasn't exactly displeased. Her hand was hanging down by the side of that canvas chair, and she allowed me to seek it out and press it reassuringly. I felt warm flashes all over me, and dreamy conjectures took their rise in me. And in the next breath I was maddened by the dispassionate tolerance she had for my approaches, as if there was no sting and no threat and no danger in me for a girl to fight shy of. I felt shorn, shorn.

XV

I KNEW, of course, better than she did, what King Knute's position was. I don't know how many times he had whispered to me, hot nights, when we were lying sleepless, and wanted to know if I didn't agree with him fully in thinking that a certain amount of petticoats was good for the soul.

Can you imagine it? That's how complacent that man was. He seemed to think he had to take his women in the form of a bitter-sweet medicine that was good for him and yet went against him too. And in the next breath he would be arguing for complete separation of the sexes for the first thirty years.

"That would give a man a chance to make his mark, work days and sleep nights, instead of spending his time dangling," he said ferociously.

Be that as it may, Clint was getting slowly engulfed. My little friend watched that match mature with as much eagerness as if it had been made or first agitated in heaven. She set her heart on it, disinterested as she was. And I watched it, too, not dreaming that it could have consequences for me, because I couldn't anticipate to what lengths my mad folly would carry me. Fancy the exquisite torture to me of sitting there with May under that glorious night sky, with spicy puffs of wind coming and going and the shadows cast by those catclaws and young black oaks weaving direful omens at her feet. Imagine the strain of sitting there and discussing the pros and cons of love on a rational plane, with detached calm, and all the while the very glow and pang of love in your own heart, throbbing itself out right there within one of her elbow and appealing to her deepest-seated intuitions. Ask yourself if the thing wasn't so equilibrated that a feather's weight might have inclined any man not made of wood into an ineradicable embrace.

By heaven, in looking back I wondered at my moderation, and I wonder at it now! What was I thinking of, to let slip so many priceless opportunities of pushing a plain advantage? Isn't it queer and laughable, that notion a young man will sometimes harbor that a girl is ethereally compounded and that she will be simply shattered, torn limb from lovely limb, if she receives some fiery token of his worship? A kiss is the thing farthest from the pure diaphaneity of her thought, he argues. A kiss will slay the soul within her, it appears. It's a breach of that confiding trust, a gross onslaught, a low theft, a rending of the seven veils, a dagger in the scented dark.

Well, women do wear their beauty and their glory like a sword and shield in one, doesn't it sometimes appear? There are moments of biting disillusion when some lofty spirit whispers in the young man's ear "This is not the moment," and he stops short, unmanned, and waits for that fragile being to come three-quarters of the way to meet him.

That's not to say she always comes, of course. The history of man has many vacant pages.

Time and again when I was on the threshold of great utterances I held back, muted by pale considerations like these, and partly, too, by that unsuspecting nonchalance of May's. When I could rally my wits I told myself that any other man would have spoken words of love, and had them confirmed and tangibly reciprocated, Harper or no Harper.

I must have been mild and she must have thought me mild—that charming, unaccountable nomad, with the sheen of a dove, the wisdom of a serpent and the fiery heart of a romantic. She *was* romantic from crown to heel, and just coming into grass herself, for that matter. She told me quite frankly that she was romantic, and that for years her foolish heart had been looking for the man of men. I gathered, though not from her express words, of course, that even Jim at times didn't answer that description.

I was on the point once of submitting it to her that I did, and I won't admit the absurdity of that impulse even now; but I didn't do it. I couldn't. I had that breathless, encircled feeling around the midriff of an urchin suddenly lowered into cold water against his will.

I couldn't speak, and I heard May running on calmly: "As far as that goes, I don't know myself what I want the man of men to do or say."

I gathered that her ideal was a sort of composite. This gave me a tall view of her experience with men, and it abashed me, and even gave me a kind of inverted envy.

I used to go back to my tent and rehearse and rehearse those voiceless crises when animation itself was all but suspended, those near-kisses planted by the dreaming ghost of an affection, kisses that some tenderly dropped word or reminiscent whisper had all but brought on under that arching lapis-lazuli heaven, in sight of those insidiously shining stars. Why had I hung back? What was there to be afraid of? But I *was* afraid. I would find myself ready to drop to my knees and pray to all the gods to roll back time to the doorsill of that fateful moment once again and let me have another go at it.

I don't mean that May would have been conscious of her invitation—no. She reached her dreamiest heights sifting out possibilities of other people's happiness, it seemed to me. But women themselves scarcely know what it is they may bring back from those borderland excursions of theirs—isn't that the fact? Their challenge is to all mankind, practically.

We put it all into the mouths of Tawgy and his love. The relation that had sprung up between those two, like some desert wild flower, was peculiarly fitted to bring out talk about the thing that was uppermost in our minds, I suppose. May was naturally full of it because of her anticipations of Jim. She reported to me the least alterations of mood that precious pair of desert lovers underwent. She saw changes of color and internal modifications that a poker player would have missed, I verily believe.

"And yet if he doesn't strike it rich they will never make a go of it, if I know Tawgy," I said. "He has staked his last dollar here, staked everything on this Canyon of Fools."

"He has staked more than a few dirty dollars," May retorted, and she slanted at me with the full sweep of those lowered lashes. "How little you know of the workings of the human heart, Bobolink! Just wait and see!"

I said guardedly that Clint was a man who knew where he was well off, and what measures to take to keep in that condition; but May simply laughed me to scorn. She told me maturely that when my time came to be visited by passion I would know it in that instant to be a thing as irresistible and smooth as water just quickening towards the falls. By George, I felt dizzy, and reeled a little at the impact of that analogy! May could sometimes unbosom herself of sentiments that had all the force of noble poetry, and do it without turning a hair too. She had twice my intellectual power, and I knew it. Half the time she had me with my feet off the ground and my heels higher than my head.

"No, say what you like, there's nothing sweeter than those first beginnings of love, when they don't know really what's the matter with them," she affirmed. "Anticipation is everything; don't you think so?"

I gurgled something acquiescent in the back of my throat, and she said: "They needn't be rich. Girls aren't so greedy for money as you think. They give the wrong ones to understand that, that's all. No, those two could live here all their lives and not miss any of the sweets of life so long as they had each other. It's just the best investment ever."

I was fatuous enough to put in at this point "One good investment beats a lifetime of toil," and May made an impatient movement of her head that had me quaking. I did have at that time, and I retain, the conviction that she had ever so much deeper insight than I had into the motives and impulses that actuate our fellow creatures.

That conviction led me to agree with what she said—agree most of the time. We discussed the deepest sort of questions with the utmost frankness. Young men and women don't seem to make any more account of barriers in this candid age than a horse at a steeplechase, and it certainly makes for clear understandings. May was the first to refer to love as a consolation, I think; and she told me, clear-eyed, that when children came that made a new world

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BAKER'S COCONUT

Home made cakes, pies and candies will have the real fresh coconut flavor when made with Baker's Coconut Recipe booklet mailed on request to

THE FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY

Coconut Cream Pie (*Meringue*)

1 cup Baker's Canned Coconut (from which milk has been thoroughly pressed and coconut has been separated until light and fluffy).	¾ cup granulated sugar 1 large cup coconut milk or milk 2 level tablespoonsful cornstarch 2 eggs Pinch of salt

Add beaten egg yolks and cornstarch to milk, place over slow fire and stir until thick. Remove from fire and add about ⅔ of the coconut. Pour into a baked crust and cover with stiffly beaten egg whites to which two or three tablespoonsful of powdered or granulated sugar have been added. Sprinkle coconut on top and brown quickly in oven.

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Jewelry
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for everybody concerned, she believed; and I agreed—agreed in a sheepish whisper.

Gad, I sat there dumb, and I felt as if she had picked up the smoky torch of my life and whipped it into a clear flame over her head! She had the significance of a heroic bronze to me, and when I left her leaning there against that tent pole silvered by the moon I felt queer and palpitant with the sense of there having been gleams of actual genius in our conversation. The tiger plunge of genius they called it in the last century. You know—as if we had uncovered something new, something that seemed to span the mysterious gulf between the sexes, that gulf that baffles and tortures and invites.

Haven't you experienced that puzzling, bantering style of meeting a man's approaches that some girls adopt, and that willfully shallow way they have of misunderstanding his best things? By George, I've often thought their ideas are as foreign to a man as if they had been set down here from another planet and told to make converts the best way they could! But May wasn't like that.

"Do you know," I said to her tensely, "it's simply marvelous the way you can sink your woman soul and think a man's thoughts and have aims like his and seek the same privileges for that matter."

"And why shouldn't I?" she cried. "There's no mystery about that. Why do you always speak as if men and women were strangers in this life? We speak the same language, and really at bottom we think the same thoughts."

"So you think, wonderful woman; but you're so utterly unlike your sisters in that particular. You're ambisextrous, do you know that?"

"Oh, I like that!" May drawled.

I coined that word myself, and it ambled through her heart like a whirling dervish, and looked out through that dear cheek in a fleeting scarlet form.

I called that word to mind later, in the midst of the period that came on, filled with hangman's gloom—in Juan's phrase, *ahogadero*—the period of her infatuation, or what looked like her genuine affection for Rolfe. He seemed to have oceans of time at his disposal and at hers. The stage line grew more and more irregular; and you can imagine whether it was easy for me, on those hot still afternoons, to listen to the sound of May's banging away with Rolfe's gun at those green bottles and tomato cans set up on stakes—not easy to listen to his praise of her proficiency, either. What business had a delicate girl flirting with a shooting iron? I remembered Doctor Johnson's masterly likening of a woman preaching to a dog standing on its hind legs. Not that they did it so very well, you understand; but you were dumfounded to see that they could do it at all.

"I'm going through with it for Jim's sake," May said in answer to all my objurgations. "I can't tell yet what I may be called on to do, and I'm not taking any chances that I know about."

"Can't you rely on me to see you through with Jim?" I cried.

"Just what is your reputation as a gun fighter?" May came back at me quietly. "Here, draw a bead on that blazed spot on the oak at the head of the trail!"

She pushed a gun into my hand. I put it down without pulling the trigger. A wave of humiliation went over me, and I muttered that a man couldn't be everything at once, and stumbled away to my quarters. Think how I must have felt to have my bluff called by that one shrewd question put me by a girl whom I had rescued a thousand times from visionary dangers!

It wasn't as if that was her only accomplishment, you understand. Rolfe had hobbled a buckskin with a mane as black as May's on the Sprowl flat for her especial use. In no time at all she had learned to vault into the saddle with that caressing leg action that seems to be the acme of good horsemanship. She was made for a horse, her teacher said, and she did ride as if she had been thrown into the saddle out of the cradle.

"There's nothing like cantering over open ranges in good company with a good horse jammed between your knees and the steers going like mad ahead of you," she told me in a burst of confidence.

In good company! It must be plain what an ominous sound those words had in my ear—in the ear of a man condemned to grind out his days like a goblin in a stone cell, pounding, pounding, pounding with a four-pound hammer on the head of a three-foot drill, and freedom a million years away. It's true May offered to teach me what she knew about a gun and a horse and a few coils of Mexican horsehair, but I put her off with one reason or another. I couldn't abide that unnatural reversal of the usual order of things, whatever may have been Jim's views.

The truth is I was ashamed to put myself into competition with her. Here were things I had spent my youth dreaming of doing, and May was actually doing them and getting away big. It did take the savor out of things. I began to sympathize with Syd's restiveness in those shooting galleries back in Omaha, and I wondered more and more what the world was coming to when the whims of these ambisextrous women had to be indulged.

And she was a creature of whim. I can't easily forget that night when I came home to find that that Australian had just bobbed her hair for her to overcome the natural tendency that sitting a horse has to jounce out hairpins. She came at me with a jolly shake of her head and a low bow as if she had been transmuted into a young Prince Charming, and I was black with wrath to see those great flowing strands lying there on a skirt that she had spread to catch them.

Rolfe stood there making motions with the shears and smiling, and I had the fantastic notion that there was something symbolic here. Delilah was shorn in her turn, and I feared her powers of resistance had gone with her hair.

"What do you think of me?" May said. "Doesn't it become me?"

She did have the grace to crimson.

"You must be mad," I said hoarsely, and she told me not to be absurd.

Well, do you know, I did come after a little to see that that dark crown of short locks tumbling at her neck had in fact a maddening appeal. It gave a new twist to that ambisextrous something in her make-up. It brought out the boyish side of her character in such a way as to throw her inescapable womanhood into the most alluring guise imaginable.

I suffered—gad, how I suffered! I kept Syd company nights, in those vigils of his, and I had all but spilled my terrifying secret into that long moral ear of his too. Secret? It was no secret to him. He had been a victim of the same disease, and contracted in the same quarter too. I cursed the bashful delicacy that had held me off at arm's length and lost her to me to all eternity, it might very well be, for nothing, for no reason at all, except perhaps my too ethereal estimate of her character.

My days in the Neck-or-Nothing had become days of torture. An impulse would come over me to spring up, seize the rope, swarm out of that narrow cell and surprise those two in the midst of a scene which would settle my status definitely, one way or the other.

Well, what you long for hard enough is usually pushed across to you by the logic of events, though sometimes in an altered guise. I did surprise them. I surprised myself as well, and the surprise left me as hideously in the dark as ever.

I had left the claim early that night to circle out around the flats and cool off. My hidden reason was perhaps to defer as long as possible hearing those bursts and volleys of target shooting going on in the canyon. You can imagine my disgust when I all but ran into their arms out there. Rolfe had hitched his old white horse into a buggy and they had been driving through that broken spiny flat looking for rabbits. That scenery was like scenery on the moon, or on some planet where everything had burned out, passion included. But standing stock-still behind a clump of cactus, I got good proof that my feet hadn't left earth.

You say it would have been the part of delicacy for me to take to my heels. I couldn't have, any more than if I had been buried up to the neck in sand by a gang of Arabs. May was on the point of getting down out of the buggy. She gave Rolfe her hand and jumped into his arms, practically. It was exactly as if one of those nasty long spines had been thrust into my heart. I felt a thin, ugly thrill, and it did seem as if the best thing I could do was to make a rash move which would expose me to May's merciful gunfire. I didn't do it, though.

Rolfe handed her the gun, and that old white horse stood as quiet as a lamb while May sighted over his haunches and banged away.

"Bagged him!" she cried. "A good thing too. We certainly need the food over at our ranch."

The Australian retrieved the rabbit, and I heard May's heartsick little exclamation. The sound of that silver voice falling there in that arid waste was wonderful beyond description. What tore me, what mauled me as if I had had my head in the tiger's mouth was the fact that it was not addressed to me, and not tinctured with sadness at my absence, either.

"How still it is!" she said. The old opening, you see. The whole flat conspired to waft those enchanted syllables into my ear. They were startlingly clear, and yet my two principals were surely twenty or thirty yards away.

"Quiet, yes," Harry Rolfe said, and it was in that queer tone that led me on to guess that he had possessed himself of her hand and didn't know what to do with it. He pitched her a yarn about quiet nights in the wild Australian bush, in the back blocks, when any day or hour a man might be struck down by a poisoned arrow there in the northern territory. Yes, it was quiet—dark and lonely too—along those river beds he was following. The only sound was the cheering of the cockatoos from the branches of blue gums.

"Were you hunting for gold?" May asked.

Yes, he was. He told her some weird tale about gold that harked back to the great days of Ballarat and Bendigo and Broken Hill, when the very horses that drew drayloads of ore into the big towns had their hoofs shod with gold instead of iron.

"Of course, that was before my day," he acknowledged.

"Hear the man!" May said. "Why, how old are you, Mr. Rolfe?"

"Twenty-nine," he said. "How old are you?"

I hung forward with my lower jaw grazing the ground, because that was one of the big questions, really, and I had never had gall enough to put it to her. Rolfe had asked her outright, and without seeming more than normally interested, either. She didn't answer him, beyond saying that there were times when she felt old enough to be his mother.

"That may be," he said, "but there is something about you that invites confidences. Talking with some girls is like trying to light a fire in the rain, but it's not that way with you."

"I should hope not," May countered, and she laughed that light laugh of hers. "I always believe in being hail fellow well met with everybody."

I missed the next interchange. They were getting decidedly more murmurous; but directly after that I heard May say sharply, "Harry, don't spoil everything."

Spoil everything! Righteous heaven! I felt as if a williwaw had overturned that flat. The ground billowed under me. He did spoil everything too. A man certainly will see funny things when he hasn't got his gun along. He swept her into his arms with one overpoweringly sweet gesture. She didn't struggle. She had too much dignity for that. She didn't cry out, either. I don't suppose there was so much as a strain produced in the ether. Every ounce of opposition in that supple body had apparently departed with her hair, as I had feared.

She contented herself with saying, "Don't be—radical, Mr. Rolfe," in drained tones, but made no very striking effort to evade or break that hammer lock of his. Her head fell back, her lips parted. Pliant as a wand, she allowed that something passive in her, that hark-back to the Sabine women, to have full sway. I remember her saying once that something has to happen, even in the world of the philosophers, and what happened was that she was kissed with that deliberation of approach that marks the master.

Then silence, and that silence stung and roared, and it was broken by May's saying in level tones: "I don't want to antagonize you, Mr. Rolfe; but aren't you going pretty far?"

Far! Far! She called that going far! A wave of something like visual sickness passed over me. I wanted to yell, throw myself on the ground, expire at her feet with a gash in my throat and a mute inquiry in my eyes. I wondered what she wouldn't give now to recall her rash indorsement of the hail-fellow-well-met principle.

He had surprised her, of course, but my point is that with her experience she might

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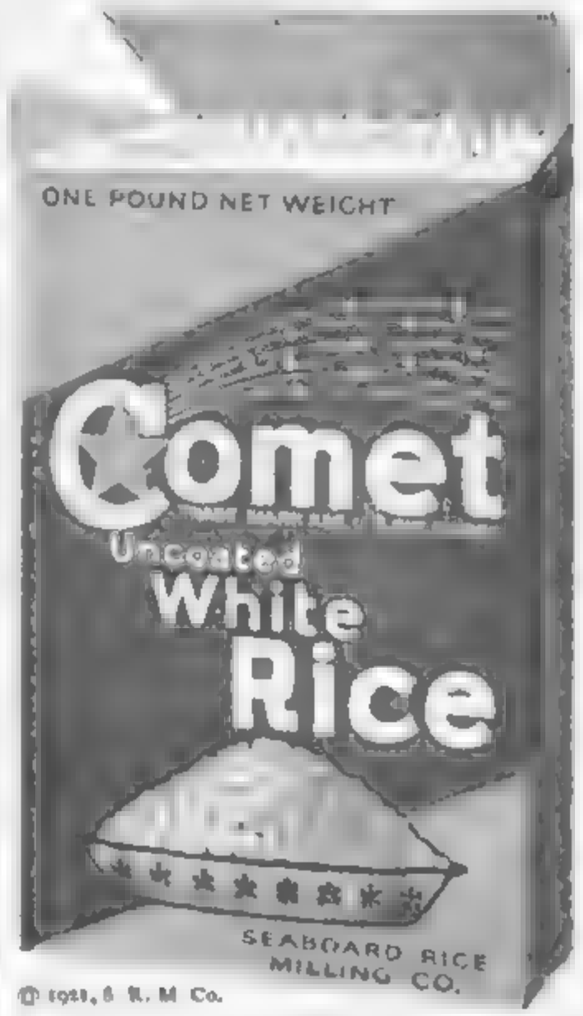

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THE WAHL COMPANY · Chicago

EVERSHARP

(Continued from Page 69)

have divined what was coming. Why will sane women take these awful chances? She was no novice in the art of forestalling, generally. I know she had given me more than one bitter dose of preventive medicine.

She freed herself in a twinkling, be it said, and I waited to hear her launch some sharp invective against that man. I hung on her words, but she didn't utter them. She looked actually placid, except for a vivid touch or two possibly attributable to the oxygen in the air. Yes, she seemed to take that old careless view that had broken Syd's rest, that it was no use crying over spilled milk; ready at a moment's notice to let bygones be bygones. Was there something in that Australian's nature that had swept her off her feet for just that damaging second of time? Something impetuous and wild? Could she have hoaxed herself into thinking she was simply carrying on with some incarnated spirit of that desert she so passionately loved? It may be so—it may be so. But you can well believe it was disheartening to me to see how she could wield herself like a spear in one breath and yield herself like a tribute in the next.

"I'm sorry you did that, Harry," was about the extent of her admonition; and he hung his head and fingered his hat and said "I'm sorry too," and he lied when he said it.

"You've learned something about yourself you didn't know then," she said in kindly tones, "and you've got to be on your guard in future, that's all."

Well, it's possible she was touched by the romance of the situation. I see that now, but at the time I thought it was as good as capitulation. How strange it is! Men fight their way a thousand miles for a breath of romance—as if it was air, they must have it in gulping gulletfuls or die; but it swims right up to a good-looking woman's doorstep without her stirring hand or foot.

I met May at the supper table, and there wasn't a trace of that adventure in her eyes. You may remember Mrs. Gowdy's saying that May could wipe an equivocal expression off her face as smooth as you could do it with an iron. Trust a mother's insight. May was calm, but I knew that this day's fling had meant a little more than simply nothing to that girlish heart. I could infer that from her heightened spirits and the subtle patronage she extended to me. I make bold to say that I never knew what misery was till that hour, the misery of feeling young and unsophisticated in the presence of the ravishing and the inaccessible and the devil-may-care.

I kept stealing glimpses at her and saying to myself: "The same girl! She didn't actually reciprocate, of course."

It was the slipshod toleration she had shown for that unsolicited caress that butchered me—May, the nonchalant. Presumably her viewpoint was—and she had told me herself that everything was in the viewpoint in this world—that happenings in that *genre* come and go and leave no scar; no cairn and no discovery monument is erected to mark the place by the perpetrator. Surprises like that don't oppress fatalistic souls unduly; and May's soul, I apprehend, was fatalistic; and yet I felt that she had been bit by a branding iron, and that the imperishable if invisible mark of another man's brand was sunk deep into that lovely flesh—the weight of his gross shackle and the gloomy shadow of his psychic claim.

Strange, I hadn't felt it so in thinking over the lien that bound her to Jim Harper. But, of course, that load had been contracted for before she met me, and consequently couldn't know.

It truly was uncanny, and like watching her live another life in other circumstances and with other consequences. There was a weird quality of duplicated effort, too, as if her bright life were made up of quantities and quantities of new and delectable beginnings that kept her forever just dancing on the purlieus of adventure, throwing that entrancing shadow over the threshold of the heart's retreat, only to withdraw it on the instant.

I wasn't reassured at all to have Old Sprowl lay a hand on my shoulder and growl, "Ain't she the handsome morsel?"

I had to say she was. She was a slashing beauty, with the limber temper of fine steel. She grew beautiful by study, I might add, as all the great masterpieces do—melting and earth-bound in some moods, defiant and aërial in others. I wouldn't have been surprised at times to see her stretch unsuspected wings on that aromatic wind and spirit herself away to the tops of those enchanted mesas and purple table-lands lying dark on the horizon. She had everything that a daydream ought to have, and yet she was substantial, too, as she had said herself once. That rounded form of hers was a material glory. She had the upstanding quality and the wild fragrance of virgin timber and the physique of an immortal.

You'll have to forgive these rhapsodies that crop out every so often. I couldn't spring them on May, of course. I could scarcely talk with her any longer rationally. My throat would get dry and that question would begin to gore me that I felt I hadn't any right to put. And now I was suddenly as keen as Syd could be to dig Jim up and prop him up there glassy-eyed against May's tent pole. I wished him back with all my might—back out of that mysterious limbo he had dropped into so unluckily for all concerned. Did I hope to start an emotional back fire by using his defeated ghost as an incendiary? I can't say. He was a ghost, though, and he had all but lost his power to haunt too. I brought him into our little talks by the scruff of his impalpable neck; and May, who just a little while ago couldn't get enough of him, now let his limp shadow sink down at her feet forgotten.

In my desperation I screwed myself up to the point of asking Incarnación to tell me where Jim Harper was secreted—or wanting to ask her, for the fact is she had vanished. You'll understand that it wouldn't have been discreet for me to have inquired at the Empire for her, but I did everything short of that. I asked Uncle Peter Danforth out and out, and he put the back of his hand to his mouth just to say he hadn't seen her.

"She's up there with that bunch of cutthroats, most like," he hazarded, and I glanced towards the Organ.

There was a thin spire of smoke visible there. Uncle Peter tipped me a wink and showed enormous approval of me. Too late I saw how that fatal question would be interpreted, and I hadn't anything to buy silence with. I turned my back on that old philosopher, raging. I stumbled on over bowlders, through pools of water, blind, dumb, and I don't know where I should have got to if I hadn't felt a loop of braided rawhide drop over my shoulders as neat as wax, and tauten.

I thought it was Terrazas sure, and I must have jumped ten feet—only to hear May laughing at me. The little devil was only twenty paces off astride that buckskin, all awry, and the lariat taken two or three turns around the horn of the saddle.

"This seems to be the only way I can detain you nowadays," she cried. She came up on me hand over hand and dropped from the horse, a dancing point of light in her brilliant eyes. I felt like a clod.

"Bobolink, you precious thundercloud, can the grouch," she said frankly.

Something let go in me, something snapped that had been wire-drawn and wire-edged already, and I turned and seized that fascinating head in my two hands and stared into those narrowing eyes as if I was estimating the shifting fires of twin blue jewels. I couldn't read that riddle, but I sensed that I was on soundings in among the shoals of petty passion, and I cried under my breath, "Don't let me take up time that your new pupil in barbering ought to have."

Wasn't that fierce? That reference to her bobbed hair was barefaced. It came out of me like the spit of flame out of a dry fuse, and I felt as if the explosion was coming that would rob my eyes of the sight of her forever. The pliant little witch bent away from me, dropped the loop at my feet, and there was wrath in her eye.

"What do you mean? Honest, Bob, I can't make head or tail of your psychology."

I was gratified but not placated by that evidence that she wasn't averse to pilfering from my private stock of words.

"You're altogether too willing to trust yourself to one night's ice, that's what I mean," I grated out. Her cheek reddened as if the sting of the lash had curled against it.

"I suppose," she returned in withering accents, "your idea would be to have girls so that they could be taken down mint new from some sweet-scented shelf at your pleasure"

It's a fact, that clever thrust went home. I did envy Pygmalion the solace of his

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"I used to have a cold all winter"

GOVERNMENT statistics show that much more illness originates in winter than in summer. Many winter ailments occur because people don't give their skins a chance to breathe. Indoors, they're overheated most of the time. They're ripe for colds and coughs when they go outside.

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Mayette walnuts in vanilla cream fondant

FANCY NOUGATINES
A rich combination of honey, eggs, ripe fruits and crisp nuts

RASPBERRY CREAM
Crushed raspberry fruit in cream fondant

ALMOND CARAMEL
Alicante almonds in rich chocolate caramel center

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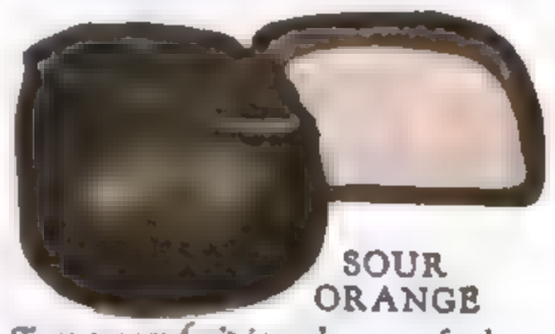
Mayette walnuts in rich cream fondant, made from Vermont maple sugar



SOUR ORANGE
True orange fruit in rich cream fondant

MARSHMALLOW
Made of pure sugar, gum arabic, and egg

BUTTER SCOTCH
Fresh dairy butter, vanilla, sugar—drawn into a chewy, delicious roll, and chocolate covered

CHOCOLATE COVERED ALMONDS
Alicante almonds dipped in Liggett's Chocolate

FILBERT CLUSTER
Turkish filberts in Liggett's Chocolate

(Continued from Page 71)

Galatea, whose marble perfections and warm livingness he could not mistrust. Alas, they come to us now bearing in their eyes hints of past captivations and capitulations; they sting us with the sting of invisible lovers.

"You're just about as undecipherable to me as a hieroglyphic," May went on, "and if you think you can give me a lesson in early Egyptian manners and get away with it you're awfully mistaken, Mr. McCarty. This is the twentieth century."

"I ought to have known it," I hissed. "Well, even so, the time will come when you will have to choose which kingdom you will eat your bread in."

Stung to the quick and outraged in all her being, she drew her breath in sharply and whispered at white heat, with a trace of the viper herself: "For shame! Isn't there some new preparation for paralyzing people's jaws? You're quite impossible!"

I felt as if I must perish forthwith, as if some exquisite poison had been strained through the membrane of my heart, but I held on, notwithstanding.

"Impossible? I don't doubt that. Impossible, because I represent the past that you have broken with. Yes, broken with, and you can't deny it. Unhappy woman, just where do you take your stand? I came here to help you find a certain man—I suppose we can agree on that. I starve here, tough out anything, share with you share and share alike, to help you find that man and find happiness, and now what? Well, now, when I have found him ——"

"You have found him—found Jim?"

"You seem surprised. I don't know where to put my finger on you from one minute to the next. What is my position now? What is Jim's, for that matter?"

"Found him?" she gasped. "How do you mean—found him?"

May went from red to white, wax white, and gripped my mashed fist in her long fingers.

"I might mean dug him up, but I don't," I retorted. "He's very much alive and kicking, or was at last accounts."

"Have you seen him to talk with?"

I wouldn't lie to her, though I was sorely tempted to. I shook my head and ground out that I knew a party who did know where he was and would lead me to him on request.

"Who told you?" she said faintly.

"A little bird," I sneered, and really that characterization of Inky wasn't so bad. It was more politic than to have named her.

"Where is he?" she pleaded humbly.

There wasn't a shred of anger left in her. Her eye held nothing but conciliation when she begged me all but on her bended knees to disclose the extent of my knowledge.

"I know where I can lay my hands on him, and that's all I do know about him," I said dully.

"What if—what if he didn't want you to lay hands on him?" she suggested timidly. "What if he didn't want any mortal man to lay hands on him at this time?"

"That's quite likely in view of all the facts," I said.

"What facts?" May's voice had sunk clear to her shoes.

And I could only reply: "That's what I'm bound to find out."

May and I were unpredictable from the very beginning of our friendship. You combine certain chemicals and you get a result that you could have foreseen all along, a precipitate or a cloudy solution; but you knew in advance what was going to happen. It's not that way, I sometimes think, when the man soul and the woman soul grapple away there in some perfumed void. That principle of chemical affinity simply doesn't come into play at all. Instead, the laws of chance run riot, and your very life, sanity itself, may hang on some thread of whimsy.

The last thing in the world I was prepared for was to hear May gasp: "No, Bobolink, you mustn't disturb him. It's not your affair. Things are better as they are. Oh, I know how this will sound! You will put the wrong interpretation on it, and I can't help it. Won't you believe me when I say it's best all round not to—not to disturb Jim?"

"Disturb him?" I whispered, strangulated. "That's a strange word to lie in your mouth, isn't it? You're a strange girl. What are you here for? Don't you ever ask yourself that now? Why, I thought you were all wrapped up in Jim! Me—disturb him? Cats! Why, I stood ready to drag him here by the roots of his hair if it turned out that he had abandoned you, and now you apparently ——"

"Hush up!" May said, choked, with tears in her eyes, bitter tears. "You have no right to take that boisterous tone with me. You may not mean to, but you wound me cruelly. Oh, Bobolink, dear boy, won't you take my word for it that there are some things that won't bear looking into—in this world?"

I certainly was willing to believe that, but she didn't wait for my rejoinder. She ran broken-hearted in among the cat claws at the foot of the trail and left those last words ringing in my ears.

I saw what May's dilemma was, of course. She had come all that weary way to marry Jim; she had even brought him to this pass, according to her own tell; and here she was, in the caldron again, heels over head in love with the Australian and making all kinds of long arms at him. Jim's specter might return to affright her, but Jim in the flesh could never be anything to her again.

I asked myself what kind of a figure of fun I must be to have slept through that interregnum, that magic time after her antipathy for Jim had set in and before the Australian had caught her fancy. Or had there been such an interregnum? Those two affairs might have butted, they might have overlapped. You've heard of lap-streaked courtships, surely. The thing was probably as simple as a shift of wind, and as inexplicable from the merely human standpoint.

I had often heard of these antipathies that arise after engagement but before marriage, panic terrors, aversions, disgusts, unbidden hatreds replacing the impulses of love in an eyewink. I knew one girl who for no reason at all that would hold water suddenly found that she couldn't bear the touch of her beloved's hand, couldn't abide his least glance, abominated his favorite flower, felt as if she must shriek aloud and stuff her fingers in her ears if she so much as heard him talking in the next room. And, mind you, all that reversal of mood had come in a twinkling while they were out shopping, picking out bedroom wall papers, I believe. If she had had a stop watch along she could have told you to the fifth of a second when that psychologic storm broke.

There was no help for it, of course. She had to go to him with his ring and tell him what had happened; and that great strong man broke down and cried, she told a friend of hers later.

I could see at a glance that something like this had happened to May. One minute all on fire to receive Jim out of nowhere and press him to her heart, her tumultuous heart, and the next fearing his shadow, listening, quaking, for his footstep, full of subtle doubts, remorse, things bordering on misdemeanor even.

The mind is a perfect sluice, once the floodgates of the heart are opened. Anything is liable to hurtle through it—even the thought that it might be better not to disturb Jim, better not to bring the poor devil back to witness the havoc that another man had wrought.

And that very night May and I buried the hatchet. I was sitting there moodily under a moon as lustrous as that mother-of-pearl moon in Black Dan's picture when May danced into my ken—literally—weaving back and forth across the flat in one of those æsthetic dances of hers. The chamber of commerce in one of the progressive towns she had worked in had voted money to teach working girls æsthetic dances as a method of breaking down barriers between the classes, equalizing the economic situation for women by the free inculcation of charm. It does give added poise, I suppose—not that May was lacking in that quality—and women seem to be more and more breaking into these spontaneous movements as a method of expressing what the heart can't utter.

It did do something to relieve the tension, I'll confess. May began with light, haphazard steps, fitful as the dawn wind, care free as a girl on a frolic, and these she followed with a little stiff Egyptian, as if she had slipped sideways from a bas-relief. Then a turn or two with that high knee action, arms broadcast, head nodding to the rhythm of that limber flicker of the leg that symbolizes joy, the joy of an earlier civilization, joy unalloyed and unconsidering and unrepentant, working up to mad abandonment, and as suddenly subsiding in a few of those short demure steps, odd and angular, a frown under her bang, Eastern magic in her eyes and a hypothetical gold chain at her ankles.

What took the gimp out of me was when she unexpectedly came sidling in my direction. The moon glanced from those pallid arms that she held straight out to me from the loose half-length sleeves of that jacket of white towel goods with the broad leather belt of robin's-egg blue. She hovered, slim and serpentine, with a whole man-size mountain for a back drop and a desert for a stage, and I seemed to understand that this was the invitation to the dance.

"Come! You are the slowest mortal!" she cried.

I stood up wonderingly and hesitatingly. She came into my arms straightway, like a dart, and we melted into the straight, modern, hot-cheeked, sway-backed, shuffle-footed stuff. By George, we were avid of it, and to all intents and purposes alone on the planet! Earth's breast seemed loosed from those binding frosts of civilizing instincts. The barren rock, the beaten dirt, the dead cactus breathed wild-sweet, natural essences on us, and those plum-colored rock faces hung round like discreet curtains. Moments like that are what divide the quick from the dead, deponent saith.

Here, it's in the diary. I jotted down a sentence or two that same night, and I might as well pitch you those as try to carpenter others in my old age:

We were lost in the dark seduction of that blood-red waltz, which throbbed like the burning pulse of life and with a new and conquering audacity stole through the opening chambers of the heart, touching the thralled senses to an ecstasy like the ecstasy of vision and of dream.

How secret and how proud the capitulation! How strange and silent the sanction to love unconsciously given by a dancing woman! It is a trance. The self-forgetful moment lives itself, and the cool austerity of waking life is dissolved as in a dream of sweet surrender, whilst to the wistful rhythm the gates of some dark eventful paradise draw back, revealing starry night or woodland glimpses, full of cool promise to the flushed cheek, full of incomparable fairy touches to the beating heart.

Stop for breath. There's no time like that time, is there, and no words like those words? I'm willing to acknowledge that I saw half magic in their pretty jingle at the time, and some of them actually came into my head while May was still in my arms. I had the curious thought that she had danced herself out of her own skin; that she had turned into another woman, still more resplendent, and for that matter that she held in her arms another man made for her delight by the skillful art that supervises these affairs. She danced and sang the music into my ear in that oriole's voice all the while, and I ranked her with those choice women made "to haunt, to startle, to waylay." Waylay! The poet's own spirit gust is in that word. What magic springs from its association with the impulses of a girl like May! She did waylay, seizing on a man and whirling him aloft on the strength of her own pinions, by the strong motion of her flowing soul.

It didn't last, more's the pity. By the gods, I can see her now, with that dance out of her system, as she said, panting, stilling her heart, leaning against the tent pole of her tent and smiling at me with the inscrutable Egyptian darkness still shadowing her eyes.

"Those old boys that put up for my education would have penalized me for making that use of it, I suppose," she gasped. I got a ravishing glimpse of that interior, a sweet mystery, a nest out of my reach, a dainty little sulking place made of yellow Egyptian cloth. Nothing but May's sweet self to give that half darkness character, but it *had* character.

"Now, have we danced it all away?"

"What?"

"That miserable grouch."

Her breast heaved uncertainly and the lavallière swayed, slid and burned there.

"You've got me wrong," I faltered. "Little girl, I've only been thinking of your own good."

"And then they talk of one sex boycotting the other," May soliloquized. "That will never come to anything, will it?"

I said nothing. She looked at me from under level brows, and pleaded with me: "Won't you smoke the pipe of peace, my lord protector?"

She proffered me a cigarette, and I choked over it, spilling its fire, such was the wrought-up condition of my nerves. I associated that smoky taste with Inky's lips, with that fascination my bad angel knew how to exert, and a kind of wail went

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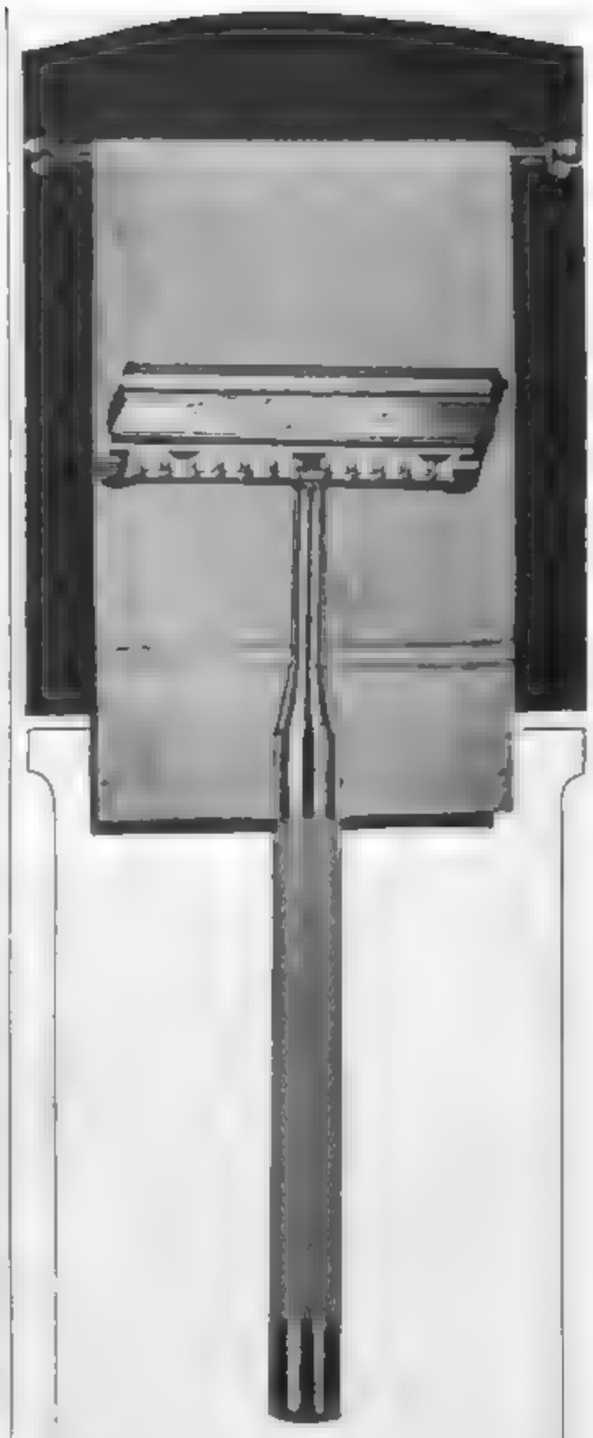

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(Continued from Page 73)

through my heart to see these other lips, a thousand times sweeter, so strictly fashioned into mere frank friendliness, so close, so maddeningly close, and yet for a man constituted as I was, as far away as Egypt. For those were the days when I aspired secretly to be all things to all women, and I was therefore forced to shake my head doggedly to her whisper: "Won't you be satisfied with less than everything, the world and all?"

She looked at me with a half-mirthful light in the steady eyes, and dropped out as if letting me in on some delicious secret: "It was that way with Jim too."

I wanted to shout "It's that way with Rolfe, if you come to that, or any man," but I swallowed instead—hugely.

"Jim?" I whispered. "I wonder you can name his name!"

She darkened and flashed at me: "Do you think you have the right to judge without knowing all the facts?"

"What are the facts?" I burst out desperately.

Facts! About Jim Harper! I had had nothing but facts about that man. How noble he was, how good and how strong! He could sweep May into his arms, clear of the ground, as if she was nothing but a child instead of being a grown woman. Not one of these hothouse specimens with knotty muscles, either. Jim's muscles were smooth flowing. He was afraid of nothing, and that something wild in his make-up had May just the least little bit afraid of him herself, and she even liked that feeling.

Yes, Jim, from having been a legend, had come now to be more real to me than my blood brother. I thirsted to avenge him, and she bade me forget him and not disturb him. She didn't tell me the facts. Instead, catching sight of my mashed hand—I had been daydreaming worse than usual, and it was clotted with blood from badly judged swipes at that drill—she caught it up and pressed the palm to her cheek.

"Can't you just trust me?" she whispered. "I don't forget what you are doing. No girl in her senses could. Whatever you think, I don't forget. I haven't fallen that low. You ought to have everything that I could give you, partner."

Ought to have! I saw that she said that out of her great pity for me, because she couldn't give me everything, on account of the way she stood committed. I murmured something maudlin in my turn and walked away from her. It wouldn't do. She came after me. I heard those swift footfalls without turning round, until she plucked at my elbow—and then I whirled on her. The words died in my throat at her shamefaced aspect.

She said just audibly: "Is it a bargain? No specialty shop, and you agree not to—not to look for Jim? Not to stir hand or foot? Not to give a sign even if people come to you and say—what isn't so?"

Lucid, wasn't it? In her desperation she was willing to throw a whole business enterprise into the scales against my silence, my inactivity.

At any other time that submission of a proud woman to my will would have filled me with a rush of joy. As it was, I felt as if lead weights had been clamped on all round me, and as if some clandestine shade had descended on me. I was to be still the lord protector, toiling under the mountain and leaving her free to chain herself elsewhere—and I agreed. Even that pitiful crumb was more than nothing.

"I'll do as much for you some day, Bobolink," she breathed, and I thought bitterly that she could never do as much for me.

MEANTIME, of course, the rest of the world hadn't been standing still. Syd was going round like a man dogged by some secret society, and having frequent conferences with Mrs. Blendon. He wasn't speaking to me—it had come to that pass again—and he looked at me mealtimes as if he thought I might defraud the dead if given half a chance.

As for old King Knute, he was a house divided. He preached blazing optimism and fell away into fits of black pessimism. He hungered after gold and equally he hungered after womankind. He had concentrated too: had stopped writing that sweet lady friend in the South, and had eyes for no one but Aury Sprowl. He seized me by the wrist and groaned out that he saw her drifting away from him day by day, that beautiful spirit who did seem half willing to condescend so far as to embrace his destiny, if only he for his part could make out in advance what that destiny was.

"What he is waiting for is a smile of encouragement from a certain other girl," I told May.

"What other girl?"

"The Golden Girl."

"Oh, that!" May said.

She turned her back on me in disgust, and left me to pick up my water pails and journey towards the pump alone.

This pump was out in the branches of a big cottonwood, and the pipe was jointed and dropped down forty feet into the sands of the canyon itself. There was a little rustic bridge flung out from the rim rock into the branches of that tree, and the leaves were so thick that a man simply disappeared there.

I had no sooner put down those pails than May came flitting out there too; and right away I got a renewal of that disagreeable impression of her being years older than I was in experience and in knowledge of the world. It was maddening. My notion was that she could probably count up a dozen men who had made love to her, and been parried or put off with vague promises, for every girl that I had even so much as cast sheep's eyes at or been facetious with for half an hour.

But I was lost to reason again the instant I saw that dark mischievous head come poking through those leaves. There was a sense of isolation and intimacy out there that was intriguing. Yes, sir, there was a song inherent in that tree, I swear, drawn up with the sap, and I felt for one ridiculous second as if we had built our nest there, and I even said so in a moment of exhilaration.

"We haven't feathered it, though," May said quickly, and there was healing in the look she gave me. It touched the sore place like magic balm. I suppose she didn't mean anything by that phrase of hers—it was the demon of analogies at work again—but I chose to take it otherwise, and I felt that premonition of riches burning in my bones hotter than ever.

Everything just then seemed to conspire to urge me on into some piece of reckless audacity. May's face glowing there, with those green leaves palpitating at her throat, was the most urgent reason, of course. Her beauty seemed to wake up in me more and more a fragrant spirit of reminiscence and a consciousness of slumbering ideals. I felt as if I had attended on her footsteps at some prior time, and as if I could read her bodily into my past, and install myself at the heart of a romance that I had completely overlooked at the time. I couldn't believe the time had ever been when I hadn't been this near to May.

There is a kind of beauty, don't you think—you catch hints of it in the curve of a cheek, in the slope of a shoulder or just in the sparkle of an eye—I say, it's a beauty which seems to have been selected by some deep impulse on the girl's part. It's less like a direct gift of the gods than an achievement of character. A beauty of the soul defined by substance, what? Power enough in a woman's face to launch a ship, as the old poet says. And what is the soul? Possibly, as the ancient metaphysicians used to say—I carry shreds of that theological college about me to this day—only a finer body within the body, issuing from the lips at death in a silver thread. Manifested, if you please, in the warmth of the blood, in that mysterious gleam of the eye that beckons and repels like an alternating flash of red and white on a dangerous coast.

The siren gleam. I was right on the point of words when that gleam of May's got still more mysterious, and she put her finger to her lip and looked down through an aperture in that foliage. I brought my cheek close to hers, and we could see the floor of the canyon plain, and hear old King Knute coming along singing one of his Swedish songs.

The lucky Swede's golden hair was tumbled, he was covered with red mud, but the sparkle had come back into his eye and he looked burly and invincible.

He had stayed behind that night after Syd and I had left, because he wanted to paw round a while in the shaft after the dynamite fumes had subsided. He came swinging down that lane of cottonwoods, shoving the burro, Yim, ahead of him, and he was as light-hearted as a crystal ball hopping on a water column in a shooting gallery.

By George, his throat was full of melody! He had translated that song for me, too, so I can tell you what it was all about. He sang that the golden sun sinking in the west, if it could know his love, would surely burst. Then in a refrain he subjoined that a thousand golden whispers would be wafted from it, whispering that one heart alone could light the world, since love was there. How is that for a song to have to lie buried in the Swedish language? And all he could say in English was that a certain amount of petticoats was good for the soul. It's a fact!

Yim went plodding ahead of him with a load of twisted mesquite on the pack-saddle. That animal was white on its bottom part. It looked as if its nose and belly had been dipped in whitewash, but it knew how to stem the currents of events and had a chronic look of phlegm. It seemed to know everything, and at the same time to have sense enough to say nothing, like that ass of Sancho Panza's. For one thing, it had the priceless advantage of being outside the gamble.

What had attracted May's attention was more than all this, though. She had seen Aurelia Sprowl wringing out some clothes in a pool down there. We caught glints and gleams of those bronzed arms flattened against her sides in that twisting movement, and then we saw her straighten up and stand as still as a caryatid, with that red-fire dance in her hair. She was touchingly beautiful, by Jove, against that tragic desert background.

The whole canyon was filled with low rays from a sun that was swarming blood-red over those rhyolite cones that looked like a row of mystic alembics, and heaven knew what might be brewing there. Through a rift in those stone walls the blue pipes of the Organ were strangely visible, and it seemed to me that it was at its devil's music too.

We heard Clint say "Whoa, Yim," and the burro stopped. It had a kind of instant alacrity in stopping that must have been based on some inborn predilection for repose. That command was sweet, and it lowered its ears.

"I am a little early to-night," Tawgy said. "It is no good working in a shaft after the shot is blown. A man feels as if a cleaver had split him in twain. You see, that gas filters through the skin and quickens the heart action."

Aurelia murmured something, and I fancied that a light of reverie had come into her dreaming eyes. Every time she felt the slumbrous air of late afternoon quiver on her cheek she must have recollected that this mighty being was engaged in knocking imperiously on fortune's gate—a man not to be denied, a knock which shook the gate to its foundations, and still it stuck on those adamantine hinges.

Aury pressed one of Yim's ears to her cheek, but Yim received that caress, which would have unseated the reason of a man, without the slightest alteration of his features. He was like an animal cut out of wood, and there wasn't so much as a tremor even in the shadow his tail cast.

Suddenly Aury straightened up and fixed her eyes on Clint. That deep contralto of hers carried up to May and me like nothing at all.

"Tell me," she pleaded, "you do really and truly believe that you will find gold by going on down? It's not merely to encourage my father that you talk as you do?"

"Not in the least," Tawgy asseverated stoutly. "I am as certain of it as I am that the sun will rise to-morrow."

"As that the sun will rise? You and father burn each other up like two seasoned sticks when they are crossed."

"Where is your philosophy for otherwise?" he shouted.

Aury had no philosophy for otherwise, but she murmured that she feared another disillusion would be fatal to old Dan. She put a hand on Clint's shoulder—she was nearly as tall as he—and added: "It is almost terrible to me to think that he still hopes."

"Hope—terrible?" cried the optimist. He was amazed. Hope was meat and drink and raiment to that man.

"Hope in the heart is like the rainbow in the cloud," Aury said sadly.

Clint replied severely that that was a false sentiment for a girl who was going to be worth millions in her own right—perhaps to-morrow. To-morrow would drop in a heap, wouldn't it, if it had to carry on its back the burden of all our hopes? Millions! To-morrow! It was fascinating, the limber way his tongue curled around those two *l*'s in millions. It was unctuous, and

(Continued on Page 79)

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(Continued from Page 76)

gave a savor of richness to his pronunciation of the word.

Aurelia spread her arms in a sudden fierce gesture, and flashed at him: "Millions! I can't abide that word! I have been hearing it for four years, and here I still am—in this tomb."

"You will not always be here," Clint breathed devotedly. "If I shed every last drop of blood in my body—you have been a very brave girl—there are not many women ——"

His tones got profound and indistinguishable. His emotion was so intense that he actually suffered a species of phonetic decay, I believe it's called, casting about in his mind for some manly and inspiriting phrase.

He couldn't find it, and Aurelia dropped out bitterly: "I am slowly getting up to my neck in these millions. They seem to fall here as soft as snow in a calm."

That analogy was perfectly to Tawgy's taste. He looked into the atmosphere with shining eyes, as if a golden snow were veritably in the act of falling.

"Spiders had spun a web in the powder box again this morning," he said. "The indications are coming fine now too."

"Indications!" the girl muttered scornfully. "Look there!"

She pointed to a patch of moisture in the sand, over which a dozen brilliant yellow butterflies were hovering. Every damp place in the canyon had its gathering of butterflies with wings like beaten gold, as if the very spirit of the gold were leaking out there to mock the eyes of men grown old and weary in the search.

"There is your gold," she said. "Everywhere where you are not, Mr. Clint."

Tawgy said tolerantly, "Women are not good gamblers," and Aury replied more faintly: "I'm not so sure. The heart has its little chance to live. We gamble that."

And right there I felt that sudden pressure, brimful of meaning, of May's hand in mine. We had had our hands stuck fast together for I don't know how long, and our cheeks were glowing there within one of touching and tickling. I think she gripped me to point out for my slower comprehension that that dialogue had all at once heightened to a point where anything like betrayal of our presence would be impolitic if not fatal.

For my part, I couldn't understand why Clint wasn't already groveling in the sand and offering to abdicate the throne or do something morganatic.

Couldn't he interpret that sweet broken utterance? Didn't he understand that that glorious desert woman was ready to fall at his feet? No matter why. It's enough to say that in a place like that even mediocre men have a scarcity value, as the economists say, like that of an antique coin of however small denomination. Why didn't he make the most of it? That cursed maxim of his about a certain amount of petticoats must have hung over him like the raven wing of destiny.

He listened to some inner voice urging him to go slow. These optimists don't lack a saving fund of reserve in the pinches very often, and old King Knute did have a bump of caution raised up where experience had clubbed him. And after all, it's true that when it came to pure economics he didn't have very much that he could call his own outside that bedquilt and a bundle of French saws and cleavers.

I remember, too, his having hinted to me that love was a torment and perhaps only a sort of shadow. Do you suppose he could have half divined that the delight to the senses is in the assault upon a mystery, and in the tremulous uncertainty of a man's reception into that new paradise?

May just breathed in my ear, "Don't dare to move!" and she took hold of me hard. Fancy looking down on a declaration of that sort, forty feet up a tree, with the girl you loved to madness and beyond clinging to you and being every bit as much affected as you were yourself. An opportunity like that wouldn't come once in a thousand years. I hung there wondering if I was the same man that used to chip out wooden minnows back in Dowagiac, and I couldn't think it.

King Knute, with his feet planted wide apart, was down there telling that massive girl who was capable of oceans of fidelity to him that women didn't embrace destiny as a man did. Wasn't that appalling? Didn't embrace—wasn't he destiny himself, in a substantial form, ambushed there and refusing to surprise her? What had become of the thousand golden whispers?

"When the critical moment comes they twist and turn half about and face the other way," old King Knute went on earnestly, and he dropped out as an afterthought, as a sort of inspired analogy, "just as they sometimes refuse the arms of the man they love—out of pure whim, I often think."

I heard a tiny little dismayed hiss from May close in my ear, but it wasn't enough to drown out Aurelia's saying, "Quite likely," and they stood there staring at the pool at their feet. I wonder what that dish-faced Swede was thinking about. Taking his medicine, most likely, making a wry face over it too. And yet that great-souled woman offered him everything for nothing.

"I hope you don't believe, as your sister does, that I have been guilty of deceit," Tawgy said timidly, and Aury made a fierce movement of denial and cried, "Deceit? Sometimes I think this canyon is the tomb of deceit, and its ghost is all the time escaping." In a lower tone she added, "I had rather lose it all than mistrust you for one single heartbeat."

There was an almost heroic stillness in the poise of her body when she said that. May and I all but fell out of our tree to hear it, and we couldn't see anything for it for Tawgy but capitulation. We clung there dizzily, while a claustral grayness was stealing in down there, the fire dance going out of Aurelia's hair and a mysterious hush creeping over things, giving those implacable walls ears. They did have ears, it's a fact.

Well, he didn't capitulate, and I had known it all along. I knew well enough that if any woman in the world had the power to tie his wrists to his ankles Aurelia was that woman; but I knew enough to doubt if even she could do it.

Clint had rushed in like a conqueror in those first days and overthrown her best defenses. Well, what then? You know perhaps that bitter moment of doubt and disillusion that comes to every conqueror when he sits among the smoking ruins and asks himself frankly what induced him to lay siege and whether it will be worth his while to rebuild. He has overwhelmed those reserves of mystery, gained the citadel, and all at once finds himself faced by those pale everyday necessities that haunt the seamy side of bliss and knock anything like lovers' gusto cold.

"What's got into the man?" May whispered to me. I knew, as I say, that it was Tawgy's lack of funds that had crippled his willingness, but I didn't say so then.

We went back slowly into the compound, and Syd rose up before us, long and sad.

"You heard the news?" he said with a vindictive glare at me. "That Sheriff Maricopa has been next door to murdered in his bed, and it looks as if arrests would follow."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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PETER PASSES

(Continued from Page 17)

The next day he looked pale and haggard. He countermanded suet pudding for the girls' lunch and ordered melon. It was a secret offering upon a secret altar—but which of the three hundred melon eaters was she?

His father bristled and blustered.

"Damn this sentimental largess, Peter. You'll ruin me. Go the whole hog. Melt a few pearls in wine and concentrate on her. You'll get it over quicker." To his business manager he was even more explicate. "Who is it, Evans? Who is it? I wish he'd marry and settle down. He wabbles over the premises like a parched pea on a plate. I caught him waving his soul in the millinery this morning. I bought all Melbrother's bankrupt stock of reducing corsets at a song, and all Peter had to say was that they were soulless. Does he want to sell wedding veils to music at the Albert Hall? Best advertising line we've ever struck—soulless. What's eating him?"

That night when Delia rang up Peter's voice leaped at her angrily.

"You horrid little beast! How dare you make me suffer so? All night long I lay awake. You haven't decided to commit that—that sacrilege. Listen. Oh, my dear, listen. We know each other, you and I; I've walked in your mind, you've walked in mine. I've opened the doors of my heart to you as if you were my wife. Listen, listen. There never was such an exquisite thing before. Together we've achieved the mental possession of each other, the candor that only comes when passion wanes. We've got everything, and yet everything is to come. You tell me that your hair is long and smooth and that your eyes are pretty. I know that you are lovely. Oh, my dear, let me see you."

Grayly she clung to the phone; her tongue moved over her pale dry lips. It was as if he drew the blood and the life from her; she was parched with the passion of her mental giving.

"No, no," she whispered.

"I know your secret dreams, the flowers and the scents that you love, your ache for beautiful things. I've got to know—I've got to know—have you ever kissed the horrible old man who wants to marry you?"

"No"

A man stood outside the telephone booth with his back to her, waiting to come in. The glass of the door against his dark back made a mirror in which she suddenly saw herself, her thin face with its high cheek bones, her plain mouth, her snub nose and her hungry, questing eyes.

"Oh, my dear, you're crying. You're crying." Then he cried with impotent savagery in his voice, as if he were shaking her, "How dare you possess me and yet deny me like this? How dare you?"

She was lying very still in the twilight when Elsie Owen came in.

"I washed and mended all father's socks," she said. "We had dried haddock for tea."

Her eyes were not unkind as they rested on Delia, only full of a consuming, insatiable curiosity.

"Delia, you're not ill?"

Delia regarded her wearily. She looked like a woman who had been through a severe physical ordeal and was exhausted.

"I wish I hadn't. I wish I hadn't. I started in fun. It seemed such a romantic adventure."

"Can't it end like that?"

"Elsie, look at me. I've cheated him. Would any rich man buy perfume in a broken penny bottle? That's what I am. Just what I am. There's a letter from uncle too. Mother's at it again. A neighbor brought her home. She's got one of her bouts on. I may have to give up and go down till it's over. My soul's golden-haired and shining; my heart's fair and blue-eyed—but the outside me. Oh, Elsie, you don't understand. You don't understand."

Elsie was picking her words slowly and painfully.

"You think because I can't talk like you do I can't feel or understand. It's true I can't talk; when I feel things most I can't talk. I've dreams too. Do you think I want to go on like this? You've been so busy with yourself you've never thought. You know what I think about girls like Ruthie Kase? You know what dad thinks. If Peter Harley would have me I'd go. Do you hear, Delia? You're always sneering at my saintliness. I'd go." She sat down, shaking, and her words dropped from her like things released with pain and difficulty. "You don't know what shy people suffer—people who can't talk. Sometimes I hate you for the easy way you can say things I'm feeling—just feeling." She sat with her beautifully, neatly crowned head bowed. "You think because I tie the bows of my shoes twice and keep a piece bag I have no soul."

Delia sat up, her head poked alertly forward so that the straining of the sinews of her long thin neck made her look like a craning young fledgling.

"What are you trying to tell me, Elsie?"

"I thought I made it clear. I've always loved Peter Harley—before you liked him; ever since I went into the business as a kid in a pigtail and he used to come in in his school cap I've loved Peter Harley."

In the gray dawn Elsie Owen woke and leaned over Delia, holding her breath. Delia slept. There were tears on her thin cheeks. It seemed to Elsie terrible that one could cry so silently; it made the source seem deep and mysterious. In the corner she could see the gray hump of Delia's packed and corded trunk, a wretched tin affair with a sky-blue-painted lining.

Delia woke and looked at her. Her eyes seemed immensely old and tired.

"Aren't you going to telephone him good-by?" queried Elsie. So intense had been the swirl of her thoughts that she had hardly heeded the hiatus of sleep.

"No," said Delia, also as if no pause of slumber had interrupted them.

Elsie got out of bed and lit a little methylated spirits burner by which they made their morning tea. Her pale, sleek, brown hair had come unplaited; it made a deep and shrouding mantle.

"He'll suffer."

"Think of me. You know what people like mother are when the drink's on them. It'll probably be a month or two before she settles down again."

"You're not the only one. I may have to go and nurse dad. He saw the doctor again yesterday. He mustn't lift things. If he does —— But as dad says, if they think you're an invalid out you go." She poured water into a condensed-milk tin and swished it round. "Milk's all got sugary. It's the dregs. I shall miss you, Delia."

Then suddenly they were in each other's arms, sobbing, sobbing.

It was late that night when Elsie left her father at the corner of his road and came home to the empty room. It is only the poor who leave no litter when they depart, no sheaves of tissue paper and gayly colored boxes. There was nothing to remind Elsie of Delia, but on the dressing table stood a great round bouquet of violas. The bouquet was twelve inches across and stuck in a little Victorian holder. It cost perhaps a guinea, perhaps more.

Elsie walked sideways towards it like a crab. Her face was chalky, her hands fumbled with her skirt. It bore no card or message. It simply lay there—Delia's favorite flower.

In the morning the blossoms were dead, because she had not put them in water; yet all night long her thoughts had played with them.

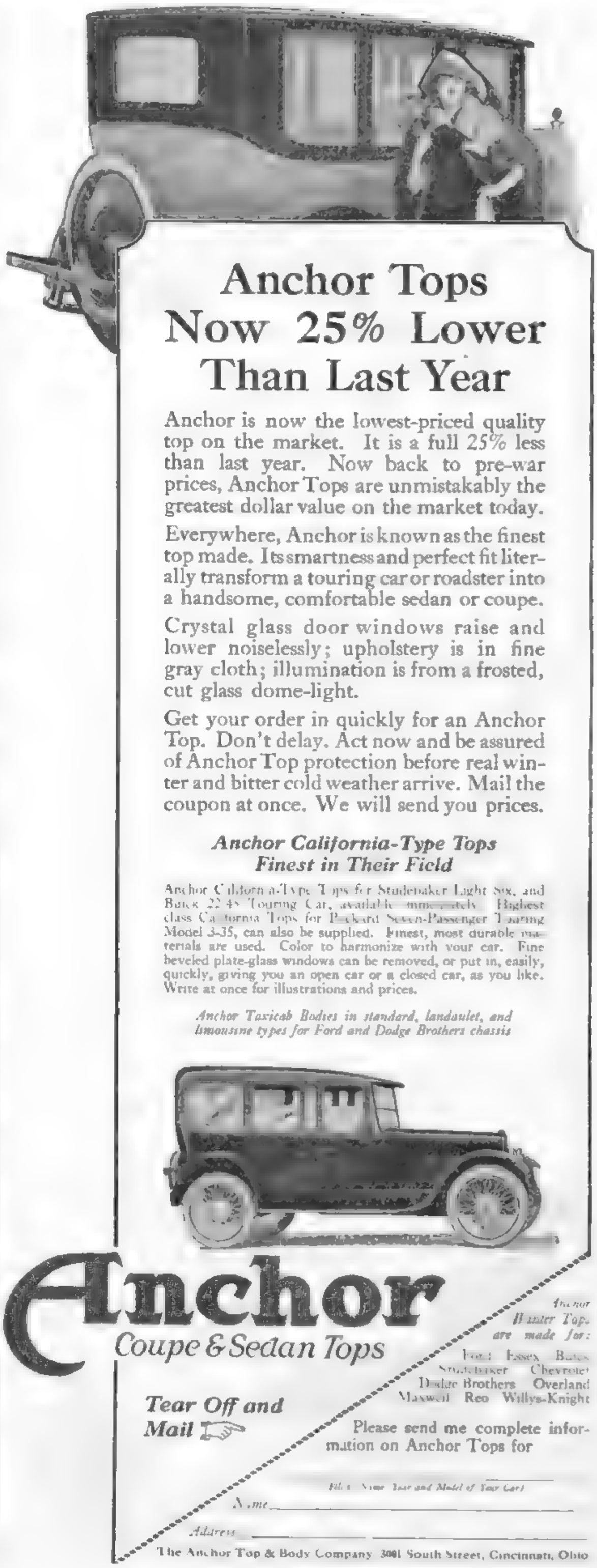
The landlady brought a letter from Delia just before Elsie went to business:

"She was sitting on the floor playing with coal, completely fuddled, when I arrived. I'm glad I came. They sneer tremendously at filial duty, but it's hardening. Coping with mother when she's like this is a sort of mental tonic. Uncle's been a brick, but he's worn out watching her. Even if your dad does crock up it'll be ordinary nursing not this." Thus Delia.

Elsie's eyes swept to the violas. Somehow Peter Harley had found out where she lived and who she was.

That night there was a terrific thunderstorm, and she and her father got wet through. It was close on ten o'clock when she came in, soaked and worn out. On the bed was a square box. To the palsy of utter fatigue was added the palsy of fear. With scrupulous methodicalness Elsie went through every little ritual of preparation for the night and morning before she touched the box. She opened it so clumsily that the exquisite pink silk kimono it contained fell on the floor.

The dye had come out of her cheap stockings and soaked into her skin: the



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garment lay in a rosy heap by her black feet. The pink silk kimono Delia had always coveted.

For ever so long she stood and stared at it. A black beetle came from under the painted deal wash-handstand and ran towards her, gleaming like a highly varnished toy. Normally she would have leaped on the bed; now she hardly noticed it.

Delia had left the business. He must know that if he knew that Delia was the girl who had telephoned him; yet all these things came after Delia left.

Her brain began to travel in a circle. Pausing at intervals to discard suppositions and load up with facts, it traveled in a circle all through the night into the dawn, and yet arrived at no conclusion.

Peter Harley, seeking divine inspiration, had suffered a spasm of plain common sense and promptly applied it. The evening that followed the morning of Delia's departure to nurse her afflicted mother had seen him secretly watching for the meeting of one of the business girls with an old man, and the gods had rewarded him with several close-ups of Elsie Owen meeting her father.

Peter Harley was a man beguiled and bewitched. He was a romanticist plain and simple. He was unharassed by any sense of humor and unfettered at the moment by any sense of proportion.

He was in love with an unvisualized personality, intrigued by a spiritual comrade. He did not stop to question Elsie's claim; his imagination swallowed her in one ecstatic gulp and found her beautiful beyond reason and far beyond actual fact.

She did not kiss the old man. She told Peter on the telephone she had never kissed him. She put her arm in his and together they wandered up the road and into a cinema. Peter gazed at the glittering façade until he aroused the attendant's attention, and then drifted away and purchased the violas. Having ordered them, he countermanded the order until he found out where she lived, and went back to the picture house.

The luck of lovers was his again. When they came out of the cinema Elsie left her father outside her own door for a minute while she ran in for a letter she had forgotten; then while she walked to the top of his road with him Peter hastened back to the flower shop, roused up the proprietress, secured his bouquet from a cellar in the basement and paid a small boy to deliver it. It was there when Elsie returned.

The next night he followed her and saw her meet her father again. He found himself shaking with his sweet secret knowledge of her—this fair placid girl he had never touched. It was like the memory of exquisite stolen caresses, this strange familiarity with her brain and soul.

He went away and bought her the pink kimono she had mentioned on the telephone. It did not strike him as materialistic, this offering of material things; it was as if he were a genie who made dreams come true.

He would surround her with all the things she had hungered for. He hung over the thought with all the egotistical passion and yearning of a mother over her sleeping child; he elaborated it with all the exquisite consciousness of possession.

She did not ring up again. He did not care. He had discovered her. He knew her blessed name. Beyond that he did not strive to probe. He knew she would never marry the old man. Slowly, inexorably he forced them apart with his chain of gifts, each day a new link, a secret memento of some revealed need or hunger—a beautiful copy of Shelley, a complete set of Walter de la Mare, a blue silk petticoat, a phial of jasmine scent, a primrose-yellow evening cloak, a box of fondants, a bunch of crimson carnations.

He never guessed she knew that he was there, felt his nearness with every hair on her scalp while he followed, went dead in her heart and soul when he turned back.

He never went through the departments now. He stayed in his little office, coming late and staying after hours, devoting his mentality to the silent siege he was carrying on, calculating the hour when the citadel would fall and he could march in and take possession.

It is possessions or the acute lack of them that causes revolutions in geography, history and personalities. It was the possession of Peter's gifts that altered Elsie, made her unrecognizable even to herself. It was her father, failing day by day, who voiced things first.

"Elsie," he said, "you're different, girl—different."

"Nonsense!" she said, but secretly acclaimed it.

"You look different."

"Older," she laughed, but in the fastness of her little room she valued and appraised that difference; her shyness and mental timidity had shaled from her. She was like a goddess whose shrine had been neglected. It was not that Peter Harley's gifts made her a goddess, but they made it possible for her to practice goddesslike attributes. She steeped herself in Shelley and Walter de la Mare. Half of it she did not understand and never would, but it stirred and fed a crushed sensuality in her that was all she needed to make her physically beautiful. She could produce the same emotions in herself by the feel of the silk things he sent her, the odor of the jasmine phial.

"You look as if you've had your holiday," said the girls at the counter. They resented the glow of her as if they subconsciously divined its cause and envied it.

She knew now that Peter Harley thought her father was the old man who wanted to marry her. She knew how he had tracked her after Delia had gone. Day by day Delia's secret desires became manifest to her in concrete form. Her room became a refuge of all the things that Delia had longed to wear and never could; the impossible colors her soul had yearned for and her unfortunate skin repudiated; and as she came into possession of them it seemed as if she became the thing Delia had longed to be, half courtesan, half angel, wholly bewitching. At times her unessayed powers seemed to vibrate through her like electricity.

At times she tortured herself with her duplicity, especially in the night hours. Somewhere she came across a phrase, "A woman loves through her heart, a man through his eyes." She clung fiercely to that. Peter may have fallen in love with Delia's lissom, twisted, pixyish mind in the first place; but it was to herself his gifts had been made; to Delia the recognition of his brain, to Elsie the adoration of his eyes.

Besides, her mind had changed. Love had lit strange lights in it, revealing unexpected corners. Investigating them, she found unsuspected things, possible deviltries, coquettishness, even quaintness and quips that might have been Delia's own, and depths—depths she drew back from because she divined suffering in them.

Delia wrote fairly frequently.

"She's getting better. One day I shall turn up like a bad penny and see if old Harley will take me on. I'm sick of ribbons. I want something that won't unroll every time Peter passes. I'm through with all that nonsense. One can't see mother and know that grandpa was the same and feel one had any right. I never told you about grandpa. Soakers, all of them."

The instinctive eugenist in all women flamed in Elsie when she read that. Peter and that! It was unthinkable. It was criminal.

That night her father did not come to meet her as arranged. She went to his two rooms. He smiled at her fondly from the bed. Yesterday's dust lay along the mantelpiece and yesterday's Mirror unopened on the table.

"You're very like your mummy, Elsie," he said.

Only for the young is the gate of Eternity a stepping forward; the tired feet of the old step back to find it. His talk that night was all of the past and her thought all of the future. They skimmed together but never touching. She left him early and went to the doctor. She did not feel Peter Harley following her. When she came out she walked through her tears into him. They spoke for the first time.

"Is he dying, Elsie?" Peter said.

"The doctor says another day or two."

"He needs you, my dear; you must stay with him."

It was as if he ground his own feelings under his heel and so lifted himself in her eyes to the stature of a young god.

"Oh, Peter, he's been so good to me!" She spoke of her father, but she knew that Peter thought she spoke of a man who had wished to be her husband.

"He doesn't know about us?" he said.

"He doesn't know about us."

"He needn't ever know, Elsie."

(Continued on Page 85)

Complete Set of Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Attachments FREE – with every Eureka purchased before December 24th

Eureka World Prestige

Grand Prize Panama Pacific Exposition. Grand Prix and Gold Medal at Brussels, February 1920; a Milan, Italy, July 1920, at Paris, France May 1921, also the highest Award Diploma and Gold Medal at Amsterdam, Holland, July 1920.

These attachments are for vacuum-cleaning upholstered furniture, portières, bedding, radiators, etc., and we give them to you *absolutely without cost!* This liberal offer is made to demonstrate that no vacuum cleaner is complete or 100% efficient unless it can be used to clean all over the house. A great many cleaners are sold without attachments because of the difficulty of connecting the attachments for use. But with the Eureka the operation is so simple that it requires no effort at all and only a few seconds' time. You simply turn a small lever on the cleaner—slip on the attachment—and the connection is made! More attachments have been sold with the Eureka cleaners than with any other cleaner in the world. The reason is because they are so easily connected.

FREE—A complete set of attachments to clean portières, hangings, etc

This Offer Lasts Only Until December 24th

This is the first time that a complete set of attachments has ever been given away absolutely without cost by the manufacturer. And this offer ends sharply at midnight, December 24th. Every woman owning a vacuum cleaner knows that she cannot completely clean her house if she has no attachments to use. The cleaner itself is designed to renovate carpets and rugs. The attachments are made for the rapid and easy cleaning of portières, upholstered furniture, radiators, mattresses, pillows, bookcases, etc.

Send In the Coupon At Once!

To familiarize women with the many indispensable uses of a complete set of attachments, we will, between November 19th and December 24th, give away *absolutely without cost* with every Eureka Vacuum Cleaner purchased—a complete set of attachments!

To obtain a complete set of attachments with the Eureka cleaner, simply sign the coupon and mail it to Detroit. Then the nearest dealer will call and demonstrate, without the slightest obligation on your part, the Eureka and its attachments. Remember, this demonstration will not cost you a penny. We pay all charges. We bear all expenses. It is *absolutely free!*

If, after the demonstration, you wish to keep the cleaner, our dealer has been instructed to deliver to you, *absolutely without cost*, a complete set of attachments. Remember, the attachments are free. All you pay for is the cleaner itself. And if you desire to purchase it on easy terms a payment of $5.00 will be sufficient, and the balance can be paid in small installments thirty days apart.

Don't forget—you are getting a complete set of attachments without a penny's cost—a complete cleaning outfit for the price of the cleaner itself But to do so you must act quickly. Our offer is withdrawn on December 24th. So do not delay!

FREE—A complete set to renovate upholstered furniture, mattresses, etc

FREE—A complete set to clean radiators bookcases, mouldings, etc

10 Days' FREE Trial Offer

If you wish to thoroughly test the Eureka and its attachments in your own home, our dealers have been instructed to loan you a cleaner absolutely without cost and without obligation on your part. Keep it ten days. Test it every way you can. Then if you wish to keep it, it can be paid for on our easy monthly payment plan—and you get the complete set of attachments free!

An Ideal Christmas Gift

There is no more acceptable Christmas gift than a fully guaranteed Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner. It saves hours of sweeping and dusting and keeps the whole house immaculate. This is your opportunity to purchase the same Eureka now used in more than 485,000 homes—and get a full set of attachments *absolutely without cost*. But do not put it off another day! Do not wait until the Christmas crush begins! Send us the coupon at once! Your time is limited.

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

Canadian Branch: Kitchener, Ont. Foreign Branch: 8 Fisher St., Holborn, London, W C. I, England

(19)

EUREKA VACUUM CLEANER

FREE COUPON OFFER

Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co., Detroit, Mich.
Dewey and Greenwood Aves.

Gentlemen I am interested in your Free Attachment offer Have your nearest dealer demonstrate the Eureka without any obligation whatever to me.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ (8)

A Fireside Contest for Everybody but the Cat

EVERY member of the family can enter the $5000.00 Prize Contest for the best letters on "Handy Uses of the Perfection Oil Heater." One thousand letters are sure to win prizes.

The Perfection is a "portable radiator." It can be carried from room to room, produces 10 hours of "heat by the roomful" on a gallon of oil, and has so *many* uses around the house and elsewhere that most people know a few that are *different*—uses we've never heard of.

Possibly you can think of several new uses that *you* could make of the Perfection Heater. Have you ever used it, or heard of it being used, for purposes other than just heating? We want to learn *new* or *unusual* uses particularly.

How to Enter Contest

To enter the Contest it isn't even necessary that you own a Perfection Heater, although experience with it would undoubtedly give you many valuable ideas. This Contest does not close until December 10th, so that you have time, if you wish, to get personally acquainted with the handy Perfection.

It costs you nothing to enter the Contest. Simply call on the nearest Perfection dealer (Hardware, House Furnishing or Department Store) and get a copy of the Perfection Heater $5000.00 Contest Folder, or write direct to Contest Department, The Cleveland Metal Products Co., 7636 Platt Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, for it. Read the rules and write your letter.

Three competent and disinterested judges will decide the prize winners. These judges are:

ALLARD SMITH, *Vice-President, The Union Trust Co., President, The Cleveland Advertising Club.*

FRANK G. PHEGLEY, *President, Ohio Chapter, American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers; Phegley & Szekely, Heating and Ventilating Experts.*

HAZEL BLAIR DODD, *Home Economics Editor, The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

LIST OF PRIZES

First Prize	$1000.00 Cash
Second Prize	$500.00 Cash
Third Prize	$250.00 Cash
Fourth Prize	$150.00 Cash
Fifth Prize	$100.00 Cash

Sixth Prize – $90.00 Outfit of Aladdin Utensils
Seventh Prize – $75.00 Outfit of Aladdin Utensils
Eighth Prize – $50.00 Outfit of Aladdin Utensils
***5 Prizes*, Each a $25.00 Outfit of Aladdin Utensils**
***12 Prizes*, Each a $10.00 Outfit of Aladdin Utensils**
75 Aladdin Aluminum Percolators, 6 Cup Size
100 Aladdin Aluminum Steam Cookers (5 Qts.)
150 Aladdin Enameled Steel Blue Double Roaster–20 in.
250 Aladdin Enameled Steel Double Boilers (2 Qts.)
400 Aladdin Aluminum Double Lipped Sauce Pans (2 Qts.)

1000 Prizes – Total Value $5000.00

Note—Winners of the $90, $75, $50, $25 and the $10 outfit of Aladdin Utensils may choose either Aladdin Aluminum, Aladdin Enameled Steel, or a combination of both

Aladdin Utensils are Popular

Pictured above are some of the famous Aladdin Utensils to be awarded as prizes in the $5000.00 Perfection Heater Contest

PERFECTION *Oil Heaters*

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Heat by the Roomful

See Your Dealer Today and Write Your Letter Tonight

Look for the $5000.00 Contest Poster in Your Dealer's Window

Address Contest Dept
THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO.
7636 PLATT AVE
CLEVELAND OHIO

In Canada Address Contest Dept
PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY, Ltd.,
BARRIE, ONT

Branches in Principal Cities

(Continued from Page 82)

So many loves, outside fiction, are acknowledged without the use of words.

It seemed to Peter she was exquisitely beautiful, crying her tender pity in the light of the street lamps. He saw her with the lover's inflamed imagination, a sort of Florence Nightingale going with the little lighted lantern of her purity into the dark corners of the earth.

For her part, his chivalry seemed to infold her; it encompassed her moral fiber; she felt it moistening and slacking till it was sticky and useless. It was the moment for explanation. Her whole heart was dark and heavy with the consciousness of that.

She would never tell Peter Harley about Delia now, she knew that—knew it quite finally and definitely; but should she tell Peter it was her father who was dying, not a man who would have been her lover?

Looking up into Peter's eyes, she saw the position she held in his imagination, saw herself stripped of her borrowed plumes. It was a naked sight, sans glory and sans romance. For just a second she hesitated.

"You'd like me to go away for a little while, dear?" he said. "It is his due."

It was Peter himself who made it impossible to tell the truth; Peter crowning her his dear young saint; Peter manufacturing romance out of nothing in a lamplit street in an unsavory road.

"Yes," she whispered.

He came back a week after her father's death. Elsie wore black, with a crimson rose. The black was for the past and the rose for the future. She was not heartless. Her father had stepped back and she was stepping on. More vital than the memory of her father loomed the memory of Delia. She stole the life from Peter's kisses before they touched her own lips. Peter's continual "Do you remember you told me on the phone?" made wrinkles of anxiety on her heart, and yet she knew she had not failed Peter. Daily she saw him steeped in her; for him she wrenched the bolts from her heart and soul and found it not violation but divine relief.

She was a revelation to herself, a woman divinely, ecstatically in love; yet she would not let Peter tell his father. The thought of Delia held her back, corroding her natural desire for conventional acknowledgment of her engagement. Delia, who had never known Peter, must give him up before she entered into possession.

Delia wrote: "Mother looks as if she'd lived on lemonade; skin like a baby. It'll probably be six months or a year before she has her next bout. Your letters stutter. What are you trying to hide? Everything closing down for winter here—I mean the country—trees, flowers, everything. I shall have to come back to town. Can't stick it. I shan't go back to Harley's. I came across Pippa Passes. It's by a man called Browning. You wouldn't like it. You'll always be one of those people who believe poetry ends with a full stop at the end of every line. I said to myself 'Peter Passes.' Do you mind cutting him out when I come back, old thing? I want to forget."

It was on the receipt of that letter she yielded to Peter's entreaties and let him tell his father of their engagement. The result was a fairly kind little note from Mrs. Harley inviting her to dinner. They were modern parents; Peter was a modern son. She knew that some of their most cherished hopes had vanished at the knowledge of her existence and she hoped to quicken new ones.

"Do they mind?" said Elsie.

"Not much," said Peter. "I told them how it started, how you wanted advice. I told them how I fell in love with your mind. Dearest, we—we do dress for dinner."

"Of course," said Elsie.

She came home with her new black evening dress in a box under her arm, and found Delia there. Chalky water and winter winds had roughened Delia's skin; a cold sore disfigured the corner of her lip. She had made herself a cup of tea; a snail trail of condensed milk was on her shabby frock.

"Delia!" said Elsie.

The ugliness, the sallowness, the unfeminine leanness of Delia were like balm laid on her conscience. Hungrily she drank them in. It was like the hand of Death dividing Delia and Peter. Never could they have come together—never!

"So Peter thought it was you," said Delia.

Her flickering restless eyes took an inventory of all the things she had yearned for all her life—the primrose evening cloak, the jade-green eiderdown, the complete set of Walter de la Mare, the alabaster-gold powder bowl, the phial of her favorite scent.

"He watched for a girl who was met by an old man. He saw me meet father."

"Don't blub or I shall hit you," said Delia. "Go on." Her eyes were rather terrible in their tranquillity.

"I'm going to meet his people to-night. I daren't be late. You must see I daren't be late, Delia."

"Dress as you talk," said Delia. "I can guess a good deal. Comic, isn't it? Very rich?"

Elsie could see herself in sections in the cracked dressing-table mirror as she talked; now her firm, round white shoulders, now the glint of her hair. While she made a complete confession she made an incomplete inventory of herself.

"It seems it had to be, Delia."

Delia was very quiet. Once she bent forward and pinned up a curl at the nape of Elsie's neck. As she dressed Elsie became aware that her presence in her own room was an intrusion; haste crept into her hands and feet that did not belong to a knowledge of the time but rather to the queer consciousness that she took an unwarrantable liberty by remaining.

"When will you be married?"

"Soon."

"Funny," said Delia, "how things turn out."

"You couldn't ever——" said Elsie in a strangled voice.

For a minute Delia paused. They stood beside each other in the little cracked mirror; Elsie glowing, stimulated, love-kissed, and Delia gray, faded, somehow warped and discolored.

"He wouldn't ever have looked at me," said Delia. "Men don't care for souls and brains. I gave him all I had to give on the telephone; all he wanted or ever could want of me. Life's funny, isn't it?"

There was a stillness about her, an aloofness. She was not aggrieved, nor yet bereaving. It was as if she had slipped

Long Lake, Genesee County, Michigan

Not even scratched!

A dark night! An unfamiliar road! Gates down at railroad crossing! Brakes slide! A smash against end of gates rather than certain death on tracks!

But no one hurt. Not a scratch on the car. Both car and occupants protected by the Lyon Bumper.

Lyon Bumpers *take up* the shock of collision instead of passing it along to the car. Their famous open "looped-end" construction—*protected by basic Lyon patents*—yields to the blow like a spring. We guarantee every Lyon Bumper to withstand a blow at fifteen miles an hour without damage to itself or the car.

Lyon Bumpers are designed and built to give *real* bumper service. They will withstand a series of tremendous shocks without having to be replaced. They will take a depression of 7 to 8 inches and then spring back into perfect shape.

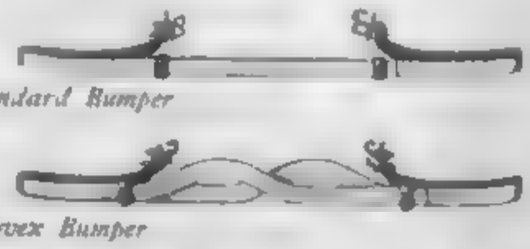
Motorists have a marked preference for Lyon Bumpers. Over a million are in use. Insurance companies, too, recognize the advantages of Lyon Bumpers by granting reduced collision rates on Lyon-protected cars. These reductions more than pay for a pair of bumpers, front and rear.

No matter what make or size of car you drive, protect it and yourself with a pair of Lyon Bumpers. Your dealer has them.

Handsome, exceedingly strong and perfectly balanced. Attached to all cars by means of patented hook bolt without altering of frames or drilling.

$10 to $23.

METAL STAMPING COMPANY Long Island City, New York



Lyon Standard Bumper

Lyon Convex Bumper

LYON RESILIENT BUMPERS

Relieve those hurting feet

YOUR tired, aching feet, that bother all day and throb at night are probably the result of unnatural pressure.

It is the pressure either of a lowered arch or a distorted heel bone—perhaps both.

You will quickly end foot distress when you relieve this pressure—when the bones are restored to their proper place and comfortably kept there.

There is one device which instantly and permanently relieves foot discomforts—

Wizard LIGHTFOOT ARCH BUILDERS

Made entirely of soft pliable leather (no metal is used) Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders provide a soft cushion-like support to the weakened foot structure.

And soft inserts of the proper thickness placed in pockets on the underside of the appliance, comfortably correct and maintain the position of the misaligned bones.

Wizard Lightfoot Arch Builders are but one of the Wizard products made to relieve sufferers from foot troubles. They are sold by leading shoe dealers everywhere. Usually where they are sold there is an expert who has made a study of fitting them. If there is no such dealer near you, write us. Ask for "Orthopraxy of the Foot"—a simple treatise on foot troubles. No charges.

Wizard Lightfoot Appliance Co.
1762 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.
Room 1302, No. 461 8th Ave., New York City
175 Piccadilly, London

Wizard Exclusive Features

All arches are different, all feet are different. Any device to effectively correct foot troubles, *must* be adjustable to the conditions affecting the individual foot.

Wizard devices are made with a series of scientifically arranged overlapping pockets. These are so located that soft inserts of any desired thickness placed in them will build a comfortable support to the exact height required and in the exact location needed to restore the bones to normal.

No other devices can employ the Wizard Adjustable overlapping pocket principle, which is patented.

You can get Wizard devices with any series of pockets desired to relieve callouses, fallen arches or run over heels. These may be had separately or in combination.

mentally away and stood looking down from her inner solitude with terrible uncaring insight into Elsie's brain, with its thoughts of Peter's kisses and Peter's home.

A ragged sunset dragged across their dirty window, fiery and broken with gray cloud.

"We shall see you, Delia, sometime."

"You know you won't," said Delia.

"You don't feel I've taken him?"

"He was never mine. I was only his."

Elsie drew her primrose cloak about her.

"You loved him too," said Elsie. She felt the need for contact with Delia's mind; she sought to establish it. Secretly she felt the need for drama, for some outlet of the emotions.

"You can't stop people giving," said Delia. "Whoever or whatever you are, you can't stop them giving. It's the giving that really counts."

That queer little smile was on her white lips; that queer surprised look in her eyes like one who stumbles unexpectedly on a great truth.

"Won't you say good-by, Delia?"

"You look very, very pretty," said Delia. "Good-by."

Alone in the room, she went from one to the other of Peter Harley's gifts. Each represented the definite emblem of definite mental suffering; each was a conscious relinquishment. She touched the things lightly with her sensitive sticklike fingers; it was as if she were trying to feel them with her mind.

All the things she had longed for all her life—and Peter Harley's photograph. Her heart felt wide and light like a room that has been emptied of little things—little paltry, truckling things. The spaciousness brought her a queer peace.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." That trickled through the new spaciousness of her mind.

Was it giving that mattered? Was it happiness—this strange peace that filled her and had neither gladness nor sadness in it?

She had given Peter Harley everything she had to give—her heart, her imagination, her honesty, the furnishings of her soul; to have given what he could not have wanted would have been to take for herself.

She felt no elation. She knew that none would come. She was free as Elsie would never be. Not one thing had she taken for her soul's need or her body's need. She had only given.

One glance she gave round the room at all the things she had always longed for. There was no appraisement in her eyes; only wonder that life could be so grandly simple.

She opened the door. The sun through the landing window struck full upon her. It fell upon the books, the bedspread, the costly goods and chattels that should have been hers; her lean body, her lean arms made a shadow across them. It flickered like a cross before she closed the door upon them.

THE 1921-MODEL HUGHES

(Continued from Page 9)

Diplomatic interchanges and international procedures bore Mr. Hughes, but he encounters them and encompasses them with exceeding tact, cordiality and patience. However, along somewhere in the proceedings there generally appears about one typewritten page which sets forth the *res gestae* of the situation in a manner suitable for the comprehension of all intelligences, even the devious diplomatic. For particulars see Yap, see Mexico, see Oil, see Reparations, and so on. Good American stuff—and clear.

Meantime, we observe a smiling and cordial Mr. Hughes, a genial and glad-handed Mr. Hughes, an approachable and affable Mr. Hughes—all of which he undoubtedly was before, but none of which was conspicuously on public view. With the exception of the curious hiatus in his career, which began when he signed his telegram to the Republican National Convention in 1916 and ended when the election returns from California were fully verified, and during which he was not Hughes at all but merely a candidate at the beck of party managers, Hughes has presented a sort of adamant front to the public, and especially to the purveyors of information to the public—the reporters. It is not my intention to create the impression that Mr. Hughes has been, in the past, unaware of the benefits of publicity, or unaverse to the personal application of the same. Far be it from me. The idea is that Mr. Hughes, after living and moving for a considerable period in the rarer atmosphere of intellectual illability, has come down to the valley to consort with the crowd. Of course he isn't of the crowd; he is in it.

Soon after Mr. Hughes took office a note was written to Panama. It told Panama to behave. Mr. Hughes said nothing of the note at the moment, but somebody did. In any event, the Washington correspondents had interesting and exact dispatches about the note. Mr. Hughes was not yet down in the valley. At his next meeting with the correspondents he delivered himself of some sentiments about the printing of the note which were admonitory and instructive but which made the correspondents laugh—politely of course—inasmuch as—not to put too fine a point on it—there were correspondents there who knew more about State Department affairs than he did. It never can be said of Mr. Hughes that he is slow of perception. He perceived the laugh, polite though it was. Likewise he must have come to a realization that Secretaries of State mean little in the lives of Washington correspondents. They come and go; blow in, blow out and blow up, and the correspondents remain. Indeed, a Secretary of State, or a secretary of anything else, is much more important to himself than he is to the gentlemen of the press, who have seen the entrances and exits of scores of them; have officiated at their induction and, it may be, contributed to their reduction.

In any event, it was not long after the incident of the Panama note that the 1921-model Hughes began to operate. Mr. Hughes, with that exquisite perception of what he himself has in mind that marks all his functionings, did not fight the reporters; he joined them. Wherefore there is no more interesting sight in Washington than that of Mr. Hughes, at 10:30 o'clock every morning and at 3:30 o'clock each afternoon, standing in smiling communion with the correspondents in a room set apart for that purpose in the State Department, answering their questions with an engaging frankness, explaining the events of the day with his admirable clarity, instructing them as to the meanings of various actions and determinations, and imparting to them such wisdom and such policies as may be desirable.

He is a little fuller of figure than he was when he lived in Washington as a justice of the Supreme Court; heavier in weight, but with nothing else heavy about him. His whiskers are graying to white. His face is rounder. His blue eyes have softened a bit, and his smile is opportune—a smile that draws back his upper lip, lifts his heavy mustache and shows an amazingly white, even and strong row of teeth. He stands before the reporters for ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, and radiates candor, implies ingenuousness, has nothing to conceal—except of course what it would be impolitic not to conceal, you understand. He makes his jokes, parries inquiries that are too pertinent, marks confidential what is confidential, and seems to enjoy it.

"Mr. Hughes," asked an earnest young seeker after truth one day when there was a discussion of the men who may attend the limitations conference, "do you speak French?"

"No, but I taught it once."

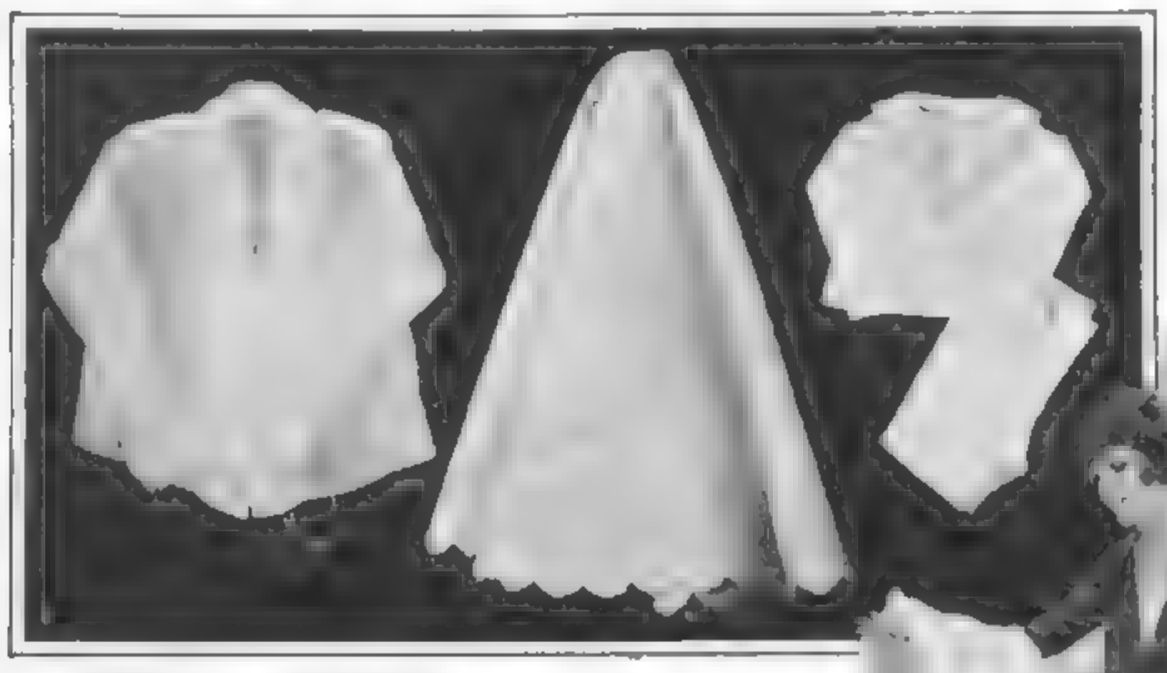
"Taught it and don't speak it?"

"Exactly. You see, I was just out of college and needed a job, and as the only job I could find was teaching French I taught French."

A handy man, even then, and never more so than in his new relations with the agents of publicity. It didn't take that keen and analytical mind long to figure out that, no matter what the ideas of Secretary Hughes might be as to publicity for State Department affairs, and news and dispatches concerning the same, there would be acres of news and dispatches and publicity sent forth about the State Department. Hence it instantly occurred to said mind that so long as the Secretary of State could not prevent this printing and publishing

(Continued on Page 89)

Have you sent your Washing to a Laundry *lately?*



Bed linen, table linen, other household linen, skirts, shirts, blouses, dresses, the children's things—the modern laundry takes *all* the family washing. To women it offers *complete* relief from all the old-time washday work.

Can't you hear him yet—the man who used to say "Uh-h, baker's bread? Give me the home-made kind."

Today he smacks his lips over the formerly frowned-on loaf and calls for more. Because bakers have kept pace with progress, people have come to hold a new view about bread made outside the home.

And the bogey about the family washing—isn't it pretty much in the same category? Have you sent your washing to a modern laundry *lately?*

The laundry, too, has kept pace with progress. You will find it prepared to take *all* your family washing.

The modern laundry offers not a single service, but many. For example, if you like to be completely freed from the work of washday, it will wash everything and iron everything. Or if you prefer to do some of the finishing at home, it offers a semi-service—washing everything, starching such pieces as require it, ironing the heavier flatwork, but leaving for you the finishing of personal apparel and lighter pieces.

You will learn on inquiry that there are other services, too—whatever your washday requirements, you will find the modern laundry with a service to meet them.

Everything will come back sweet with through and through cleanness—to insure this, modern laundries use as many as 600 gallons of pure, rainsoft water for each family washing.

Everything will come back thoroughly sanitary—as your family physician will verify, modern laundries sterilize while they wash.

Everything will come back correctly and daintily folded—your linen ready to spread, your personal apparel ready to wear.

Very likely there are one or more laundries in your community that give this service. Telephone one of them today and have your next washing called for.

THE AMERICAN LAUNDRY MACHINERY COMPANY, *Executive Offices:* Cincinnati

Why No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle (Size 2) Can be Sold for $2.00

Pre-War Prices

The Faultless Rubber Company Factory Ashland, Ohio

PRICES on No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottles and Face Bottles and No. 24 "Wearever" Fountain Syringes are down to where they were before the war. As an example, Size 2 No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle is now selling in the United States for $2.00 except in remote sections. The corresponding Size 2 of No. 24 "Wearever" Fountain Syringe sells at the same price. Other sizes of "Wearever" Water Bottles and Fountain Syringes are priced in proportion as follows:

RETAIL PRICES IN U. S. A. Except in Remote Sections

No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottles

Size No. 00 Face Bottle	$1.00	**Size No. 2 Water Bottle**	**$2.00**
Size No. 0 Face Bottle	1.25	Size No. 3 Water Bottle	2.75
Size No. 1 Water Bottle	1.75	Size No. 4 Water Bottle	3.25

No. 24 "Wearever" Fountain Syringes

Size No. 2 Fountain Syringe	$2.00	Size No. 3 Fountain Syringe	$2.75

For General Family Use, we recommend Size 3, in both Syringe and Water Bottle

DEPEND UPON THIS—at all times the purchaser of rubber goods for the home secures in "Wearever" Rubber Goods maximum value, maximum service and maximum satisfaction.

Pat. Mar. 20th, 1906

No Better Water Bottle Can Be Made

You cannot get a better water bottle than No. 40 "Wearever" anywhere at any price, while you can pay considerably more for an inferior bottle.

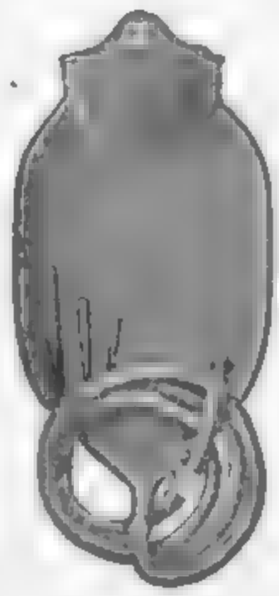
No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle is made of fine quality "live" rubber *moulded-in-one-piece*. It has no seams, patches or bindings, which is why it does not leak. The Patented Oval Neck and wide Funnel Mouth make No. 40 easy to fill, comfortable in use and strong where other bottles are weak. It is sold and recommended to give better service and greater satisfaction by leading dealers all over the country.

Important factors in making Pre-War Prices possible on No. 40 and other "Wearever" Rubber Goods are conservative management, sound capitalization, the buying power of ample funds, modern factory methods and equipment, efficient personnel and our economical distribution plan. As an example of how distribution expense is reduced, we mention the $50.00 "Wearever" Economy Case for Dealers pictured at the left. When your dealer buys this case, he gets more goods for his money. Therefore, he is able to give you better quality rubber goods at the lowest possible prices.

DEALERS—Write for details of this "Economy Case"—it does not matter if you now handle other lines of rubber goods. This case offers you best quality merchandise, nationally advertised. It enables you to meet the demands of your customers for Pre-War Prices on rubber goods.

The Promoter of Good Health

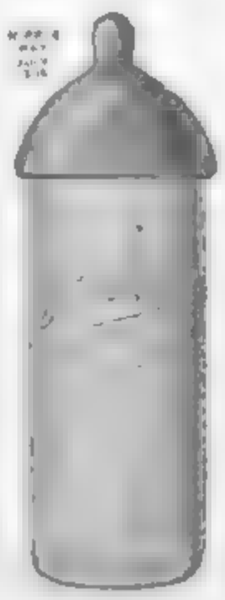
No. 24 "Wearever" Fountain Syringe is an ideal syringe. You can find none better in service and dependability. *Moulded-in-one-piece* of high quality rubber, like No. 40, it cannot leak. We recommend Size 3 for general family use. Remember, No. 24 Fountain Syringe now sells at Pre-War Prices.



The Correct Way to Feed Babies

The **"Faultless Nurser"** affords the correct way to feed babies. It keeps them healthy and happy, because the Faultless Nurser Nipple will not collapse. It feeds food—not air. It is easy to clean and frequent sterilizations in boiling water will not injure it, because it is made of high quality rubber. Doctors and nurses recommend it highly.

Regular price for complete "Faultless Nurser" with Maroon or Black Nipple, 35c; Nipple only, either color, 15c, of your dealer or sent by mail on receipt of price.



THE FAULTLESS RUBBER COMPANY

ASHLAND, OHIO *(Ashland Rubber Works)* U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 86)

the Secretary of State might as well direct it. And there you are. And there is Mr. Hughes, each morning at 10:30 and each afternoon at 3:30. Occasionally, when there is little stirring, he sends out Under Secretary Fletcher, but not often. One of the fundamental tenets of the Honorable Charles Evans Hughes is this: If you want a thing well done do it yourself; which also explains why he took no vacation last summer.

He keeps in the closest touch with his sources of information and the distributors of it, suggesting, explaining, guiding, but not controlling—oh, perish such thought! It is all for the betterment of mankind and such other incidental and administration betterments as may occur along the path. For example, there arose a tendency among those persons who referred, in print, to the limitations conference to write of it as the disarmament conference, a thing which not only was abhorrent to Mr. Hughes' keen sense of precision in statement but also was not without its possibility of political reaction. For, you see, if it becomes fixed in the minds of the people that this conference is a disarmament conference and not merely an arms-limitation conference, and the outcome of it shall be only an agreement to slow down in armaments and not to sink all battleships, demobilize all armies and beat all swords into plowshares, the people may resent it; and the chief way they have of resenting it is at election time. That is, if the people should feel that they were promised disarmament and given only limitation they might, conceivably, walk up to the polls and take reprisal for that broken promise in a way that would be extremely uncomfortable, unprofitable and annoying to the Administration.

Therefore, to a precisian like Hughes and a preceptor like Harding, the situation not only had an æsthetical but a political bearing, and both were anxious lest the public be disappointed through the dashing of hopes raised by faulty terminology. So, at 10:30 one morning and at 3:30 one afternoon Mr. Hughes pointed out this distinction in the most genial manner, explaining the necessity of using the right term—limitations and not disarmament—in order that it might be clear to the people just what purpose the conference has and just what it can do. Mr. Hughes felt sure that all those present shared with him that nice distinction in the use of words, that artistic joy that comes to the trained writer when he uses the word with the exact shade of meaning required to convey the idea. Every paper in the United States printed the story; everybody in the United States began to speak of the conference as the limitations conference instead of the disarmament conference, and Mr. Hughes stroked his beard and called it a day.

Mr. Hughes' Methods

Notwithstanding the eminence of his colleagues who represent the United States with him at the limitations conference—please note the effect of Mr. Hughes' talk as to the proper designation for the gathering—Mr. Hughes will principally represent the United States at the conference, for the excellent reason that it is the fixed and invariable method and manner of Mr. Hughes principally to represent everything he represents, the United States being no exception. In this connection it will be most interesting to observe his contacts and the reactions of the visiting delegates. Although the conference is not yet in session as this is written it is likely to be in session when it is printed, and those contacts will be in operation and those reactions observable.

Now it is possible that Mr. Hughes may change his method, but not probable. Hence, the English, the French, the Japanese, the Italians and all others who touch him at any point will find a fine figure of a man, with a most courteous manner, a most agreeable voice, a remarkable clarity of expression, a detailed understanding of the problems under discussion, an unswervable foundation of Americanism and an insatiate appetite for realities. They will find a man with instant and exact ability to define his terms. They will find a man who is always willing to lay his cards on the table, and who demands the same procedure from others; a man who will listen to a hypothesis only on the basis that it is acknowledged to be hypothetical, who never confounds a theory with a condition, who refuses to accept argument for fact, and who has not bought a gold brick since he was a mere child.

Anything may come out of a conference of this sort, from an association of nations to a disassociation of them; but with all that leeway it is quite safe to predict that nothing will come out of it that will be un-American and nothing that will not be set down in explicit terms. Mr. Hughes will attend to those features of it. His position is that of a man with a good hand and the last say in a poker game. After all the others have placed their stakes he will consider what to do. He saw that a conference on the sole question of either the limitation or the elimination of arms, in the present state of the world, would be futile unless the co-related and contributing problems of the three most vitally interested nations—the United States, Great Britain and Japan—were considered not only in their military terms but in their political, sociological, economic and geographical terms. Wherefore, when the call to the conference went out it went out with these features added to the primary feature of the limitation of armaments. This has caused the altruists who affect to believe some formula for the brotherhood of man can be invented, to criticize and condemn, but it does not at all alter the belief or disturb the program of Mr. Hughes, who stands on the proposition that it is quite useless to attempt to deal with an effect without paying some preliminary and analytical consideration to its cause.

Head of the Delegation

Speaking from observation and not from communion, the innate tendency and trend of Mr. Hughes in matters such as this limitations conference would be to invite Brethren Lloyd George, Briand and Chinda, say, to meet with him in a plainly furnished and soundproof room and discuss the policies, problems and proposals contemplated by the call for the conference, come to a logical and legal agreement—for which Mr. Hughes would doubtless supply much of the logic and the law—and sign the same in duly attested fashion. Afterwards he would give to the press a concise statement of what had happened, and the job would be done, and probably well done.

There are obstacles for such a procedure, and the chief one is that Mr. Hughes is a servant of the people, and the people refuse to be served in any such cloistered manner. Thus, although it may be that Mr. Hughes will see to it that the conference is not held at the foot of the Washington Monument in full view of the populace and the visiting firemen, there will be a measure of publicity attendant on its sessions, a measure that will be measured largely by Mr. Hughes. Those conferences with the correspondents at 10:30 in the morning and at 3:30 in the afternoon are not without the deeper meaning. Mr. Hughes has been in training, conditioning himself for the task before him, and, it may be said, he is within one pound of fit, as the dispatches in the newspapers concerning State Department affairs prove each morning and each afternoon.

It is the assumption of democracy that two heads are better than one and that several heads are better than two, which may be true, although much depends on the heads that come into association. Still, in casting about for heads to rally round the Hughes head in the American representation President Harding displayed an excellent knowledge of the standard brands. He picked three properly trade-marked and staple, publicly reputed to be of the conventional and durable pattern. These heads are those of the Honorable Elihu Root, the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge, and the Honorable Oscar Underwood, three gentlemen who enjoy wide reputation as statesmen, and who conserve that reputation by studiously striving to be statesmen on all occasions. Of these Mr. Lodge was, at the time of his selection, the Republican leader of the Senate, and Mr. Underwood the Democratic leader of the Senate, while Mr. Root was, and is, the Grand Old Man of the Republican Party.

They add a solemnity and dignity to the American delegation that are almost cathedral, and will no doubt have their efficacious uses in the progress of affairs, especially in the statement of the obvious in impressive manner. However, speaking about heads, the head of the American delegation is the Honorable Charles Evans Hughes, Secretary of State, and whenever Mr. Hughes is the head of a delegation the head of that delegation is Mr. Hughes.

THE teeth most Lyonized are the teeth which are the soundest and whitest

The most dramatic fact about Dr. Lyon's is that it discovered—and has been promoting and proving for fifty-five years—that there is a *safe* way to care for the teeth.

This long history of freedom from doubtful ingredients has made Dr. Lyon's the favorite of careful people. Its use involves no risk.

Dr. Lyon's

The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable

Powder *Cream*

Approved by the best dental authorities for over fifty years

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FREE SAMPLE
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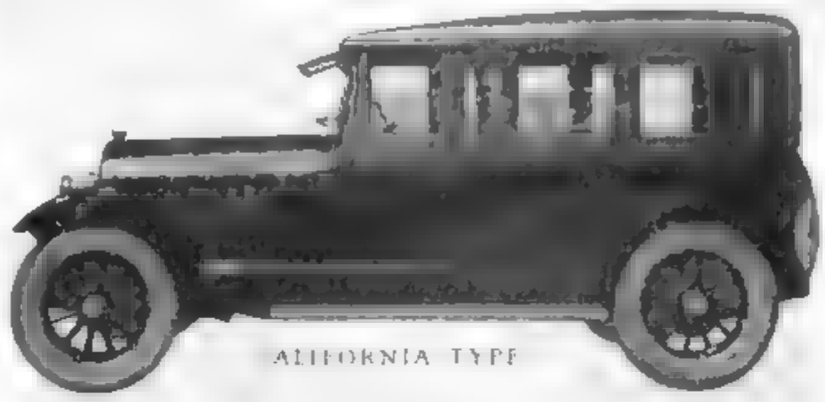
ENJOY YOUR OPEN CAR
THE YEAR 'ROUND



A Rex All-Seasons Top will make your open car snug and warm in winter and cool and clean in summer.

There are two types of Rex All-Seasons Tops, the "Sedan" and the "California." These handsome tops are specially designed and built to match exactly the lines and measurements of the open cars for which they are sold.

The Rex All-Seasons Top, California Type, is finished in artificial leather that harmonizes with the color of the car it encloses. It is glazed with polished plate glass. Regular appointments include an electric dome light, three silk-finished sun curtains on rollers, silver-finished door pulls and hand grips and the Rex Sun-and-Rain Visor. The panels may be easily removed for summer driving. Auxiliary storm curtains are provided.

The Sedan Type is designed to convert touring car or roadster into a closed car that follows closely the lines of sedan or coupé. Side panels are removable for warm weather. This top embodies many refinements of Rex construction and adds no more weight than that of a single passenger to the total weight of the car.

Rex All-Seasons Tops are manufactured especially for Buick, Cleveland, Dodge Brothers, Essex, Haynes, Hudson, Hupmobile, Nash, Paige, Reo and Studebaker cars.

Write us, giving the make and model of your open car, and we will mail you samples of California Type covering material and literature showing how either of our tops will look on your car.

REX MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Connersville, Indiana

Rex All Seasons Top

SO THIS IS GOLF

(Continued from Page 4)

Like this, now. Gee! Well, then keep the children out of the room. It's past their bedtime anyway. Now let's see—he says it's a flick of the wrists that turns on the juice. Oh, I'm not hurting the old rug, am I? Now, wait—let's see that diagram a minute.

And so forth.

Besides various bibelots in the home this golfer has twice broken ninety on an actual course. Of course he didn't break it beyond repair; still, eighty-nine isn't so rotten, is it, for a man that took up the fool game only eight years ago? And there lies the chief of the plain golfer's delusions. He believes sincerely that he took up the game. But it was nothing so gentle or so voluntary as that. He was stricken with it and will never recover. He will pass out at last, still visioning himself modestly erect, the three-quarter view toward the photographer, while the President tells him that he is a credit to American sport and here is this splendid trophy, and so forth. He will be viewing a halftone of this scene in Golf, Poultry and Beadwork, and on the opposite page another halftone in which his defeated opponent is warmly wringing his hand. The defeated opponent is seen to be Chick Evans.

On the bedside table among the medicine bottles will be a copy of Golf, Croquet and Osteopathy lying open at How to Correct Your Faults With Plenty of Diagrams, by Angus McAngus. In his last lucid moment he will recall that at one time or another—but not in the same round—he has made every hole on his course in par, with a birdie on the hard sixth on August 3, 1918. But no one else will remember this of him; no one in all the wide world. His playmates will remember him kindly, no doubt, but if they recall any birdies it will be their own. They will say that Bill was a good scout, but they will be much more likely to recall that spell when he had such hard luck with the dice and had to sign the lunch check for the gang nine times running. They will never say that he had the makings of a finalist. They will more probably say that he certainly put that pipe-and-fittings concern on its feet after he once got control of the stock. The closest they will come to golf in their chat about him will be to remark in reverent tones that he died worth over fifty cases of Scotch. Yet no golfer will be dismayed by the brutal realism of this picture. It would do him no good if he were. He has been stricken. Dismay wouldn't help him. Nothing will.

And that is golf.

The Pillars of the Game

We now come to the rest of us, or subgolfers. The supergolfer has style and hence is called a stylist. The golfer has form, but is not hence called a formist. For some reason this word has not yet been invented. But the subgolfer has neither form nor style and is never called much of anything worth repeating. Yet let it be said at once that we are the only class of golfers of any real importance to the game. We are its spine and sinews, comprising ninety-two per cent of its players. Lacking us the supergolfer could not play his tournaments nor be photographed for Golf, Pastry and Plumbing. Lacking us the golfer could never dramatize that tender little scene before the executive mansion. For there would be no links to perform on. You might see one link here and there, but not more. It is we who pay the bills for all the lush spread of land that would otherwise be producing rutabagas, shotes and other table delicacies. Lacking us, golf-ball makers would not be thinking up catchy new names for balls that will give more yardage than any other ball on the market, nor thinking up machines to etch your name into the ball's surface. As if that did any good! Shall I not to-day play with a ball into the surface of which has been deeply bitten the meaningless inscription "Geo. S. Garritt" or something? What of it? The name didn't prevent its being knocked into the far rough by unspeakably clumsy dub playing, did it, nor prevent me from finding it when I happened to be over there, did it?

And lacking us subgolfers, where would golf literature be? Answer: it wouldn't. I have omitted to point out that for the subgolfer golf consists largely of literature. The mere golfer plays by book now and then, but not steadily, as we do. And the literature of golf came about in this way: The subgolfer, coming to the game with a fresh, unspoiled mind, is cursed with a belief that much may be learned about it from a printed page. So he demands reading matter. And so good old Angus McAngus writes a nice thick book on how to play golf. That is, not exactly. His name is on it and the photographs are all of Angus; a close-up of his right elbow at top of swing, his left ankle at the same tremendous crisis, the sole of his left shoe and the mole on his chin when nearest his right wrist; also his famous interlocking grip, looking like a bunch of severely twisted bananas. These photographs are all authentic and are labeled Fig. 1, Fig. 2, and so forth. But the book is written by a friend of Angus who knows how to spell a lot of words Angus has never had any occasion to use, including the word "pronate," and who imagines to himself the way Angus would tell how to play golf if only Angus knew himself.

Perhaps Angus after reading the book will begin to think he does know how he does it, but he will be wrong there. All he really knows about his game is that he was sanctified to it at the age of nine and has never done anything but play it, not being vexed with a pipe-and-fittings concern. He actually knows that he can catfoot up to the ball and clout it on the nose right. But there he gets off.

The Primest Essentials

Nevertheless here is the book, a beautiful creation costing five-fifty, with about two hundred glimpses of different bits of Angus in action. He has easily learned, after a few lessons, to stand still while being photographed. And the subgolfer pays and pays and pays, believing his worries are over. The book is cordial and reassuring, yet stern; stern enough to keep the subgolfer thinking he must have got his money's worth. It begins about this way:

"It is of the utmost importance that the tyro should early grasp the three prime essentials of the game, which are—first, the stance; second, the grip; and third, the swing. There are golfing authorities who will maintain, with some shadow of plausibility, one must concede, that the swing is more prime than any of the other essentials, but a long study of the essentials of the game has convinced me that the other two essentials are fully as prime as this one.

"Having grasped the prime essentials the tyro will do well to next put himself in the hands of some competent professional, who will see that he is outfitted with the right clubs. Much depends upon this. Even the bag should be selected by your professional. Do not make the mistake of rushing off to a department store and buying a bag that happens to look good. Only a trustworthy professional can do this for you.

"He will charge you about twelve dollars more for the same bag, but everything depends upon getting started right, and even the purchase of the bag is a prime essential in what we have come to term the psychology of the game.

"Next in order for the tyro are the lessons from some good professional. A good deal may be obtained from a book like this, but lessons are a prime essential. They are almost one of the primest essentials there is."

And so forth.

Follows instructive comment, enlivened with Figs. 1, 2, 3, up to Fig. 186, which is merely a photograph of Angus not doing anything but have his photograph taken after shooting the home course in sixty-seven.

This is what keeps the subgolfer up nights: "It is hardly necessary to tell the tyro," says Angus, "that the first step is to get the correct line from ball to hole—the straight line." Of course it is hardly necessary, old top, but if you didn't tell him a lot of hardly necessary things, where would your book be? So the subgolfer reads on, fascinated by the things that are hardly necessary to tell him, enthralled by the halftones of Angus' right hip and the diagramed relation of his left ear to his left shoulder at top of swing. On he reads to How to Avoid Slicing Your Putts, with a

(Continued on Page 93)

The heat is there—Why not use it?

If Your Car Is Warm You Can Drive In Comfort

Perfection Heaters are used as a standard equipment by the leading manufacturers in every price class. Here are some of the cars that are factory equipped:

Briscoe	Meteor
Buick	Mitchell
Case	Moon
Cole	National
Columbia	Northway
Crow-Elkhart	Truck
Davis	Oakland
Dixie Flyer	Oldsmobile
Dodge	Paige
Dorris	Premier
DuPont	R & V Knight
Elcar	ReVere
Ferris	Rock Falls
Gardner	Ambulance
Grant	Roamer
Handley-Knight	Scripps-Booth
Haynes	Sheridan
Holmes	Standard "8"
Hudson	Stephens
Hupmobile	Studebaker
Jackson	Stutz
King	Templar
Kissel	Velie
Liberty	Westcott
Marbohm	Willys-Knight
Marmon	Winton
Mercer	Yellow Cabs

Five distinctive types provide Perfection quality equipment for every type of car.

When you choose your new car look for this comfort feature

FOR those motorists whose cars are Perfection Heater equipped even the coldest weather holds no terror. In your open or closed car a Perfection Heater assures real warmth and comfort. Day or night the heat is always at your command. A Perfection Heater uses the exhaust heat which is otherwise wasted and you may easily regulate the heat to meet comfort's need.

Have a Perfection Heater installed in your car now. If there is no Perfection Service Station near you, see your motor car dealer. He will be glad to make the installation for you. The cost is surprisingly low and once installed you will drive in new-found comfort for the entire life of your car. Send for our new booklet *"Comfort for Your Car."*

DEALERS:—Perfection Heaters are supreme in their field. Write or wire for our selling plan.

PERFECTION MOTOR CAR HEATERS

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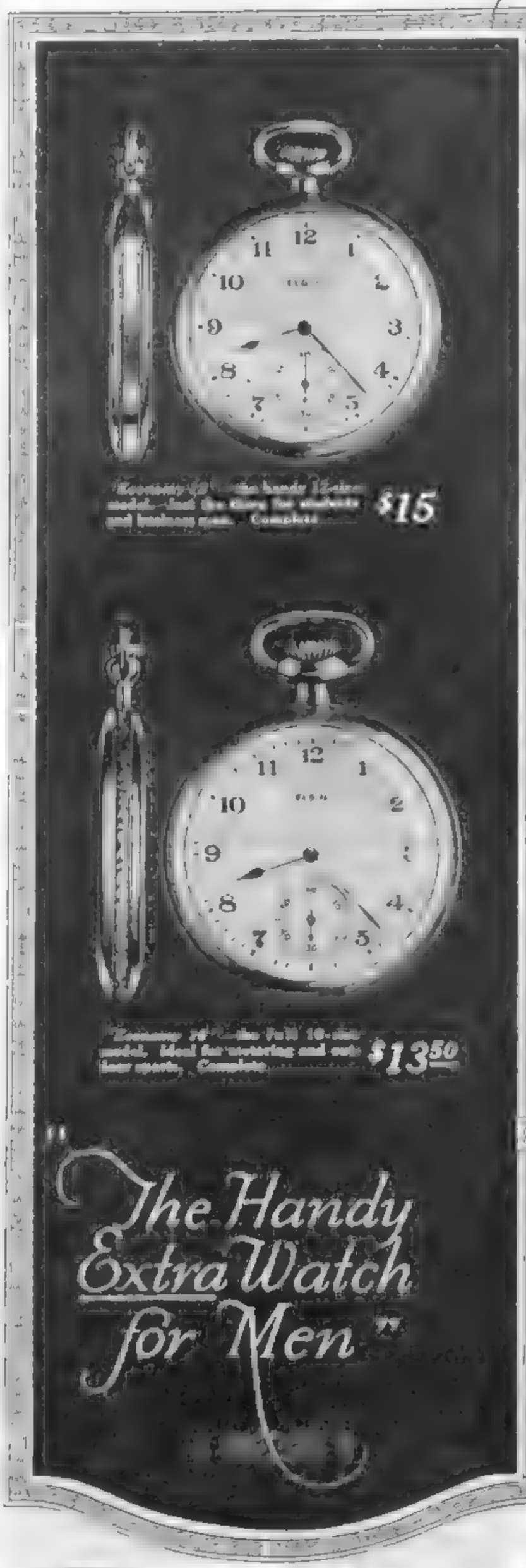
6541 CARNEGIE AVENUE .·. CLEVELAND, OHIO
Manufactured in Canada by RICHARDS-WILCOX CANADIAN CO., LTD., London, Ont.

For Ford Sedans and Touring Cars

Everywhere Ford owners who have installed Perfection Heaters are enjoying more winter driving comfort than they have ever known. These special Ford heaters have the same high grade workmanship as those used as standard equipment by 52 leading car manufacturers. The cost is very nominal—for the Ford sedan, $20 and for the touring car, $17.50



The Elgin Economy Watch

Every man who owns an expensive watch needs an "extra" watch as well

The Economy Watch is Elgin's response to the popular demand for an "extra" watch of real dependability at minimum cost. It is a right good-looking timepiece, inexpensive, but in no way "cheap"—a reliable Elgin movement in a Wadsworth case. Fully covered by the Elgin guarantee.

Here's an ideal companion for outdoor action, motor trips, student life—for farmer and laborer—for every use where a more delicately adjusted and costly timepiece would be out of place. Its low cost makes it worry-proof. Watch thefts and rough usage are matters of little concern to the owner of an Elgin Economy Watch.

Your boy needs an Elgin—now

The boys are carrying them earlier in life than when you were in school. Your boy needs a dependable timepiece —*now.* It will teach him to be on time. He will love it and respect it, and every time he looks at it he will think of you.

Give him an Elgin Economy Watch—and note its practical effect on his daily life and character.

Ask your Jeweler to show you the handsome new Elgin Economy Watch in its satin-finish nickel case, with edges ornamented in gold.

Elgin Watches

MADE IN ELGIN, U. S. A.

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(Continued from Page 90)

spirited portrait of Angus engaged in avoiding a sliced putt. And then back to the grip: "I bring my left hand over," confides Angus, "until I can count all my knuckles." The subgolfer rejoices in this. It seems to him that if Angus counted up and found a couple of his knuckles missing he would be hiking back to the last tee to look for them. He resolves always to count his own knuckles carefully.

But Angus is never dogmatic. There is nice feeling among these golf writers. Angus may admit that, after years of deep study, he has become convinced that the interlocking grip is the ideal grip; still, he doesn't say it is the only ideal grip, and the tyro must remember that Sandy McHaggis is strong for the open grip, while good old Cluny McWhoosh has for years obtained brilliant results with the merely overlapping grip. "It is, after all," warns Angus, "a detail that must be decided by the individual player for himself." The subgolfer wishes Angus would be a little more positive. But he buys the McHaggis and the McWhoosh brochures, with more photographs of grips and right elbows and left ankles and teeth and pipes and moles and hair and spiked shoes. He is hoping one of them will tell him the only right way to hold his club so he can go on with the rest of his education, but this never happens. Only another subgolfer can tell him the only right way. Any subgolfer after six lessons can tell him the only right way to do everything from driving to putting.

But the tyro, as he is never called outside golf books, keeps on reading. He buys more books and subscribes to Golf, Brewing and Basket Weaving, to get those bully articles on the chip shot, with photographs showing the feet fairly close together so one is not likely to pull the shot, and so forth. He never wearies of studying the picture of Davy Macdivot's follow through, nor of reading underneath it the beautiful words, "I use the Vardon grip with the little finger of the right hand overlapping the index finger of the left." And he is captivated by the picture of Davy in Golf, Checkers and Beadwork, playing out of trouble. This shows a minor ditch, a blur-r-r-r of club shaft and the ball starting for the green, followed by a fine mess of sand, like a comet trailing its tail. If he gets into a hole like that to-morrow he will try to recall just what it was that Davy seemed to be doing with his wrists and his feet and his knees and his club.

The Self-Made Master

There is other literature in which the subgolfer rejoices. He follows all the big matches. He loves to read how Hagen laid his mashie second dead and chipped off a birdie on the notoriously hard twelfth at the Chicago Stockyards course. How Jock sent the ball away with a crisp snap on a straight line and proved unbeatable on all short shots from a chip to a long pitch. How Barnes made a sensational recovery, nabbing a two-hole lead. How Mitchell dashed out in thirty-three and how, though under a racking strain due to trouble on the fifteenth and seventeenth, nevertheless came romping in with a thirty-eight. And how Chick took his opponent for a merry walk for the full thirty-six-hole route.

Also, if nothing more exciting offers he will read about golf being splendid exercise. He believes in this reading. He undoubtedly believes that Angus McAngus became the man he is among us to-day by studying a book. He pictures the bleak moorland with fairways stretching to every horizon, broken only by bunkers that add a touch of grimness to the wild scene. It is midnight. Standing not far from the ninth green is the humble burn, or crofter, that was the childhood home of Angus, and inside the laddie is studying his lesson by the light of a simple tweed knot. Outside he hears the mournful call of the upland kiltie to its mate. A fur-bearing haggis lurks along the bank of the claymore, seeking its prey. Just beyond the pibroch a faithful old byre is smoking a few last pipefuls of peat for the adjacent distillery. The boyish impulse to be a part of this night life is manfully stifled. He knows he will never shoot a sixty-eight unless he studies. He kindles a fresh tweed and brings his page nearer the wavering flame. The room is chill and he pulls closer about his bony knees the rug he has crocheted from the pure heather. His eyes are heavy with sleep, but he must master this photograph, Fig. 19, showing about one dozen fingers and thumbs jammed into the interlocking grip. Before sleep can come he must master this to the last detail, or some day he might get up on a tee and forget how to count his knuckles. He kindles a fresh tweed from the dying one and studies on. This is the way the subgolfer undoubtedly sees the beginnings of Angus. If he didn't he would buy fewer golf books.

But after all his reading practice, how does the subgolfer actually play? Of course that is different, because he only took up the game to get out into the open. And a foursome of subgolfers is further distinguished by the circumstance that not one of them should have tried to play to-day. This is brought out on the first tee as follows:

EDDIE: Gents, I see my finish to-day. Up all night with this tooth of mine. Where I ought to be—I ought to be at the dentist's right this minute.

BILL: You got nothing on me, old pippin. Maybe you think driving that car a hundred and ten miles is good for a man's game. It certainly always puts mine on the blink. I can't hit a ball with anything.

GEORGE: Talk about game! You guys are lucky. Look at me. *(To caddie):* Say, son, go back and tell Alec if a telegram comes for me to be sure and send it out after us. *(To his playmates again):* That partner of mine must have drunk something wrong down in New York. Got him in Bellevue. On a big deal down there, too. I may have to go down and swing it myself. I really ought to start now, but I'll dub along with you fellows a few holes. This deal's got me worried, I'll disclose to the universe. Oh, my golf'll be good, all right, all right!

DOC: Gosh, I knew I shouldn't have et that pie à la mode. Always makes me logy.

Out With the Foursome

But do they pause while there is yet time, or do they persist in going on with what, under these distressing circumstances, can only be the most wretched farce? You need but one guess. They are presently teasing balls down the fairway or through the neighboring jungles, and for the moment their troubles seem to be strangely forgotten. In fact they will be again referred to only after unwontedly bad shots. In the main they progress cheerfully. This is where the subgolfer has it on the golfer and the supergolfer. He visibly enjoys playing. For him no tense solemnity on tee or green. He seems to have learned that he can never attain the higher golf. That is, he would have you infer that he has learned this. Secretly, to be sure, he nurses all sorts of absurd hopes, for this may not be avoided by one who plays the game ever so lightly, but he does not wear his heart on his sweater sleeve. He romps from tee to tee and converses as the spirit moves him. The man on the mower is always glad to see a foursome of him because they give him a longer rest from fixing his machine. He can't fix that forever, and if it were not for the subgolfers he might have to do some mowing.

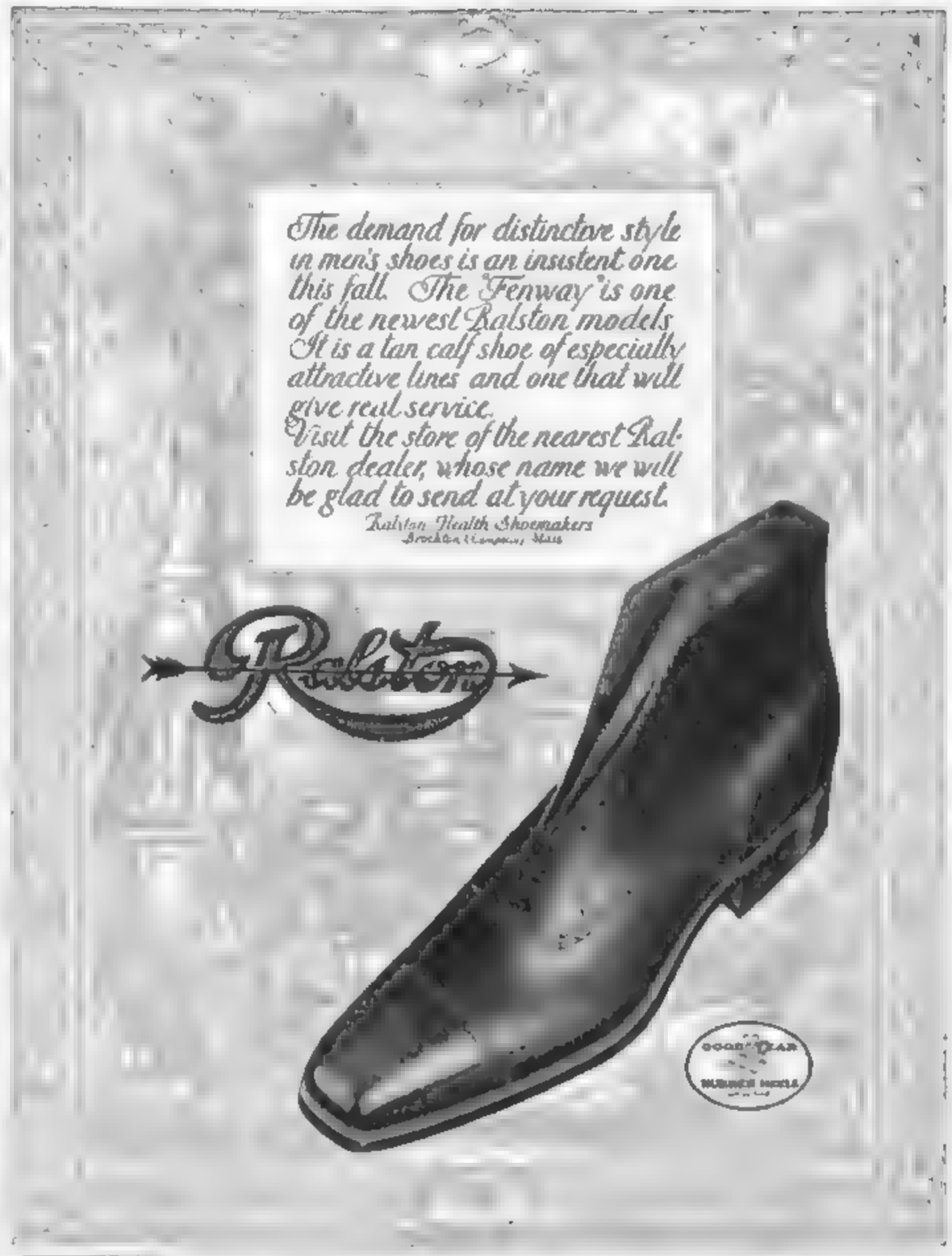
As likely as not the foursome will pause by him while Doc tells the good one about the bright little girl who brought all those glasses of water for her mother's guests, or while Eddie asks if they have heard this one that he just got from a man back in the grill, and if they have, stop him, and anyway he can't give the dialect. The man with the mower is pleased with this unhurried pace and asks them what time it is. He will also ask the next subgolfers what time it is. He would be arrested for asking real or super golfers this—but let us be on with the foursome.

There is chatter and badinage even within the sacred purlieus of the tee, a spirit of levity for which a supergolfer, having the power, would order them all to be shot. But what care they? The scene is now the fourth tee.

DOC *drives with a mighty swing; but he has little resembled Angus McAngus in Fig. 26 of Golf and How to Play It. His ball wabbles haltingly a dozen feet to the left oblique. He glares after it in profound amazement and makes a noise with his tongue. He seems to be pronouncing the name of the fly that causes sleeping sickness. Hearty laughter and cheers from the bench.*

GEORGE *(loudly):* Looks to me like his gears don't mesh.

EDDIE *(loudly):* Naw, 'tain't that—he's got cement wrists.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BILL *(confidentially but audibly to all concerned):* Oh, well, I used to be that way till I took —— [*He names that popular remedy to be read about under the portrait of Civil War Veteran Hale and Hearty.*

DOC *(he has been trying to recall the photograph of Davy Macdivot's swing. He now turns to the wits, who instantly become graven of face. He speaks with mild irritation):* Say, what is this—a game of golf or what? If you stiffs would can that guff mebbe I could hit sump'n.

[*They can it. They even agree that* DOC *may drive a second ball without penalty because of the motor car that back-fired just as he shot.* BILL, *however, humorously hopes the U. S. G. A. will never learn of this breach of the rules. He says they mustn't breathe it to a soul.* DOC *drives and gets well away. He says he could do it every time if he kept his head down.*

[*On a later hole George makes the deep ditch with a well-topped ball. He thereupon indicates a pedestrian in the background.*

GEORGE: Say, I bet that's a guy with that telegram for me. I saw him coming and couldn't keep my eye on the ball. We got a lot at stake on that deal.

[*The guy approaches while* GEORGE *registers anxiety. He proves to be the man from the mower. He wants to know what time it is now.* EDDIE, BILL *and* DOC *then drive into the big ditch, employing various swings, since the individual must choose his own style of play.*

BILL: Well, gentlemen, we lie alike, so what's the matter with starting over again and not counting those first ones?

EDDIE: Sure! It's all among friends, ain't it?

GEORGE: All right, far's I'm concerned. I made this hole in four last Wednesday. I could prob'ly have done it again to-day if I hadn't thought that guy had my telegram.

DOC: Sure thing! Why not? All start over. In the first place, that ditch never ought to be there. Penalizes a good drive, that's all it does.

CHORUS: Sure, that's just what it does—ought to fill it up—ought to move the tee forward—I'm going to take that up with the greens committee. [*Etc., etc.*

Subgolf in the Feminine

Ultimately the misplaced ditch, crime of a fanatic golf architect, is behind them and they hole out. The scoring is marked by a slight acerbity when George insists that he had nine, against a very general impression that he took eleven. The others wish to be told if he includes putts. George sticks to nine and says he should have had an eight, only he fooled away that last easy one. Eddie says he should have had a six, and feels of his tooth to prove it.

They progress in a manner shocking to refined sensibilities such as exist in the higher-golf circles. But they like it; and because they like it several hundred thousand acres of choice land are saved from mere sordid agriculture.

On the approach to the eighteenth green George says to Doc, "We lie alike, don't we? I'm four."

"Yes," says Doc, "we lie alike."

"I've got a rotten score," says George, "but I should worry. I only play this fool game for the exercise."

"Me, too," says Doc. "You'd never see me touch a club if it didn't get me out in the open."

And here, too, they lie alike. Each would continue the game if it had to be played in air-tight compartments. For each secretly dreams that he will some day burn up the old course with a seventy-four.

And that is golf.

There remains a word to be said of women golfers. A few are supergolfers. A few more are golfers. These profoundly irritate the male subgolfer by doing it too well. They cause him to say that woman's place is in the home and why doesn't she stay where she belongs? He watches her shoot the long sixth in par and says warmly that he prefers the womanly woman. That is what he says, and you know what he means.

As to the sort of game played by the woman subgolfer, fabric hats of silk, some of black with appliquéd leaves of contrasting-colored taffeta couched on with angora, and others of French felt beaded in Indian colorings; in several instances the slightly drooping brim narrows noticeably at the back, revealing a bit of the coiffure. The French ever-so-slightly girdled frock with miniature sleeves and straight or round neck line. Yellow of gold, ripe of corn, of autumn leaves and of jonquils has been a favorite color for several weeks. Now the tide promises to turn toward violets, deep purples and reddish tones in the glowing rich petunia and fuchsia shades. A collarless, short-sleeved sweater of heaviest fiber silk, hand knitted, has running all through it an intricate Bulgarian-peasant embroidery motif in black wool, not embroidered on but cunningly knitted into the garment itself. The silk knitted dress, falling in straight chemise line, in a deep brick red, interwoven in arabesque designs of tarnished platinum metal threads. Chamois gloves stitched with outside seams and wrinkled becomingly over the lower arm are new and especially good. Smart shoes of moccasin-color buckskin with a broad strap about the instep of rich Russia leather, caught snug with a tiny cord through small unbound eyelets. A stocking of heather mixture with gay pattern of diamond crisscross along the front or showing deep purling—and that is golf.

Some Early Agonies

Yet in spite of it all, few victims ever wholly recover. Now and then one of exceptional strength of mind will pass from the acute to the merely chronic stage, but no case is known where the virus, once in the blood, has been wholly eliminated; it remains a permanent menace, and the sufferer is never freed from the fear of relapse. My own case is in point. For many careless years I was immune apparently. I frequented contagion zones in fancied security. I had analyzed the game. I said pithily that golf was too much of a walk for a good game and just enough game to spoil a good walk.

Then I took up golf, as I lightly said. I took it up the way people take up smallpox or the black plague, which is the only way anyone ever takes up golf. The initial attack was most severe. It was diagnosed as the black, or confluent golf. As Mrs. Etta Schwarz, of Macon, Georgia, confides to the press, I suffered untold agonies and my friends gave me up. With a temperature running eight over par I would say that golf was a great game because it took my mind off my work. I deluded myself with this thought until it became all too plain that I must find some new kind of work to take my mind off golf. The old work simply wasn't doing it. I was swept on by the tide. And only bulldog determination ever saved me; bulldog determination and the final bitter knowledge that the day would never come when I could be safely entrusted with a loaded mashie. I admit that this last item helped me lower the temperature back to par. Anyway, I am looking for something else to take my mind off my work. Golf no longer does it. I can now take golf or let it alone. If I feel the old fever rising I have only to go out and try a few mashie shots.

Lately there were three whole days when I never went near the course. Playing in oilskins is ruinous to the swing. Of course I haven't given the game up. There's the exercise, and it gets one out into the open, even if there isn't the slightest hope of ever shooting a decent round. And I will say that I am not always so bad on some holes, not for one who has only played a year.

Of course I'm not through with the game, by any means. It is an excellent diversion for one who can play it temperately. Besides, Bill tells me that the interlocking grip is, after all, the only sure one to cure a slice. A friend of his who is chummy with the pro up at Lakeside has shown him precisely how not to slice with this grip and Bill is going to show me the little trick. Of course with that slice out and a few lessons with the mashie, my game would be different. And this new book of Davy Macdivot's has a bully lot of photographs on the chip shot. You can see just how the iron comes down, going from *a* to *b* on the flattened arc, and not from *a* to *c*, which gives the ball a nasty hook. Probably I've been going from *a* to *c* without knowing it. And there is that new driver with ivory diamonds set in the face. That ought to make a difference. And I hear there's a putter just published that you simply can't miss with. You never can tell about this game. Lots of those scratch men were dubs not so long ago. And do I ever really expect to break into the eighties? Well, yes and no. But, of course, there's the exercise and everything.

And that is golf.

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THOMAS ROBINSON AND THE SERVANT PROBLEM

(Continued from Page 15)

pale-yellow gold; and it has perhaps not been sufficiently noted by the art critics that these sweet Florentine angels were the first really attractive people to bob their hair. Old Mrs. Stanwix, who was eighty-five and had been once the very leader of the innermost set in New York, would see little Miss Deming in the black-walnut-furnished chamber where she lay bedridden when she would see no one else, so there may have been something good about the child's heart, after all.

Not that anything of this much matters, since Miss Deming had charm and a prodigious gift of being the fashion. In the set graced by Thomas Robinson it is no exaggeration to say that *elle faisait la pluie et le beau temps*—to employ the pretty French phrase—she made the rain and the sunshine. That she shone upon him is pleasant but only what was to be expected, for Thomas Robinson also had his vogue. An entertainment offered by him to Miss Deming had an almost official character; shall we say that an invitation to it partook of the nature of a royal command?

And yet a mere housemaid named Minnie was threatening to upset all this fair structure of pleasure for some absurd whining womanish reason of her own. As Thomas Robinson thought of it all, any thoughts of social democracy and kitchen utensils which he may earlier have had vanished. He simply felt class antagonism towards a housemaid who was spoiling his fun. He spoke again to Brenton sharply:

"This Minnie must just stay!"

"Very good, sir. Only I've requested her to, and she insists she'll go. She's packing her trunk now. Shall I send her to you, sir?"

"Oh, my goodness ——" began Thomas Robinson, somewhat perturbed. Then, "Certainly. If you please, Brenton," he finished with absolutely icy coldness. And Brenton departed for the rebellious woman.

Left alone our friend seemed somehow to feel the icy coldness and the perfect poise ooze a little. He had not infrequently persuaded females to do what he wanted, but to command one—ah! that was a different matter, even if she were a mere housemaid! As a matter of cynical worldly wisdom Thomas Robinson, of course, knew that the thing with women was to treat them supremely rough. Isn't that the shopworn bit of wisdom, if it be wisdom, which every budding man is taught by his fellows? But Thomas Robinson in the secret fastnesses of his soul confessed to himself a weakness—he couldn't easily treat them just that way. For example, it was absurd—and unnecessary—to consider being rough to his mother. And to the others—well, he was perhaps a poor weak creature, and he had better begin with Minnie.

Of course there was no reason for his standing up and adjusting his coat, nor for his looking at his hair in the glass over the mantelpiece; though, perhaps, to be sure that one is perfectly well groomed gives one confidence in dealing with even a housemaid. He went back to the large chair his father used and lifted the Times with great dignity. The rather black cigar had by now gone out—well, perhaps fortunately. But a lighted cigarette gives a certain look of poise and self-control, and Thomas Robinson had a new amber holder which undoubtedly suggested the world and a real competence in dealing with it.

The annoying thing was that as Minnie slipped in the door he forgot that she was only a housemaid, and automatically, it was, rose at once to his feet. Of course he realized almost immediately that he was wrong, and tried to conceal his *faux pas*, not by sitting down again, which would have given the show away, but by pacing up and down with his hands clasped behind him, which he hoped might give the impression of a strong though caged panther.

Finally he stopped—well, he had to at last—and turned to her as if he were coming out of abstraction, over some big financial operation, perhaps, and looked at her fiercely!

Perhaps that frightened her; at any rate when he finally saw her she did not look menacing at all, but rather shy and as if she had had to screw up her courage for the interview. She was a mere wretched slip of a brown-haired thing; indeed, she looked not much older than Thomas Robinson himself. And he saw with horror that she had dark-blue eyes, rather the color of a hyacinth. Statistics, of course, show that hyacinth eyes are quite as frequent among domestic employes as among domestic employers. But our young man had never seen these statistics, possibly neither has the reader. The discovery took him by surprise. And the horror above indicated was genuine because he saw at once that it was going to be quite impossible for him to treat her very rough. His heart sank. And yet he knew he must begin somehow.

"Brenton tells me you want to leave tonight."

"Yes," she murmured.

He noted that her cheeks looked as if they were stained with tears. The thing was intolerable—and unfair.

"What's wrong?" he asked. He was becoming exasperated.

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing? But there must be. Is there anything wrong with the place?"

"No, sir."

"Has anyone—any of the other servants—done anything, or said anything?"

"Oh, no, sir; they're all right. I just want to go, that's all."

"Don't you think that I deserve to have a reason given me? Have you heard that your going means that all the servants will go?"

"Yes, sir. It seems sort of silly, don't you think so, sir?"

"It seems simply disgusting to me," said Thomas Robinson. "Disgusting!" he repeated. The sound of the word gave him courage. "It will ruin a party I'm giving Saturday night, and so, as you have no reason for going, I must insist on your staying."

He tried to take up the Times as if that had settled it. But by a kind of hollow feeling inside he knew that nothing was settled. And a conviction crept over him that at any moment Minnie might cry. And yet, such is the folly of the male sex, he went on making it worse:

"You're being quite unreasonable, Minnie. Don't you know enough about being a servant to know that you can't do this kind of thing?"

"No," and she lifted her head for an instant almost angrily; "I don't know much about being a servant, and I don't want to ever know anything again." And suddenly the flash of anger passed, and then—oh, Lord, just as he had instinctively known she would—she began to cry!

There was an instant's silence; then the boy, with a quick revulsion of feeling, spoke gently:

"If I hurt your feelings by calling you a servant, Minnie, I apologize. I guess I didn't think. And if there's anything else I've done ——"

"Oh, no, Mr. Tom," she said quickly, though she didn't turn around to him. "It's nothing. Everything's my fault for being silly, I suppose. But I can't stand it any longer being a servant, and I won't."

"I don't understand ——" he began.

"No, I don't suppose you do. You have never been a servant, have you? You never had anyone turn you down flat because you were, had you?"

Certainly he hadn't. And odd new vistas in life suddenly seemed to present themselves for his thoughtful consideration.

"I don't know that you'd want to talk about it, Minnie, to me. But, perhaps you don't know it—I am very often the kind of person that people, even very much older people sometimes, talk to about their affairs. And I'm sort of understanding. And very safe."

She shook her head.

"You're very kind, sir; but I don't think I can."

"All right," answered Thomas Robinson.

And there was an instant's pause, during which, we must do him justice, he quite forgot for the moment that his business was to induce a housemaid to stay so that he could give a party. He just thought how embarrassing it was to be young and not to know always precisely what you ought to say, what would be right.

"I wish"—he hesitated a little, certainly the confidence with which he often spoke was not there—"I wish my mother were

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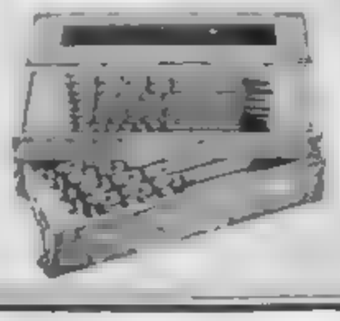

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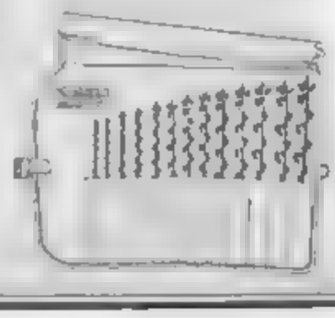

here, Minnie. Everyone can always talk to her—about anything."

He seemed to have found exactly the wrong thing to say, for her cheeks flamed suddenly.

"I could tell you just as well," she cried out in a rather loud voice. "It's nothing wrong, Mr. Thomas."

"Well," he said almost timidly, "I hope you won't mind, but I'm glad it's nothing wrong." He hesitated, almost, but he went on: "You know if you thought you wanted my advice, or if you think I could help —— Perhaps I could understand"—he searched for words, but found nothing better than—"because I am young myself."

It seemed odd to him at the time that he should be talking this way to Minnie. But when you came to think of it, what other way of talking to a girl was there when you knew she was in trouble? Thomas Robinson was not wholly lacking in powers of detached self-analysis. He wondered even then if he were behaving this way because Minnie had eyes like wild hyacinths. It would be a pleasure to confirm him in his suspicions, to assure him that since the beginning of time—and probably to the end of it—things have happened just because young women have eyes like flowers, and that this is perhaps one of the pleasantest things about the world. If you troubled to investigate the matter historically you would very likely find that King Cophetua's beggar maid had eyes very like Minnie Connelley's. And certainly for their sake he went much farther than it even crossed the mind of Thomas Robinson to go. But Cophetua, it must be remembered, did not know Miss Dora Deming. Dee-Dee might have made a difference to His Majesty!

But even Dee-Dee was not much in Thomas Robinson's mind at that moment. Again he was experiencing the rather painful feeling which had before warned him that Minnie was about to cry. And Minnie did cry again, just a very little, but now she told her poor little story. It wasn't much.

She had met the young fellow—whose name was George Gregory and who was in Crouch & Crouch's real-estate office down by the depot—at an Eastern Star dance at Cumberland Hall the Saturday night before. As a matter of fact, Minnie had gone only because she had found two tickets for it in the wastepaper basket when she did Mrs. Robinson's room; she supposed that madame had had to buy them and hadn't thought of anything better to do with them than throw them away. She hadn't planned to go really. But her and one of the other girls—Minnie's grammar—was down to the movies that Saturday night and they just looked in. They were rather late.

Minnie met young Mr. Gregory just by chance like, and then somehow it hadn't seemed as if it could have been by chance at all but must have been foreordained in the stars since the world was young. Not that she put it to Thomas Robinson in such a phrase. She only hinted at it—may we say young and shyly? And Thomas Robinson guessed at what she meant in like fashion.

She hadn't told him much about herself; just strung him on perhaps, she said. But they'd somehow arranged that he was to take her to another dance at Cumberland's the next Saturday.

He had walked with her down the lane to West Dunes.

"And when I turned in at your place, Mr. Thomas, I knew all of a sudden he hadn't realized that I might be just a servant. He said good night nice enough—well, he kissed me, I don't mind admitting that—but I knew then it was good night for me."

"Dirty dog!" commented Thomas Robinson, half to himself.

"No, sir; I don't say he's that." She smiled, but she suddenly looked older, more tired and oh, so much wiser than the lad she was talking to—she, a mere girl herself!

"He has to think of himself, that's all. See, he's in a real-estate office; he couldn't be seen going around with servants. Could he?"

"Perhaps not," answered Thomas Robinson abstractedly.

Here, indeed, was a whole set of new facts presented to him. Perhaps they'd always been there, but he'd just never seen them. Has it ever been mentioned that Thomas Robinson was a very fashionable person? The social outlook upon life is in some ways much simpler when you happen to live somewhere near the top of the pyramid. He and his father and mother always seemed to know everybody, and everybody seemed glad to know them. Is this democracy? Probably not. Thomas Robinson was certainly not conscious of looking down upon anyone, but he had the great advantage of never being conscious of anyone's looking down upon him. That, he saw, with an odd kind of boyish lucidity, would be quite intolerable—to be looked down upon. And wrong. And not very American. There is no aim here to present Thomas Robinson as a thinker, but for all his engaging small poses there was a curiously pellucid quality to both his mind and his character. If you like it put more simply, he was an awful good kid.

"Well," he asked a little gruffly, "what's he going to do about this dance at Cumberland Hall Saturday night?"

"He sent me word by the bakery boy this morning that he was afraid he wasn't going to be able to go."

"Minnie," cried young Mr. Robinson, "he's just a cad, that's all! I'd like to go down to Crouch & Crouch's and simply knock the stuffing—I would if it wouldn't look ——"

He suddenly stopped and flushed. What had he been about to say? That it wouldn't look well for a young gentleman like himself to be rolling in the Southampton dust with a clerk from one of the village offices?

"You see, sir?" Minnie cut in quickly and with some sharpness. "It ain't just his fault. It's my fault for being a servant, I suppose. Or it's servants' fault for existing, perhaps. You'd think we could be decent and not under everybody's feet. There's something wrong somewhere, Mr. Tom; and let me tell you, unless something's fixed different there ain't going to be any girls will be servants any more, and I'm going to be at the head of the procession."

"All right, Minnie," said Thomas Robinson; "we'll have it fixed."

There was a twinkle in his eye, but we think there was also something else. Young Minnie was too hot to notice it.

"All the same, George Gregory isn't a gentleman, Minnie," he added reflectively.

"Oh, go along with you, sir. Could a gentleman at Southampton or anywhere else be seen at a dance with a servant girl?"

There was an odd little pause before Thomas Robinson spoke.

"Oh, I don't know about anywhere else, Minnie," he answered very slowly. "At Southampton, yes!"

Things of this sort seem to happen in life just like that—suddenly.

"You may not be good enough for Mr. Gregory, but you're good enough for me. I hope you'll go with me Saturday night to the dance at Cumberland Hall. And we'll see what he'll say then."

Of course if young gentlemen of eighteen knew how becoming it is to hold the head proudly erect, to have the eyes sparkle with a generous purpose, they would make such speeches oftener; it is unbelievable how handsome they look while doing so. Perhaps Don Quixote did when he chose the simple country girl to be the fair Dulcinea del Toboso and his liege lady.

"Do you mean it, sir?"

"You bet, Minnie."

"But you've a party of your own on hand."

"I'll have to get rid of them."

"You don't need to till ten. You see, I'm staying now, so us servants can get it up for you."

"Why, yes; so you are staying, Minnie. And the strike's off. I'd forgotten that." He slapped his leg gleefully. He really had been Lloyd George without knowing it.

She had one second more of hesitation.

"You're sure it won't get you into trouble?"

"With whom?" he asked severely.

"Well, your family."

"I'm doing exactly," he replied with rather of an air, "what my mother and father would wish me to do."

"All right, sir."

At the door he stopped her.

"I say, Minnie, I hope you've got a pretty dress."

She turned and laughed, not a bit like a housemaid.

"At that, I have," she said. "Pink!"

And with that she slipped through the door.

At about 10:21 Saturday evening Miss Dora Deming withdrew herself a little to the end of the sofa upon which she and

(Continued on Page 101)

What Men Should Know

About film on teeth, and modern ways to end it

These are vital discoveries made by able men, at the cost of years of research. They have brought to millions, the world over, whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

No man can afford to ignore them. The benefits are most important—often life-long in extent. They apply to the entire family.

Every man should send this coupon, make this test, then watch results and judge them for himself.

The film problem

Film is the teeth's chief enemy—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

If not removed—and frequently—it may do serious damage. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. Smokers in particular suffer these discolorations.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. It breeds millions of germs. Many serious troubles, local and internal, are now traced to them.

One great problem in mouth hygiene has been to find ways to daily fight that film.

Two ways discovered

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Able authorities have subjected them to many careful tests. The results are beyond dispute. So leading dentists everywhere are urging their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created to comply with all modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. In that tooth paste are embodied these two film combatants.

Other problems solved

Another problem has been starch deposits on the teeth. They also cling and stay, and often ferment and form acid. Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva to digest those starch deposits. But with modern diet that agent is usually too weak.

So modern authority has decided that the tooth paste should stimulate that agent. Every use of Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant.

Mouth acids formed another problem. Nature puts alkalis in the saliva to neutralize those acids which attack the teeth. But they also, with modern diet, are generally too weak.

So a factor is used in Pepsodent to multiply those alkalis. Thus every use increases vastly those acid neutralizers.

Now used by millions

Pepsodent is rather new, yet the use has already spread nearly all the world over. Careful people of some 40 races now employ it daily, largely by dental advice. To millions of people it is bringing a new era in teeth cleaning.

The results are quickly seen and felt. No one can doubt the benefits they bring. Someone in every home should make this test and show the effects to the family.

The Woman's Side

To women Pepsodent means added beauty. Film-coats on teeth are frequently dingy—sometimes greatly stained. The natural luster of the teeth comes out with their removal.

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But children need Pepsodent most. Young teeth seem most subject to attacks. Very few escape them. Dentists advise that Pepsodent be used from the time the first tooth appears. Every mother who sees the effects will know why.

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(Continued from Page 98)

Mr. Robinson were seated. She was delivering an ultimatum.

"Very well ——" she began. It may be observed, *en passant*, that there are so many crises in life in which when people begin that way it means that things are not well at all. "Very well, if you won't come to the Newboulds' party—and you aren't ill or about to die or anything like that—it is simply because you're going to another party, that you think is going to be a better one. No; don't say a word. I know boys."

It is probable she did, though she had had a scant eighteen years to acquire the knowledge.

"Of course," she went on, "I've probably never been so insulted in my life. But I shall forgive you, because I'm simply crazy about you—this week. I'll let you take me to the other party."

It was put in the odd new manner of the twentieth century, but Thomas Robinson knew quite well that it was a royal command. Here, indeed, was the moment now come when for Dulcinea and his quixotic adventure he was to pay the price. For one instant Thomas Robinson hesitated. He wondered whether, after all, to be about to die wouldn't be the easiest way. He looked—for the last time, he felt sure it was—upon that golden bobbed hair and into those Fra-Angelic eyes. He considered—for he was a man of the world too—that she was going to be the very most popular débutante next winter, and that she had said, though unfortunately not before witnesses, that she was crazy about him—this week.

It was a moment of renunciation such as he had scarcely expected would come so early into his life. And yet, according to his boy's code of honor, there was but one way to act.

"I am awfully sorry, Dee-Dee, but I'm engaged to take another girl," he said; and if he had been struck dead by lightning on the spot he would not have been surprised.

But Miss Deming replied with a terrifying sweetness of which only her sex is capable: "Oh, I didn't know there was any girl except me, Tom."

"There isn't ——" he began desperately, and seemed to be making efforts to seize her hand.

"You wouldn't like to tell me where the party is, I suppose. I might get someone nice to take me."

He shook his head. Why make bad matters worse? Did she not hate him enough already?

She had risen in her outraged dignity and stood looking at him. Curiosity, anger, all sorts of odd emotions played about in her eyes.

"Well, good-by," she said. "You have surprised and interested me very much. In fact, I'm glad to have known you." And she turned upon a white satin heel and was gone.

Thomas Robinson, of course, felt desperate, although he had never deeply cared for Dee-Dee; she, however charming, had been in a way only a man's caprice, he admitted to himself. Thomas Robinson was introspective enough to know that his heart was somewhat seared with the experiences through which he had already gone and that he could never again really care for anyone with that lightness and facility which he observed so often in boys, perhaps less developed. The situation became, once she had gone, easier, though pleasantly dramatic still.

He strolled through the deserted rooms and in the dining room drank a glass of the cup which Brenton had concocted from the famous six pints of light sauterne. He meditated as he lit a cigarette slowly that of course as a result of to-night's daring and unconventional affair he might in the future live a good deal apart from society, like a hermit rather. It might, perhaps, be on an island of his own in the South Seas, where he would, however, always dress for dinner and have an exquisite vintage cellar to which his father would not have the key but from which he would produce a cobwebby bottle of the rarest wine and serve to the astonished stranger who should chance upon his solitary kingdom. Such thoughts made the future seem more tolerable.

Then in the hall Minnie appeared, in the pink frock. At that, as she had said herself, it was an extremely pretty one. For an instant Thomas Robinson had a wild idea that he would take her on to Mrs. Newbould's, as a visiting girl from, perhaps, Syracuse, but he saw at once that this would fail of its effect upon Mr. George Gregory. It was, indeed, only by thinking of this cad that Mr. Robinson managed to remember that housemaidship—if that is the correct word for it—was his companion's habitual employment.

"Am I all right, sir?" she asked—timidly, but with that same air that he had before noted in girls, of being quite sure they are all right.

"You're a winner, Minnie!"

"Do you think he'll think so? I hear he's going to the dance, sir."

"He'll think just what I do," answered Thomas Robinson.

It was really the oddest thing how—though, of course, he was taking her to the party just for George Gregory and everybody to see that a gentleman was not a snob—her own attitude should be so thoroughly impersonal toward him. Of course it was much better that it should be this way, and of course she didn't know that he had broken off what might have been a lifelong friendship for her sake.

He was, nevertheless, rather glad when she suddenly turned to him and said: "You sure are some dresser, Mr. Tom. You look lovely. And I hear you're a great dancer!"

"I'll bet you are, Minnie."

And laughing she replied, rather as she had once before, "At that, I am."

Somehow this was better. He caught her hand and they raced down the hall and out into the starlit night.

The primrose-yellow car plunged gayly forward on its adventurous way to Cumberland Hall. Neither Thomas Robinson nor Miss Connelley, who had once been a housemaid, probably noticed a low rakish craft, painted black and with the headlights out, which lay just by the hedge around the corner of the entrance to West Dunes. This is not an attempt to put a melodramatic note into the story, but the other car was there, and it can do no harm to say so, before we go on to the dance.

Tennyson never tells us whether that fellow Cophetua—funny name, isn't it?—jazzed with the maid, or whatever may have been then or is now the phrase for taking the most pleasing quivering steps to the great satisfaction of everyone in Cumberland Hall. Thomas Robinson would never have guessed that so many people in the Hamptons knew him.

While Miss Connelley—as he had now discovered she was—was checking her coat, before they went in he had already seen Slepper, Mrs. Newbould's head chauffeur, who had grinned at him and said: "Thought you'd be up to our dance to-night, Mr. Robinson."

"Why aren't you?" was the answer, with a gay smile.

"It's the only time the madam ain't out herself, when she's giving a party," said Slepper, and grinned again.

Minnie danced beautifully, though in a perhaps more restrained manner than Thomas Robinson was accustomed to in fashionable débutantes; it probably came from her not being quite a lady. But the music was good, and something perhaps of bravado brightened the color in their young cheeks and made them hold their pleasant young heads high for all observers to see exactly what was happening. Thomas Robinson could not have said what almost imperceptible movement of pride, what faint stiffening in the soft young body that was in his arms, made him positively know that in the corner they turned just after passing the music was the quite unspeakable cad, George Gregory.

When the instinct that hardened dancers acquire made them know that this fox trot was about over they stopped by mutual if unspoken consent quite near the band—and the corner where the dirty dog was.

Minnie manipulated a fan with all that air of indifference which Thomas Robinson, at certain crises, could bring to smoking a cigarette. Her color was still high and her laughter almost merrier than even her partner's very witty conversation would have seemed, to an impartial listener, to justify. Then quite suddenly—and with, oh, such astonishment!—she saw and recognized Mr. George Gregory.

"Oh," she cried—"you!" and held out her hand while he sheepishly came forward and took it.

"I'm glad you were able to come at last," she said with great elegance of manner. "What was the matter with you, Mr. Gregory? Your brains? I want you to meet Mr. Robinson, of West Dunes, the house where I work, you know."

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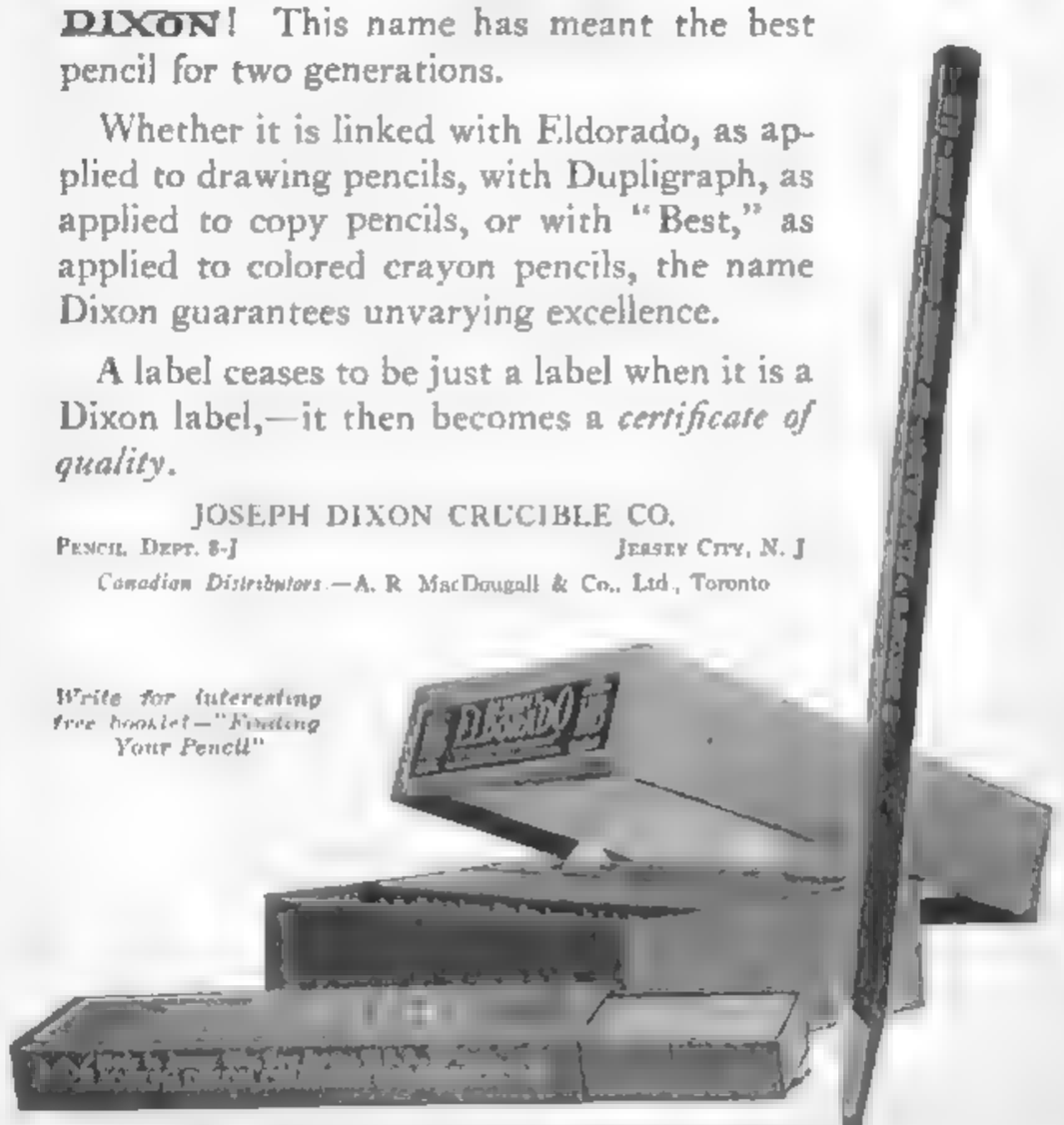

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"How are you?" replied Mr. Gregory, but he did not offer to shake hands.

"He isn't ashamed to be seen with me here," continued Miss Connelley. "Don't it jar you a bit to see how a gentleman behaves?"

"Where'd you get that 'ashamed'?" muttered Mr. Gregory in a very low voice. They had now, it may be said, withdrawn a little from the general crowd into the corner under the balcony. "Well," he went on, "perhaps I didn't treat you any too swell. But how about him?" And he jerked his head at Thomas Robinson.

"Me?" exclaimed that young gentleman in considerable astonishment.

"Yes, you!" replied Mr. Gregory. "What sort of an idea of Minnie do you think it gives people for the boss' son to be seen lugging her around to dances at Cumberland Hall?"

"Could you," asked young Mr. Robinson, very pale, "make it any clearer the kind of idea you mean?"

"No, I couldn't. Not before a lady!"

"Does it give you that kind of idea of Miss Connelley?"

"Mind your own business, you."

There was a good deal of difference in the manner of these two young men and in the intonations of their voices, but singularly little in the glare in their eyes as they faced each other.

"It is my business," replied Mr. Thomas Robinson, whose face, in spite of his great suavity, had gone from pale to crimson, "to protect from insult the lady I am escorting. And if you'll step outside we'll see what can be done about it. I am not quite sure," he added courteously, "that I can do it, but I'll try to give you a darned good beating up."

Was it a similar, though unacknowledged, uncertainty as to the probable results of combat that made young Mr. Gregory hesitate just the fraction of a second before answering "All right, come on"? There is no way of knowing. They started towards the door.

It is unpleasant to write of so perfectly appointed a creature as Thomas Robinson brawling. Yet this was inevitably about to happen if at that moment a whirlwind had not burst upon them—a whirlwind of pink chiffon and golden bobbed hair and pretty pink shoulders and a seed-pearl necklace that had been worn by old Mrs. Stanwix when she danced with that earlier Prince of Wales.

"Thomas Robinson, beloved!" exclaimed Dee-Dee. "You see it's as I told you; I always go to the best parties."

Miss Deming is the kind of person who if she ultimately gets her own way bears no ill will at all towards those who earlier tried to thwart her. She beamed with almost seraphic affection upon our slightly dazed young friend.

"Introduce me," she commanded.

"Miss Minnie Connelley ——" began Thomas Robinson, but he was interrupted.

"Mr. Robinson's a prince, miss, as I could tell you if you wanted to hear the story. Mr. Tom, I don't want to make any more trouble for you or anyone. But I don't want to try to pass myself off for anything I ain't. May I tell her who I am?" asked Minnie.

It may be that Thomas Robinson had not quite settled that he would explain who she was so soon, but he answered very quietly:

"Certainly you may."

Perhaps he had not expected society to learn at once of his low associations. The hermit's life in the South Seas may have become to his imagination more real, with himself the mere white shadow of what he had once been.

"I'm his mother's housemaid at West Dunes, that's all, miss."

"A housemaid!" exclaimed Miss Deming.

There was something almost pleasant in getting the world's verdict so soon, in knowing that he would go back home that night a solitaire and an outcast.

"A housemaid!" cried Dee-Dee again. "How absolutely perfect! How wonderful! Oh, Tom, you're a very great man—you've found something perfectly new, and I was getting so bored. I shall telegraph mamma to-night to have the gardener's boy at Newport measured at once for evening clothes. He's tall and blond; his name's Svensen; he'll be simply divine! Perhaps you'll come back with me—oh, may I call you Minnie? I think you'd like Newport; it's rather nice in August. It seems to make the world all right, too, doesn't it? I've been simply mad with envy ever since I saw that fascinating English woman who went out to Russia and had Lenine and Trotzky and everyone strange and terrible in love with her. But we do what we can, don't we, Tom? I just love the people! I always have. And I think this is absolutely too chic! I worship you, Thomas Robinson. Who is that?" she asked suddenly, and fixed her glittering eyes upon Mr. George Gregory, who was by now absolutely beside himself with mingled terror and joy at the vision of high life which was being vouchsafed him.

"Are you the furnaceman?" she inquired of him in almost caressing tones. "Oh, I do hope you are! Because I'm rather crazy about you for the next dance."

"I'm only a real-estate agent, miss, but I'd like to dance," he stammered out.

"Only a real-estate agent!" Dee-Dee rattled on. "You're perhaps the sort of fellow who'll rise to be a furnaceman. Meanwhile, of course, I'll get everyone in Southampton to buy houses through you. But don't you think being a furnaceman is much finer, really? To do something with coal, you know. That's the real sort of thing in the future, I'm sure. And if you were really a crackajack furnaceman you could —— Well, I'd be beneath you, of course—but you could aspire to my friend Miss Connelley's hand."

Dee-Dee stopped. It may have been for lack of breath, though there is no historic record of any such thing ever having happened before. It may have been that she, being a woman as well as a Fra Angelico angel, felt something in the air. Mr. George Gregory gulped hard.

"I guess I aspire to her hand as it is."

"Oh, George," cried out that young woman, looking tearful yet happy somehow, "don't say that sort of thing unless you mean it!"

"Not before witnesses, anyhow, George," said Dee-Dee, gently enough, though with a little laugh.

"Oh, I mean it all right," said the young man grimly.

Thomas Robinson held out his hand.

"In that case I apologize for everything I said."

"Oh, I'll do the apologizing. It was pretty white of you bringing her here to-night. I get you now, Mr. Robinson, and I guess I needed the lesson."

"Listen, kid," half whispered Miss Deming, plucking at his sleeve and addressing our hero—we will not deny the fact that he is that—in this undignified way, "you'd better take me to the Newboulds' after all. We're not awfully wanted here."

"Do you suppose, Gregory, you could see Miss Connelley home to-night?"

"You've said it," said George, and grinned.

"I was going to try to fight him, Dee-Dee, but I'm glad I didn't have to. You never can tell," confided Thomas Robinson after they had arranged to be engaged for at least the rest of her stay in Southampton.

"I hate bantam fights anyway," said Miss Deming. "But when you're grown up there isn't anything in the world—not just fighting only—you won't be able to do. And it will all be sweet and like you, Tom."

She raised her flowerlike head and ever so lightly—oh, really, lightly!—touched his cheek with her pretty childish lips. And he only smiled in return.

We doubt whether anyone any prettier has ever kissed Lloyd George in just that way.

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PROMPT PROFITS FROM PERNAMBUCOS

(Continued from Page 7)

servant question, bridge, their hoped-for trip to the Hawaiian Islands and the evident improvement of his health—the quite evident improvement in his pituitary body following even this slight relaxation from his business, and his rides in the limousine with her.

Mr. Skitts, looking forward as she talked, saw trees, men, motor trucks, baby carriages and hens float uneventfully by without any well-ordered and businesslike reason for doing so, and thought of Mr. Kickoff, no doubt at that time occupying his own private room and desk, with him out here riding around in a limousine.

He responded, he found, very poorly to Mrs. Skitts' enthusiasms over his freedom from the slavery of business. He was restless, depressed, nervous, full of doubts and dim forebodings concerning Mr. Kickoff, the Boost Business Boys, the get-acquainted clambake, and the exact tenure of life of a man who woke up every morning with nothing to do for the rest of the day but to ride with his wife in a limousine or a railroad train or a steamship, and think, while she talked, of his pituitary body and the general failing and senescence of his glands, and his former business.

III

"DO YOU care for this, Mr. Skitts?" inquired Mr. Ephraim Stickwell, the elderly man with mild blue eyes who for many years had been at the head of the Tropics Textile Corporation's department of accounts, holding up as he spoke a large poster printed in alternating lines of blue and red, which said:

GRAND GET-TOGETHER ORGY AND FROLIC

NUMBER 1

KLAMS	KLAMS	KLAMS!
BOOST	BOOST	BOOST!

WE WILL BOOST THE KLAMS

AUGUST IS THE MONTH. FRIDAY THE 13TH IS THE DAY. ONE IS THE HOUR. THIRTY THE MINUTE. OLD SOUTH BEACH THE PLACE!

WE'LL ALL BE THERE WITH BOOTS ON!

THE BOOST BUSINESS BOYS OF BOSTON

TROPICS TEXTILE CHAPTER NO. 1

PER ORDER
J. M. KICKOFF—FIRST BRIGHT EXALTED BULLY BOOSTER

"How does it strike you, Ephraim?" asked Mr. Skitts, looking up from his desk, borrowing, as he often did now, unconsciously, from Mr. Kickoff's virile vocabulary.

"Had you O. K'd it?" asked Mr. Stickwell guardedly.

"No," said Mr. Skitts, "I had not even seen it. How do you like it?"

"It seems a little violent, perhaps, doesn't it?" replied Mr. Stickwell tentatively.

"It does," said his employer.

"For us."

"It would."

"He seems that way himself, a little—everything he does," said Mr. Stickwell, encouraged to go on. "He's apt to be a little violent."

"They are, from out West there," observed Mr. Skitts briefly.

"Almost juvenile perhaps," continued Mr. Stickwell, encouraged by his manner. "That is, for a house of our old conservative standing. This organization—this Boost Business Boys—seems more suited to the West—to Oklahoma City, than to Boston; or at least I have sometimes felt so," he said, retreating slightly as he saw his employer's eye on him.

"How do the men feel about it?" Mr. Skitts was asking him.

"Quite well. Quite well," said Mr. Stickwell conservatively. "Though I question if so many of them would have joined if they had not felt that you wished them to. But on the whole they like that better than the mottoes."

"The mottoes?" repeated Mr. Skitts.

"Those memory makers, you know, on the walls—in the workrooms, in the office."

"For example?" asked Mr. Skitts.

"You remember: Talk Takes Time there in the washroom. And Work Wins Wages in the packing room."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Skitts, smiling slightly.

He now remembered, of course, some of them—those so-called memory makers posted around by Mr. Kickoff, such as: Beat the Boss Boosting, and Brains Bring Back the Bacon. And then also a variety of others, slightly misspelled for emphasis, such as: Kourtesy Kounts! Kan't-Kuite Never Konquers! Kan't Akkomplish Means Kan't Kollect! Kourage Wins! Knockers Knever!

"He seems to think in mottoes," said Mr. Stickwell, again encouraged by his superior's smile. "He has a new one posted almost every day."

He stood now looking through his bookkeeper's spectacles at Mr. Skitts fixedly, his red-white-and-blue poster trailing, crumpled and neglected, from his hand.

"So the men don't care for them?" asked Mr. Skitts, for he saw he was lingering still, as he sometimes did when he had some information to impart.

"You don't hear much from them, of course—or anybody, except, of course, Marco Perkins. He mocks it more or less."

"He would," said Mr. Skitts briefly.

"Yes, sir, he would—with this new man coming into his sales department all the time, so he claims, over his head."

"He would," said Mr. Skitts, "anyhow. For exercise. He'd mock the devil."

"He would, that's right," agreed his subordinate again, for this man Perkins was no more a favorite with him than with his employer. He was always mixing in and picking a row as head of the sales department with his own department of bookkeeping.

"Well, what does he say?" asked Mr. Skitts finally, for this was important.

"Oh, anything that comes into his head, as usual," said his informant. "He wants to know why a get-acquainted party when the last man in the business came in a full half century ago. What most of us would like to do, he says, would be to get unacquainted. Get out and leave for the other side of the world, and see some new faces for a change. That's what he's talking. All kinds of stuff like that!" said Mr. Stickwell, stopping.

"What else?" persisted Mr. Skitts.

"Well, for another thing, he calls this new society the Bust Business Boys—or sometimes Skitts' Boy Scouts. And he's started organizing the junior scouts. He's going around wanting to see their teeth, because he claims none of them can get into the boy scouts until they have full sets of false teeth and a wig."

"He does, does he?" asked Mr. Skitts, flushing, sensing in all this a criticism of his own acts—of the vigor of his working force, of his putting out five thousand dollars and more to get this expert in to move his merchandise.

"And he's around talking about Kickoff and this selling campaign on Pernambucos, offering to bet twenty-five dollars with anybody that this Mr. Kickoff couldn't tell a Pernambuco from a panetela. And all stuff like that!"

"I see," said Mr. Skitts, reflecting.

"I thought I'd tell you. I thought you might want to know. He's getting madder all the time. He might start out to make trouble—or resign. You can't tell."

"I'm much obliged," said Mr. Skitts.

Shortly afterward Mr. Stickwell went out, trailing his poster after him, and leaving his warning, and Mr. Skitts considering it. For this man, this Sales Manager Perkins, although he had been with the business for twenty years, had always been a trouble-maker—never checked because he knew well enough that they couldn't afford to lose him, and that Mr. Skitts knew that also.

However, when the latter spoke to Mr. Kickoff on the subject, and how essential it was that he stick strictly to the line of his campaign in Mr. Perkins' department, and avoid in any way stepping on his toes, he found that Mr. Kickoff had no fear.

"Leave him to me," said Mr. Kickoff. "He's coming around. By the time we have the get-acquainted orgy and clambake we'll have him at the head leading the

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The Navajo
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Never have you eaten a better meal for the money than on the Santa Fe.

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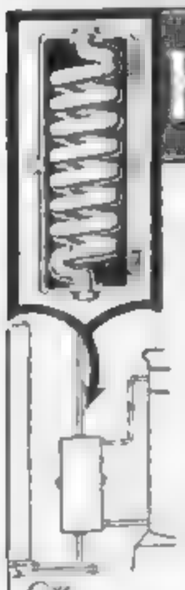

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brass band," he stated, striking Mr. Skitts again that bouncing blow of encouragement to which the latter found it more and more difficult to accustom himself.

Mr. Skitts, passing out now for his afternoon in the limousine, with the hearty man-fashion blow still tingling on his shoulder, felt very little encouraged by it, or by affairs in general. It pleased him less and less to be dismissed by Mr. Kickoff to Mrs. Skitts every afternoon with a spunk on the back like an old family horse. And contrary to the popular impression, of all things in the world, he was now convinced, the most disagreeable was riding in a limousine.

Looking gloomily out of the window he saw himself for the remainder of his life looking out of limousines as he did now—seeing baby carriages, ash carts, nursemaids, policemen, theatrical and movie posters made to shock and annoy, passing by inside of business hours in a world without order and devoid of business interest; listening meanwhile to Mrs. Skitts' discourse on napkins, underwear, pillows, rolled and unrolled stockings, the price of shoes and trips to Honolulu; thinking meanwhile constantly of his pituitary body and the business he had formerly conducted.

His afternoon, as usual, was full of doubt and irritation and resentment, and it was not unnatural as his mind went back again to the detailed consideration of business that he should feel doubt and apprehension over the new plan for the get-acquainted clambake and the possibilities it brought up. This doubt, he found, continued. He had hired this new man at a very considerable expense to move his merchandise and bring his business up to modern lines; yet he could not easily consider the resignation of the old one, old Marco Perkins, from the management of the department which he had built up for twenty years. And in spite of Mr. Kickoff's confidence and his own guarded appeals to Mr. Perkins, the latter seemed more and more unreconciled to the campaign in Pernambucos, and less and less pleased with Mr. Kickoff's personality and activity in his department—which he conceived as a standing reflection on his own interests. And finally, when the time for the great clambake of employes arrived, far from being at the head of the brass band, Mr. Skitts could see that Mr. Perkins was on the side lines, still sharply critical and very evidently touchy.

He remained so during the fat men's race, the married and single men's baseball game and the tug-of-war between the truckmen and the shipping-room force, and he showed no enthusiasm even over the opening of the bake, or the new motto which Mr. Kickoff had emblazoned on the cardboard banners of the gathering, as the text for the day: A Man Moves! A Klam Kan't!

He was still aloof when Mr. Kickoff, at the preference of Mr. Skitts, made the big speech of the afternoon, on the splendid manner in which the Boost Business Boys were putting out their line to put over the prompt-profits-from-Pernambucos campaign, and put it over B-I-G, with three capital letters!

"Pep. Pep. Personality wins the day!" said Mr. Kickoff. "W-o-r-k spells success the world over. Red blood paints the town," said Mr. Kickoff.

And still Mr. Perkins, head of the sales department of the business, sat aside, not three seats from him, at the long paper-covered table, unmoved, and even winking with his godless old eye at one of those beyond him.

At the final enlargement of the business motto for the day—A Man Moves! A Klam Kan't!—however, he seemed to begin to take a greater interest, and in fact to stare at the speaker with an emphasis that might have made an uncomfortable impression on a softer, more yielding nature than that of Mr. Kickoff, who passed on, oblivious, now finally approaching the close of his appeal—to the Boost Business Boys, as their first temporary Bright Exalted Bully Booster—to put over the prompt-profits-from-Pernambucos, and put it over plenty!

"A man moves! A clam can't!" cried Mr. Kickoff loudly, returning at his closing to the opening text of his address—which was fashioned humorously after a camp-meeting sermon: "Don't, brother, don't be a clam!"

His eyes as he said this fell straight upon those of old Marco Perkins, the head of the sales department, and he was himself temporarily surprised to see the depth of feeling shown there—possibly, he thought, of misunderstanding and resentment against the man who had been making over the personnel of that department, and who was looking at him so directly at the time of utterance of those last words.

Mr. Kickoff, however, though noting this casually, went on to follow up his speech with a boost for the big boss—according to the Boost Business Boys' custom—"for that business giant, our big boss, the head of the Tropics Textile Corporation, Ernest H. Skitts!"

Other boosts followed, including one for Mr. Perkins himself, which he did not acknowledge beyond a mere hardening of the muscles of his jaw.

At the close of the session Mr. Kickoff observed with others that Mr. Perkins did not immediately rise, but remained seated, in the midst of a group such as a vivacious talker often gathers around him. He could see that Mr. Perkins himself was talking—making, no doubt, some of those caustic cracks for which he was noted—that the others were laughing and glancing furtively in his direction; and finally he decided that he would go over into that bunch, for he knew as well as anyone else the truth expressed in his own maxim—Kriticism Kills!

So he came up behind them and placed his hand firmly on the old sales manager's shoulder.

"Well, Perk," he said, for he now, of course, called all the boys by their first name or one more intimate which he had invented himself, "what's the game?"

"It's a good one," Marco Perkins replied to him, while he observed others in the group look up a trifle uneasily in their direction.

"That's good, Perk," said Mr. Kickoff easily. "That's good! Let me in on it."

"Sure," said Marco Perkins. And the others in the little group seemed still more expectantly silent.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Kickoff, seeing he must see this matter through.

"It was a bet," said Marco Perkins, "I'm offering!" And he spat back calmly and accurately at the base of a tree.

"A bet, huh? What was it?"

"About the campaign. Your prompt-profits-from-Pernambucos!"

"Go on. What was it? Maybe I'll take it," insisted Mr. Kickoff, determined now to have it out, for every unkilled sneer and knock at the campaign would cut down its pep and efficiency just so much.

"I was betting all comers twenty-five dollars," said Mr. Perkins in a hard, dry tone, "that if it came to a showdown you couldn't tell a Pernambuco from a panetela."

A pause fell upon the company, watching them so eagerly and silently.

"That is, judging from past performances—and the way you get your Pernambucos mixed up with Paramaibos," said Mr. Perkins, while Mr. Kickoff was debating just the way to treat this.

"Perk," he said then in reproving joviality, "be a man. Don't be a clam! Move!"

And he now struck him his hearty, bouncing, man-fashion blow upon the back.

The receipt of this seemed suddenly to jar loose, like the uncoiling of a spring, sinister and deadly emotions in Mr. Perkins. Whirling about upon the bench by the damp and devastated board table of the clambake he stood before Mr. Kickoff, a short, rugged and uncompromising figure, his hostile eyes gleaming steadily at the business expert from underneath his derby hat brim.

"If I'm a clam you know what you are," he asked malignantly, "don't you? You're a cockroach! A prancing cockroach!" he exclaimed, not loudly but with deathly emphasis.

"Be a man, Marco!" said Mr. Kickoff heartily. "Be a man!"

Again he attempted to bring the spat of friendliness and reproval down man fashion on his back—with only partial success, for the second blow seemed to jar the nervous system of Mr. Perkins from partial control into something closely allied to emotional hysteria.

"A cockroach! A bedbug!" he exclaimed. "Bouncing bedbugs bark!" he now cried, in patent imitation of Mr. Kickoff's literary style. "Cozy cockroaches coo! The big bellowing boob throws the bull!"

On the table behind him remained large fragments of the gigantic feast. Reaching

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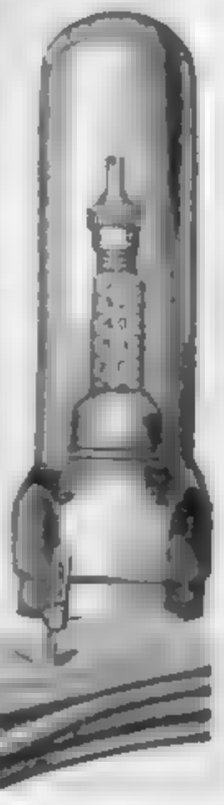

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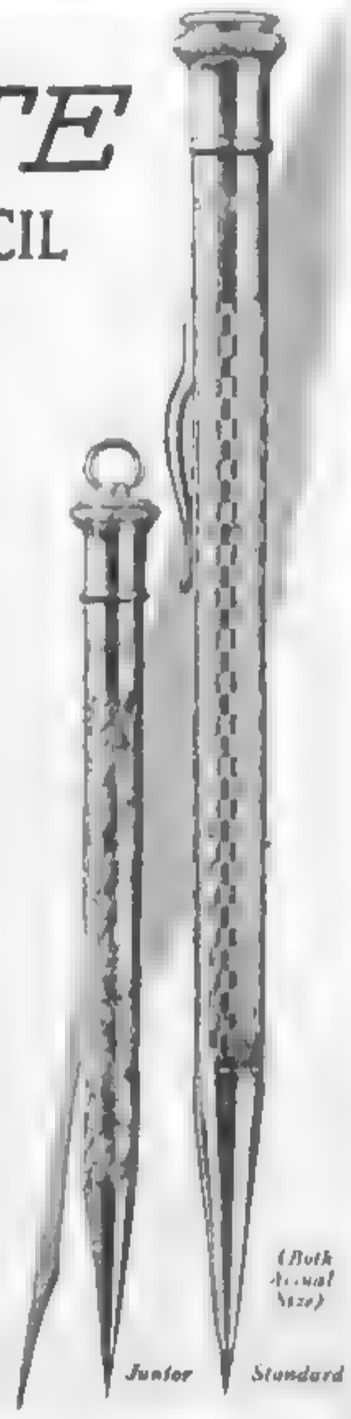

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There are reasons for Mr. Connell's confidence. At the low pre-war prices these universally popular publications are in wide demand everywhere. That's why we need *more* energetic workers you can start work under exceptionally favorable circumstances. Age is no factor, experience is unnecessary, we want men and women who want more money and who are willing to do pleasant, dignified work to earn it. If that includes you, let us hear from you.

91ST ANNIVERSARY

D C Connell Will Celebrate His 91st Birthday Tuesday Looking 20 Years Younger

One of the oldest and most honored citizens of Dunlap, D C Connell, West Main Cross Street, will reach his 91st birthday Tuesday, Sept 13th.

Mr Connell still attends to his business affairs and is one of the most active for his great years he has conducted a magazine subscription agency which is successful in every way. Until recently he was also a familiar figure about Dunlap on his bicycle, which he used in connection with the business until

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over hastily and without much care Mr. Perkins secured a very considerable portion of rich, full-juiced watermelon, and discharging it with deadly accuracy caught Mr. Kickoff near the center of his immaculate linen suit.

"Be a man, Marco! Be a man! Be a sport!" entreated Mr. Kickoff, retiring rather hurriedly with his elbow before his face, and his front splashed with the stain, while others prepared to hold back Mr. Perkins from further violence.

The latter made no attempt, however, to pursue, but after watching Mr. Kickoff backing, with a hard eye, now gave an equally hard, high laugh.

"Prompt profits from Pernambucos!" he called, like a man bereft of his senses. "I'm through! I'm through! You can count me out!"

Turning abruptly in the opposite direction he left the selling campaign and the grove.

IV

MOVED by a not unnatural concern over the apparent loss of his sales manager and the evident menace to his costly new sales campaign, Mr. Skitts rose early at his residence the following morning and before Mrs. Skitts was dressed and aware of what he was doing had slipped out of the house, avoiding the usual ride in his limousine, and proceeded on foot to his business in the crooked Old World streets of the wholesale section of Boston. It was a relief, a feeling of rejuvenation to be out of that stuffy car—that heavy vehicle of old age and weakness.

The morning was not bad, and Mr. Skitts, as he proceeded on his own feet, felt a certain sense of buoyancy and stimulation and even pleasure. This was due, no doubt, in part to his adventure in walking; but still more, he thought, to other causes, and this reflection itself gave him satisfaction, for he noted the awakening of new emotions—a distinct change and quickening in his emotional life.

But a week or ten days ago this untoward development of the day before now threatening his business would have caused in him no reaction but fear and apprehension. But now he noted that these no longer were dominant motives, but were covered over by others more powerful and acute. And he recognized with pleasure as he approached his place of business that he was feeling ugly again, as he often used to in the morning—almost ugly enough to feel no fear.

And when he found, on his arrival at his office, the resignation of Marco Perkins upon his desk he felt no decrease in this emotion, but rather the contrary. He was now anxious rather than otherwise to encounter this business expert and apostle of manhood who with his wife was engaged in pushing him out of his business; and to demand from him what explanation he had to make of the affair of yesterday.

It was not long before his waiting was ended and Mr. Kickoff in a fresh white suit, replacing the one of the day before, and a fresh blue bloom in his buttonhole, entered, talking.

"Was the get-acquainted clambake a success or not? I'll say it was!" he began with the loud, vivacious manner of one engaged in putting over a business idea in the face of anticipated opposition.

An odd look came into the face of Mr. Skitts a look of awakening and recognition, accompanied by a slight narrowing of the eyelids and a sarcastic and irritable smile upon his lips, as he gazed upon Mr. Kickoff, who was still continuing talking.

"I'll say it was!" repeated Mr. Kickoff, and as he said this he again clapped Mr. Skitts one of his customary man-fashion blows of persuasion upon his shoulder.

"Let's dispense with the laying on of hands this morning, and get down to business," said Mr. Skitts coldly.

And after noting how quickly the other did so he showed him the resignation of Mr. Perkins.

"What about this?" he asked him in a slightly acid voice.

"Fine! Fine!" responded Mr. Kickoff very quickly and heartily. "Just what I'd hoped for!"

"You'd hoped for!" repeated Mr. Skitts, eying him with unfavorable surprise.

"Yes," said Mr. Kickoff still more firmly, "for now we can put through the prompt-profits campaign by mail. We can put the punch in it ourselves. The punch," he repeated, gathering confidence while Mr. Skitts sat reflecting on his viewpoint, "by mail. By circular—by printers' ink! The place I live. The thing I know right! Don't worry. Don't be concerned, Mr. Skitts," he said, poising his hand above the latter's arm, and then on second thought withdrawing it. "We'll pull this off big now—bigger than ever!"

And he passed on, while Mr. Skitts still reflected, overtaken again in spite of himself by the tremendous potentialities always aroused in his imagination by this man's speech and manner.

"We've got our campaign mapped out, we've got our force worked up—enthusiastic! The next thing then is what? The letters. The messages to the trade. The punch by mail. No!" said Mr. Kickoff, stopping abruptly—with a sudden recollection. "Before that there is one thing more! One thing more!" he repeated, standing up and pacing the room, and then stopping again after deep thought. "The financing—that is next!"

"The financing!" repeated Mr. Skitts sharply. "What financing? You won't need extra financing for this?"

"No," said Mr. Kickoff. "No. Certainly not. But I am a great believer in taking your banker into your confidence, showing him your business, especially when you've got a good thing on that will be a foundation for credit later. Don't keep it to yourself. Go and show it to your banker.

"So, with your permission," continued Mr. Kickoff, "I will go over and put the campaign before your banker. I want him to know, and I believe you want him to know, the bright prospects in our prompt-profits-from-Pernambucos campaign. I believe it will be like putting money in the bank for you to have me show him the details."

"Well, perhaps," said Mr. Skitts, positively convinced. "But why you? Why not me?"

"Well, I looked at it this way," explained Mr. Kickoff in a full, hearty voice. "I thought the details, the exact details being in my mind. And besides—now—he'll be expecting me."

"Expecting you?" repeated Mr. Skitts with a look of acute questioning in his face.

"Yes, sir. This afternoon," said Mr. Kickoff heartily. "Yes, sir. In your absence yesterday morning before the clambake I took the liberty of telephoning him in your name that I would be over to consult with him this afternoon."

"In my name?" said Mr. Skitts.

"Yes, sir—you not being here, and knowing as I did that you would see the advantage of it. And with the press of time also," added Mr. Kickoff, now suddenly withdrawing his eyes from Mr. Skitts' hardening gaze and blowing his nose loudly and with much ceremony.

"Well, all right," said Mr. Skitts after a moment's reflection, for he saw it might look odd if he called it off now. "As long as he expects you. Only this"—he said, and went on to warn him about old Witherall, the bank president, and his cold, caustic, sarcastic ways.

"He's a snarling, cantankerous old devil," he told him. "Don't cross him. But don't try to work him up to any enthusiasm, either. Tell him your plain story and come away. That's the only way to do—and the only way I'll agree to have you see him at all. Is that understood?" asked Mr. Skitts, fixing him with his new glance—the glance which had changed and hardened so greatly in the past few days.

"Absolutely! To the letter!" agreed Mr. Kickoff firmly.

He went off finally—after a busy day—to meet Mr. Gamaliel Witherall in his bank at the hour the latter had appointed in the afternoon.

Mr. Witherall was a banker of the old conservative school; his bank of granite was constructed in the earlier times of banking on the lines of a jail for money, and had been operated always on that principle. It was closed for general business when Mr. Kickoff arrived, and its interior presented that forbidding appearance which is characteristic of banks when their shades are drawn. Mr. Witherall's reception in his office at the rear did not add to the cordiality of the occasion.

However, Mr. Kickoff, recognizing at once that unusual efforts were necessary for his task, did not falter before the situation. Striding across the tessellated marble floor of the banker's room with resounding steps, he grasped Mr. Witherall's cold hand, and the cold interior of the latter's bank was soon resounding to his presence.

(Continued on Page 108)

"It's Increasing Our Sales over 1920"

~states Bert L. Daily Co.

"FREE *Trial Addressograph Sells Itself*"

~Seneca Wire & Mfg. Co. Fostoria, O.

SOME firms are selling *More* this year than last! There's Bert L. Daily Co., Dayton (Painters' Supplies), who accepted our FREE trial offer, and write—"We attribute our INCREASED business to the Addressograph. It enables us to circularize old customers and new prospects in the *quickest* and *most effective* manner. It has *increased* our sales over 1920, the *largest* year we ever enjoyed."

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The Largest Organization of Its Character in the World

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Write Roger W. Babson, founder of the Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills 82, Mass., as follows: Please send me Bulletin YC 59 and booklet, "*Increasing Net Profits*"—gratis

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Each memo a perforated coupon, which, when attended to, is torn out. *Leaving Live Notes Only*. No searching thru obsolete notes. Everything ready for instant reference.

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Cowhide	1.25	1.50	1.50
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Attractive metal, rubber-footed stand holding pad of coupon scratch paper. A fresh coupon and pencil always handy—never lost. Can be placed [illegible] Use a Coupon—Save a Sheet. Extra Refills 40 per doz.

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Yes, the genuine Standard Visible Writing Underwood newly refinished, at much less than factory price, you pay $3.00 down and then easy monthly payments.

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Try it for 10 days at our risk. Money back guarantee. Send now for free book. Big bargain offer.

Standard Keyboard

TYPEWRITER EMPORIUM, 2758 Shipman Building
SHIPMAN WARD MFG. CO. Chicago

(Continued from Page 106)

He described his operations in the West, his methods of putting pep and personality into business, and his maturing plans and hopes for pulling through the Tropics Textile Corporation big by his campaign—by the selling out of its great inventories of Paramaibos—with but one interruption by Mr. Witherall.

"Paramaibos?" he said in a cross, somewhat dyspeptic voice. "You mean Pernambucos."

"Pernambucos—yes. Exactly," said Mr. Kickoff. "Exactly what I mean to say! And when we're through we're going to have that business with the biggest cash surplus in Boston."

"Let's hope so," said Mr. Witherall, following out his reputation for brevity.

"That's what I'm here for—you bet your life!" responded Mr. Kickoff warmly. "To carry through this campaign man fashion—big! What do you think of it," he asked directly, "as far as we've got?"

Mr. Witherall apparently thought nothing at all either way—sat with his long, lean, heavily veined old hands on the desk beside him.

Mr. Kickoff, forced to go on with the talking—make all the personal contact himself—now touched the dry hand with his forefinger, drawing up his chair and redoubling his efforts to win over and warm this strangely unresponsive man.

"Now then," he continued, "to get down to business, as the boys say—why did I come to Boston, Mr. Witherall? I'll tell you. First, to take charge of this textile concern, sir, and put it on its feet strongly."

Mr. Witherall, he saw, now turned his cold skim-milk blue eyes in his direction.

"And in the second place—and most of all—I'll tell you, I'll tell you, sir, confidentially. It was to introduce the Kickoff merchandising methods to Boston—to New England," he continued.

Finding the pale watery eye slipping from his again, Mr. Kickoff now placed his full hand upon the conservative bank president's right knee.

"I'll tell you why," said Mr. Kickoff, speaking always in a little louder and stronger voice. "I'll tell you. You and I are busy men, and what I say now I want to say to you, sir, will be to the point—man fashion! Man fashion," he said, patting a little more firmly on the loose, aged and unresponsive knee. "You know and I know," he said again, redoubling his force and his efforts to recapture that attention which was forever slipping like watery ice from his grasp—"it's no secret, I guess—that you bankers have a lot of business for us merchandise movers these days. You all got stuck, of course, like the rest of us—being only human," said Mr. Kickoff, working heartily to keep the conversation going in the other's utter silence. "Everybody knows that," he said, now slapping him lightly on the shoulder. "You're human. You bankers are human, you'll have to admit.

"Human!" he reiterated, when the other did not do so—but sat now with a strange, veiled, even more impervious look in his eyes—especially when Mr. Kickoff's hand fell on him. "And what I thought was this," the latter was going on: "When I'm through there—over at this textile concern here—I want to come over here—straight over here, and make you a proposition to move your stuff for you—the hides and sugar and wool and cotton and what not you've got stuck with since the war!"

And now he saw at last he had secured Mr. Witherall's attention—that he was apparently about to speak.

"How would that hit you?" he asked. "If I should come and make you a proposition to move your stuff—all the plunder that you have taken in here on your bad loans? How would that hit you?" he asked; and as he asked this, hoping now that he had finally worked him up right, he struck him his hearty, warming, man-fashion blow upon the shoulder.

By an unusual and unfortunate coincidence, just at the moment the forceful blow came upon his back Mr. Witherall was just coughing preparatory to speech, and to the surprise of both, with the simultaneous falling of Mr. Kickoff's friendly hand, both sets of Mr. Witherall's teeth—upper and lower together—were projected from Mr. Witherall's mouth by the double impulse and, falling with an odd clacking sound upon the tessellated marble floor, broke into several pieces.

"Let me help you! Let me help you!" cried Mr. Kickoff, who was immediately beside Mr. Witherall, on his hands and knees getting these together.

But instead of speaking, man fashion, Mr. Witherall, he saw, with his hand over his mouth, was pointing the way toward the front entrance.

Following the direction of his finger in a dreadful silence Mr. Kickoff now finally left the bank, carrying with him in his embarrassment one of the moist glittering fragments which he had found upon the floor and had neglected to pass over to Mr. Witherall.

And when, realizing what it was he grasped, and retracing his steps, he came again to the entrance of the granite bank he found that it was by that time firmly closed against him.

MR. SKITTS, following the leave-taking of Mr. Kickoff on his departure for the bank, had been called for by Mrs. Skitts, who, compelling him to come with her in her limousine, had upbraided him seriously for his having slipped away and walked instead of being driven to his office in the morning.

"You know what will happen—if you go on!" she went on. "You know what will happen!" And she warned him at length concerning his pituitary body.

"Damn my pituitary body!" he exclaimed.

"Why, Ernest!" said Mrs. Skitts, surprised not only by his language but his whole attitude the past few days.

"I don't believe there is any such damn thing," said Mr. Skitts for good measure, and left his wife looking reproachfully and fatly out of her window in the limousine, anxious and wondering, while he stared out of his.

Looking out, he saw again dogs, men, trees and bushes, ducks, baseball games, funerals and cows, without any sensible or businesslike organization or object in life, float aimlessly by him inside of business hours. And he realized, watching it, that without doubt this sort of thing was going on in Los Angeles, the Hawaiian Islands, Europe—and wherever it was that this slightly tear-stained woman at the other window was determined to drag him when she had divorced him from the Tropics Textile Corporation.

"This is the last time," he asserted at the conclusion of the ride. "I'll stop this if it's the last act of my life!"

"Ernest," said his wife, "what has got into you in the last week? You're a different man entirely. A different character!" And she went directly upstairs.

He was changed and he knew it—and he knew the time the change dated from. It was ever since she and this manhood expert had started in to connive together to get him to sell his business and go wandering around loose in the world in a limousine. The change was growing. He had only to think now of this big Kickoff to be full of a sense of pep, determination and aggressiveness, which, passing the bounds of irritation, or even ugliness, amounted at times almost to a feeling of buoyancy.

This feeling continued the next morning; he again refused the limousine, and walked over Beacon Hill to his office, passing through a corner of the Common, noting the bare spots made by boys and loafers, the pigeons strutting and cooing by the walks, as he had when he was much younger; and thence passed on through Winter Street on his way to the crooked thoroughfare where he would find his office. The shaded alleyways were still damp from the night, an inspiriting yellow sunlight gave promise of a warm but not unseasonable August day, and Mr. Skitts arrived at his establishment with a sense of dominance and aggressiveness such as he had not felt for years, and which reminded him, in fact, of those earlier happier times when no one bothered him about his health, his age or the condition of his ductless glands.

He had scarcely seated himself in his office, however, when the telephone rang for an unexpected personal message.

"This is Mr. Witherall," he heard a strangely indistinct voice say, with none of the ringing and metallic snarl which he associated with the voice and personality of Mr. Witherall. "Will you kindly send over the half of my teeth ——"

"What, sir?" asked Mr. Skitts sharply.

"I say," repeated the voice at the telephone, spacing its words very carefully, "if it is not too much to ask, will you send over at once the half of my teeth ——"

"The half of your teeth?" interrupted Mr. Skitts again.

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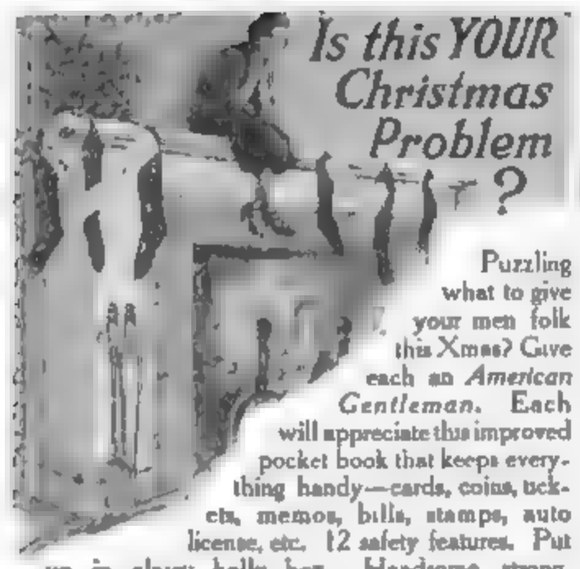

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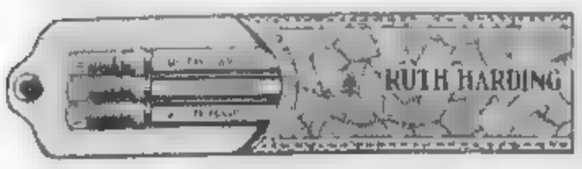

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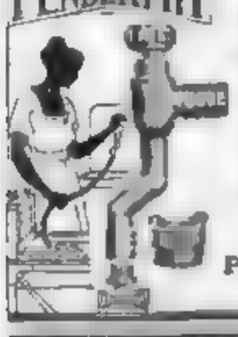

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It's Not the Irish Mail Unless the Name Is on the Seat

This is the only genuine Irish Mail. Develops arm, shoulder and body muscles of children—keeps them out-of-doors. Lots of fun. Makes play out of errand running. Ask your dealer.

HILL-STANDARD CO.
100 Irish Mail Ave. Anderson, Ind.

"Yes, sir. The same that that woolly rhinoceros you sent over here to represent you yesterday took away with him."

"Took away with him?" asked Mr. Skitts incredulously. "How did he get them?"

"He pounded them out of me," responded the thick voice.

"Pounded ——" began Mr. Skitts again, only to be interrupted.

"Ask him, ask him how he did it. I don't know. It never happened to me before," said the voice harshly. "He'll tell you, no doubt, the pleasant tale of the pleasant accomplishment he has, if he hasn't already done so! But what I want now is to get that half of the lower jaw before I go over to the dentist. It will be no personal or financial advantage to you, I assure you—any more than it is to me—to withhold them or to keep me any longer than is necessary from my business. So send them over at your earliest convenience—if it is not too much to ask," said the cold, thickened voice, with a distinctly warning and hostile intonation showing through its thickness. And the telephone receiver closed down.

Shortly after Mr. Kickoff appeared and was called in to Skitts he explained more fully to him the exact circumstances of the occurrence of the day before.

"Where are they now?" inquired Mr. Skitts briefly.

"I have sent them over by messenger the first thing!" said Mr. Kickoff in brisk executive tones. "I could not reach him last night, but he must have them now certainly. It's an unfortunate affair, an unfortunate affair all around!" continued Mr. Kickoff, speaking always faster. "Such as will happen. But he'll get over it. He'll get over it."

"Have you done it all now?" inquired Mr. Skitts.

"All?"

"Or can you think of something else? You've lost me my sales manager. You've got me in a deadly row with my banker—the coldest-blooded old financial strangler in Boston. Is there anything else?"

"I apologize! I was wrong. I apologize man fashion," said Mr. Kickoff. "But just the same I have no lack of confidence—no doubt! This thing is coming through, and coming through big—I know it. The prompt-profits-from-Pernambucos campaign is going over—and it's going over big! I'll guarantee that! It was an unfortunate affair—an unfortunate affair all around—about this banker!" repeated Mr. Kickoff reassuringly. "Such as will happen at times to all of us. But he'll get over it. He'll get over it."

"But will we?" asked Mr. Skitts, still regarding him with an unfavorable eye.

"Will we?"

"When it comes to renew our loans with him."

"What difference?" asked Mr. Kickoff.

"What difference!"

"You will be on Easy Street by that time," promised Mr. Kickoff—"from our campaign. They'll be asking you to let them loan you money. I know that. I can guarantee that much. For now I've come to my part of this job—the sending out of the mail messages.

"The mail messages of the merchandise mover—that's where I live," he repeated. "That's my business—to put pep, man power, punch into business methods. To show them the prompt profits to be had by them from our sale of Pernambucos. I'm on my way. I've started already on this main thing—the letter with a punch—that I'm going to have ready to show you to-morrow. It will be a bird—a breadwinner. And if I can lock myself up for the rest of the day I will show you results to-morrow that will surprise you."

"Go lock yourself up then—by all means!" said Mr. Skitts tersely.

And he observed with some satisfaction his stenographer, who had come into the room with a message, smile very faintly as he said it, and smooth down her collar with quiet humor as she watched Mr. Kickoff set off at once to start work upon his letter to the trade.

The crises which had come out from this thing—this prompt-profits-from-Pernambucos idea—were not all a dead loss to himself, Mr. Skitts could see, nor entirely unpleasing. The bringing of this man-fashion man, this big-business expert, on the carpet and telling him where he stood was quite a satisfaction in itself. But still more was the feeling of pep and man power and confidence which he felt coming back to him. He had decision, aggressiveness; his hand was firmer, his eye brighter, and his pituitary body no doubt more active and less senile. The emotions of a man and an executive were again secreted in him. It was a distinct pleasure to feel and exercise them; and in the later afternoon, when Mrs. Skitts sent in word that she was there with the limousine, he sent out his answer instead of going personally.

"You tell her no," he instructed his stenographer.

"Is that all?" she asked, regarding him closely—as she had been doing lately.

"That will be all," repeated Mr. Skitts. "Just no!

"Oh, yes!" he called to add as she went out the door. "You might say that I'll walk home to-night. Not to send down the limousine."

So he started home without the thing—noting as he did so that Mr. Kickoff still remained, with some assistants, framing up his letter on the Pernambucos.

He smiled slightly, recalling the various things he had thought of to say to him the next day. He had, after all, no real animosity against the man. After those dark weeks of personal and business depression—when he had lost his nerve so—he was beginning to get a grip on himself and his business which in all probability he would not have had if this apostle of violence and manhood had not bumped into it and waked him up.

"Man motions make money!" repeated Mr. Skitts, still smiling indulgently. "Courage. Courage. Pep!"

Squaring his shoulders he started briskly walking homeward.

VI

"HAVE you seen this?" asked Mr. Stickwell, standing before Mr. Skitts' desk soon after he had walked down to his office that next morning and holding out what seemed to be a typewritten or near-typewritten letter.

"No. What?" responded Mr. Skitts, reaching for it.

"The letter on Paramaibos."

"On Pernambucos, you mean," said Mr. Skitts, grasping it quickly—struck unfavorably by his subordinate's framing of his sentence.

"What's this?" he said, reading. "He's got them mixed again! He's got them mixed again!" he repeated, reading on, with something very like an oath. "Could you believe it! Could you believe it!" cried Mr. Skitts as his eye passed on. "That buxom boob has got them all mixed up again!

"You understood, didn't you," he inquired, now shouting at Mr. Stickwell—"we proposed to sell them at cost three yards of Pernambucos, by letting them have one yard of Paramaibos at current prices—eight per cent off, thirty days?"

"I understood. Yes, sir," responded Mr. Stickwell.

"In that way, selling out all that mass of Pernambucos, at about current prices, and at the same time getting in practically all the cash we expected from our Paramaibos."

"Yes, sir."

"Now then," said Mr. Skitts, speaking still more and more loudly, "this howling ape, as I read it, offers all the Paramaibos at their cost to us. Three yards to every one of the Pernambucos! Am I right?"

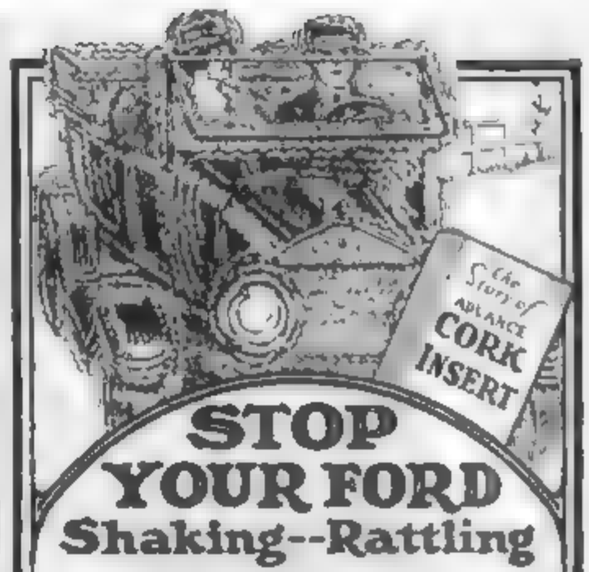
"Yes, sir," said Mr. Stickwell. "That's how I read it."

"And sells the Pernambucos at current prices, eight off?"

"Yes, sir," assented Mr. Stickwell.

"So then we sell all our Paramaibos, where our profit lay—profit necessary to pull us through this winter—at cost; and we get rid of just one-ninth of our Pernambucos at cost or less.

"You understand that, don't you?" asked Mr. Skitts of his subordinate, now shouting. "You understand that! If this letter had gone out to our trade it would have all but ruined us. Thank God," he



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Send for booklet—tells how

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stops the shivering and shaking when you work the brake. It gives instant and soothing action. No shaking or chattering. Never grabs or slips. Why shake your Ford to pieces with hard, slick brake lining? Put in new Advance Cork Insert and feel, at once, the difference. If the brake lining makes a Ford shake, chatter, grab, slip, it does not stop right. Advance Cork Insert saves repairs to rear end and axle. Saves gasoline. Advance Cork Insert saves relining expense. Be sure you get genuine Advance Cork Insert. If your dealer cannot supply you with the kind that will make your brakes work right, you can get it from any wholesale house carrying automobile accessories in stock.

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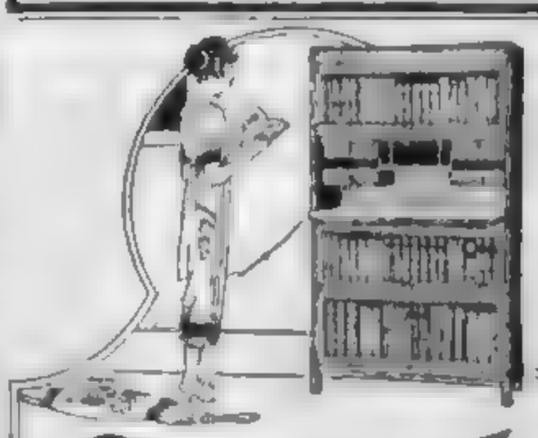

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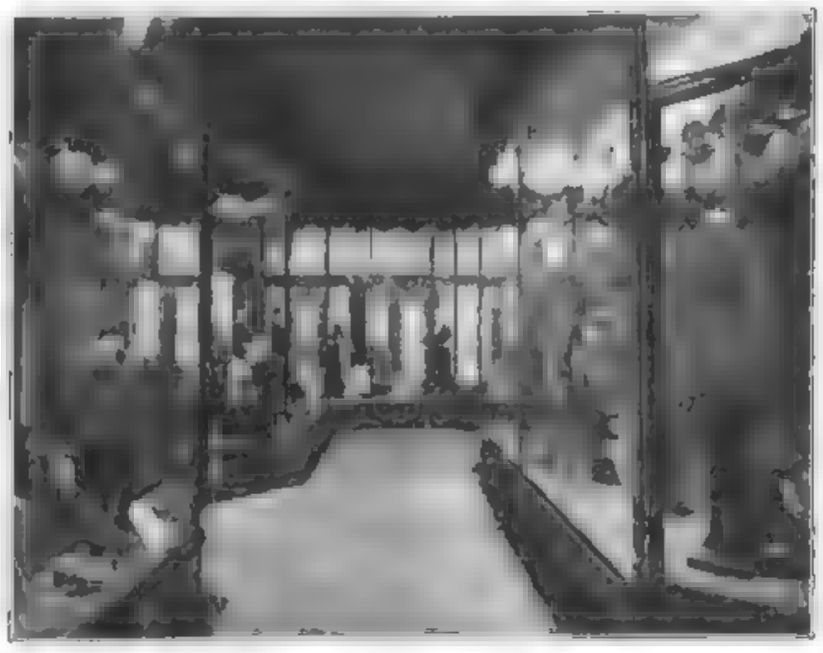

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said, throwing it down, "that I saw it before it went!"

"It's gone," said Mr. Stickwell.

"Gone!" repeated Mr. Skitts.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Stickwell. "Four hundred of them to all our trade. He sat up all last night with the others doing it. He said he always acted that way when a campaign was on. He was never satisfied till he jammed her right straight through and finished up."

His remark fell upon a tense silence, broken before too long by the strident, dominant voice of his employer.

"Go get him! Send him in! Find that peptonized gorilla and bring him here!" directed Mr. Skitts.

His commands, however, were unnecessary, for at that moment the man himself appeared in the doorway, holding a small yellow paper in his hand.

"Telephones," he said loudly. "Telephone messages already!"

He advanced toward Mr. Skitts, who was also talking.

"This letter ——" said Mr. Skitts, holding it out.

"I looked for movement," answered Mr. Kickoff. In his clean linen suit and his freshness from his morning barber he looked bigger, stronger, more buoyant than ever. "I looked for movement. But not so big as this!"

"This letter," said Mr. Skitts. "This letter! I was to see it before ——"

"Telephones. Telephones! But not only that! Telegrams—already—from out of the city. It's big. It's big!" continued Mr. Kickoff. "I foresaw movement—big movement—but nothing like this!"

"This letter," asked Mr. Skitts for the third time, "did you ——"

But again Mr. Kickoff in his louder, more virile voice was speaking. "Confidence. Confidence. Pep!" he said. "That's what does it. That's what the business world requires to-day. What did I tell you? How do you like it?" he inquired, approaching Mr. Skitts, and now holding out the telegram.

"This letter," began Mr. Skitts, striving to be heard—for the fourth and last time.

"How does it hit you? How does it strike you now?" asked Mr. Kickoff in his loud, vibrant, man-fashion voice; and as he spoke he planted an unusually strong, virile slap on Mr. Skitts' backbone, the stroke of a man's man, vibrant with success.

"Strike me! Strike me! How does this strike you?" cried Mr. Skitts in a high, shrill, vicious voice.

Reaching suddenly to his full height he swung heavily to the corner of the jaw. And following up his advantage he closed in.

Mr. Stickwell, bursting into the private room and standing helpless, saw like a man in a daze the sudden crumpling and thumping down of the larger form of Mr. Kickoff, heard the voice of Mr. Skitts break forth from the floor, where he was pounding rhythmically the fallen figure underneath him, to a type of reiterated chant.

"Man motions make money," he was calling. "Confidence. Confidence. Pep! Prompt profits from Pernambucos! Lie there!"

And shortly after that he arose. But Mr. Kickoff still lay there.

"Take him out. Clean him up," cried Mr. Skitts to the others who had now arrived upon the scene. "Pay him what we owe him and let him go. And be quick about it!"

"Yes, sir," said the spokesman of the group.

"Now then," called Mr. Skitts sharply to Mr. Stickwell, who still stood beside him, motionless, "do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put in a telephone call for old Witherall of the Witherall National Bank."

"Yes, sir."

"Send word to that old fool, Marco Perkins, to come in and see me."

"Yes, sir."

"And notify the Western Union we shall have four hundred day letters to send out before noon."

"Is that all, sir?" asked Mr. Stickwell, still standing at attention.

"It is—for now!" said Ernest H. Skitts.

Curiously enough he had never felt more cheerful or certain of success in all his life than right there in the midst of all that mess.

And for the best of reasons!

Superficially, to an outsider, it might seem that there would be now few profits from Pernambucos—quite the contrary! But Mr. Skitts knew different. His confidence, self-reliance and courage had been restored. He was uglier and more determined than ever. He could run thirteen businesses like this in thirteen harder times. And he knew it. And if there had ever been anything the matter with his pituitary body or his ductless glands—which he doubted like the devil—they were never younger, firmer or in better trim than right now. He was cured. He was good for thirty years more, and his business for three hundred!

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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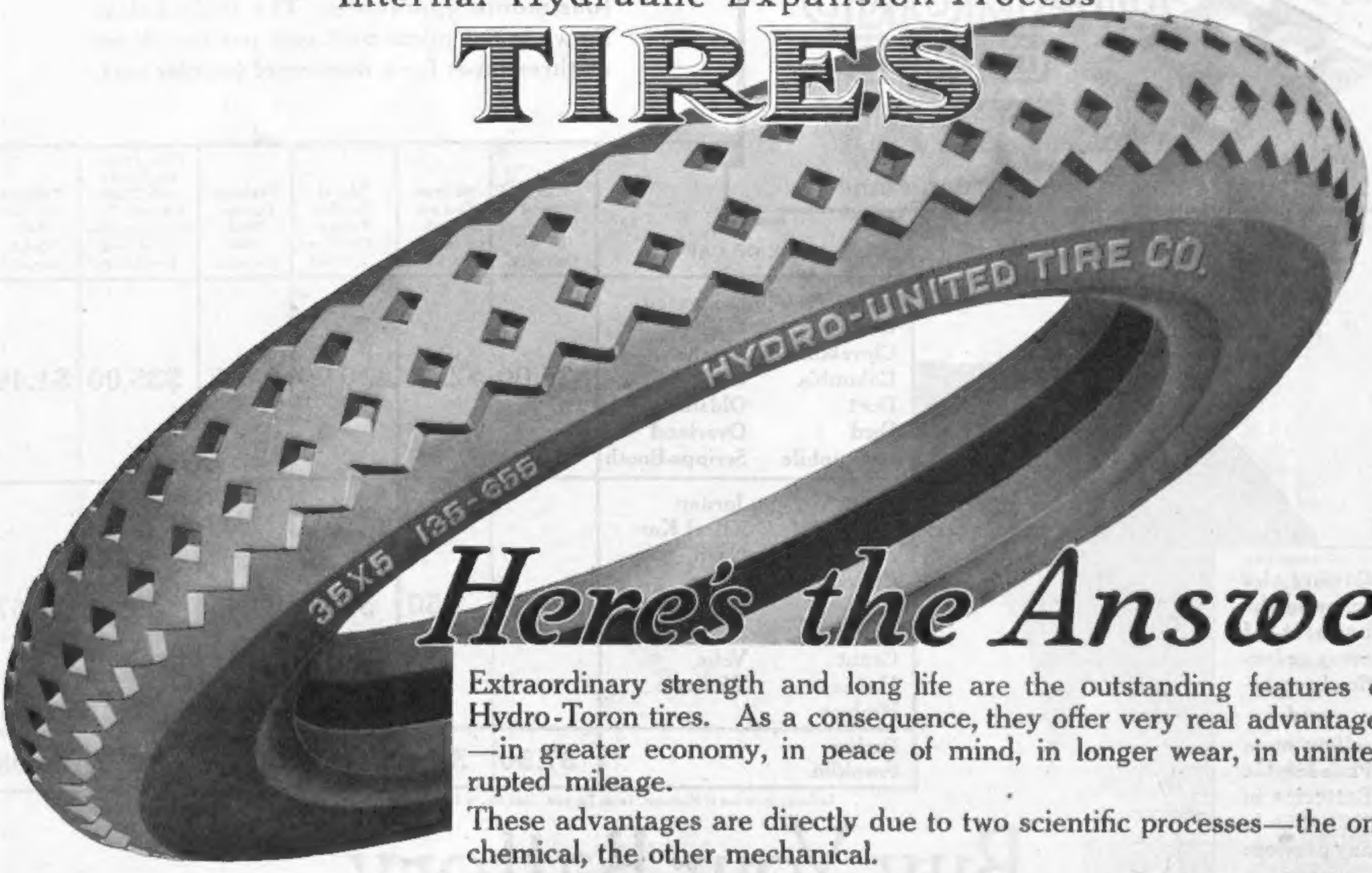
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

HYDRO-TORON TIRES

Internal Hydraulic Expansion Process



Here's the Answer

Extraordinary strength and long life are the outstanding features of Hydro-Toron tires. As a consequence, they offer very real advantages —in greater economy, in peace of mind, in longer wear, in uninterrupted mileage.

These advantages are directly due to two scientific processes—the one chemical, the other mechanical.

Both are exclusive to Hydro-Toron tires.

In Hydro-Toron tires the carcass or body of the tire is built of fabric chemically treated by the Toron (no rot) Process.

The Toron (no rot) chemical treatment adds extraordinary strength to tire fabric and makes it proof against moisture and oxidation.

Furthermore, it gives it an amazing affinity for rubber. When Toron treated fabric receives its cushion of pure gum rubber, the two become inseparably knit—they fuse together. Thus, fabric separation, as well as deterioration or ageing, is prevented.

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Curing by Internal Hydraulic expansion protects against those hidden flaws that cannot be detected by inspection—the real cause of blow outs, rim cuts and stone bruises.

Furthermore—Hydro-Toron tires are over-size, as big in size as cords; to provide greater riding comfort and a further aid to better mileage.

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And—Hydro-Toron tires cost no more than standard fabric tires. To learn *unusual* tire satisfaction, test *one*, on any car, over any roads. Our guarantee protects you.

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This picture shows a Hydro-Toron tire in the mold, ready for vulcanizing. No undue pressure, nor wasted rubber, no misplaced parts in the tire, no buckles or strains. Note hot water bag inside the tire. Vulcanizing is done under pressure, but ALL THE PRESSURE IS FROM WITHIN.

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as per Complete Guarantee Attached to Each Tire

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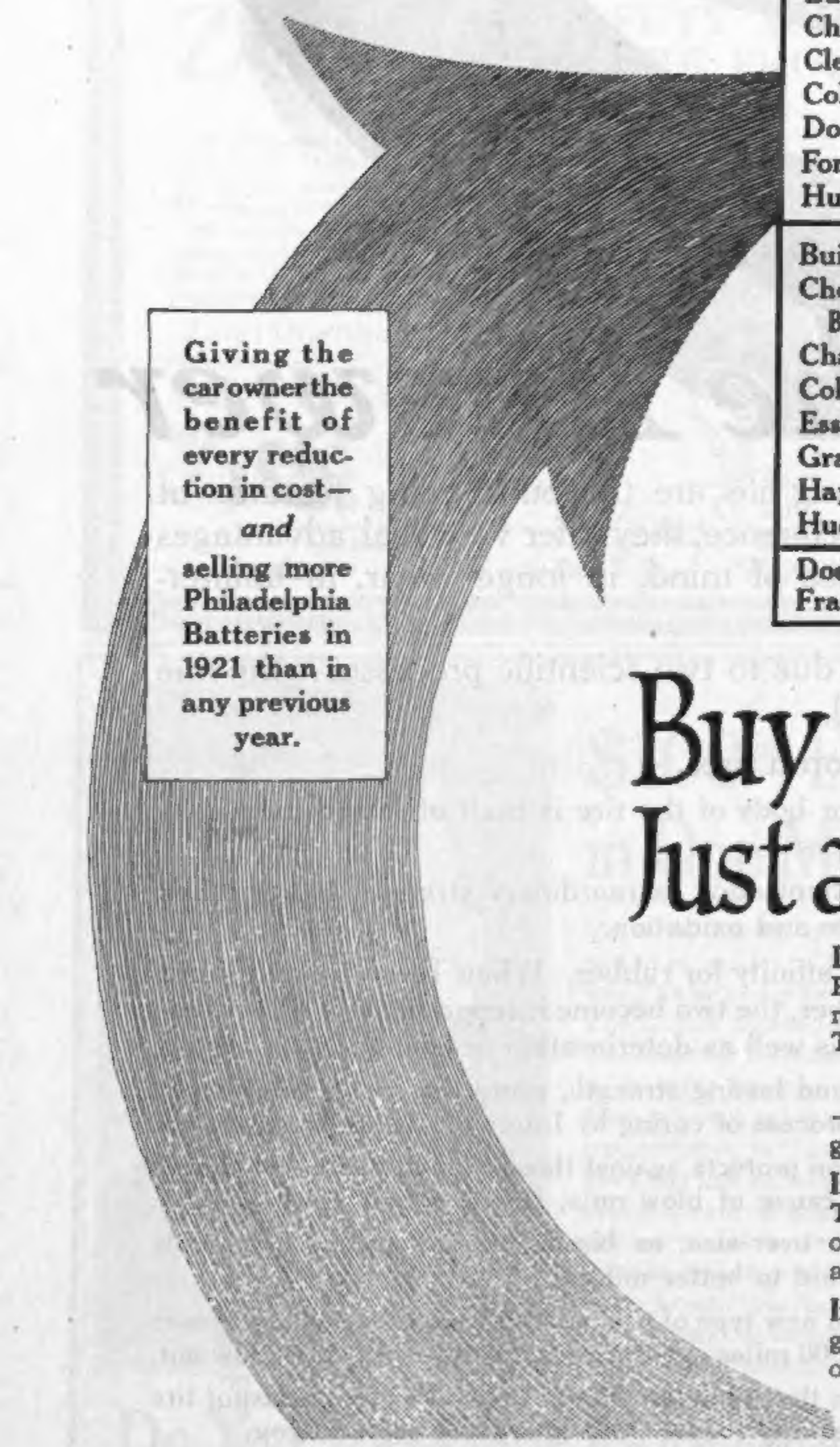

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MAKE OF CAR	Price of Special Battery *One Year Guarantee*	Maximum Cost per Month Under Guarantee	Price of Oversize Battery *Eighteen Month Guarantee*	Maximum Cost per Month Under Guarantee	Price of Oversize Battery with Philco Retainer. *Two Year Guarantee. "The Cord Tire Battery"*	Maximum Cost per Month Under Guarantee
Buick, Model D Chevrolet 490 Cleveland Columbia Dort Ford Hupmobile Lexington Liberty Mitchell Oakland Oldsmobile Overland Scripps-Booth	$25.00	$2.08	$30.00	$1.67	$35.00	$1.46
Buick Chevrolet Baby Grand Chandler Cole Essex Grant Haynes Hudson Jordan Kissel Kar Nash Paige Reo Studebaker Velie Westcott	30.00	2.50	35.00	1.94	40.00	1.67
Dodge Franklin	37.50	3.13	42.50	2.36	47.50	1.98

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Ford Size, $25 Buick Size, $30 Dodge Size, $37.50

—But they are excellent batteries, full size, guaranteed for twelve months, and with good care will far outlast their guarantee.

If You Buy Extra-Ply or Oversize Fabric Tires, buy a Philadelphia Oversize Battery. This battery, with oversize Diamond Grid plates, quarter-turn filler caps, and every other advantage except the Philco Retainer, has unmatched reserve power and is guaranteed for eighteen months.

If You Believe in Cord Tires, buy a Cord Tire Battery, with Philco Slotted Retainers, guaranteed for two years, and with reasonable care likely to last the full remaining life of your car.

Prices on all types lower than ever before

The following sizes fit not only the cars named, but 90 per cent of all cars—and offer big savings

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